

# The Month



Ex. Lib. S.J.  
**ST. IGNATIUS',**  
**PRESTON.**





# THE MONTH

*A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.*

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,  
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.  
(*Apoc.* xxii. 2.)

VOL. CIX.  
JANUARY — JUNE.  
1907.

LONDON :  
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND Co.  
BALTIMORE : JOHN MURPHY AND Co.  
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO : BENZIGER BROTHERS.

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ROEHAMPTON :  
PRINTED BY JOHN GRIFFIN.

AP4  
M57  
v. 109

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## *The Pope and the French Government.*

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### *Who's to blame?*

THE Pope has done it all! He and he alone has forced upon the Church in France a crisis the gravity of which cannot be exaggerated nor its issue foreseen. Had he but left his French subjects to manage their own affairs in their own way, all would have been peace and quiet. Bishops, priests, and laity would joyously have welcomed the means generously offered by the Government as an escape from an intolerable situation; they would have secured the continuance of Divine worship in the churches, by fulfilling the conditions of the common law as to public meetings, giving notice to the civil authorities that assemblies for purposes of worship would be held within these buildings; and—to make things easier for them—it was actually provided that one notice of the kind should cover a whole year. What could be simpler or more equitable? Had Catholics but been allowed to avail themselves of this benevolent arrangement, the Separation Law would have made little or no practical change, and the people would have continued to enjoy the consolations of religion as of old. If they are now left destitute, the blame must rest wholly with the Vatican, which, for some sinister purpose of its own, stepped in at the last moment to forbid the policy of conciliation which the French Government and the French Catholics alike desired.

Such is the account of the matter which our newspapers, with scarce an exception, provide for the information of the British public. How does it compare with the facts of the case?

In December, 1905, was passed the Separation Law, abolishing the *Concordat*, which for more than a century—since the Consulate of Napoleon—had regulated the relations of Church and State in France. Under its provisions, a number of buildings, with other property, were assigned to ecclesiastical

purposes — cathedrals, parish churches, episcopal residences, presbyteries, seminaries. These were, however, in no sense a gift to the Church. They were, on the contrary, a very scanty and inadequate compensation for the endowments bequeathed by the piety of earlier generations for ecclesiastical purposes. These had been violently confiscated in the Great Revolution, and, by the *Concordat*, the Church consented to forego all claims to their recovery, receiving in consideration of this renunciation such a pittance as would enable her to carry on her work.

By the recent Separation Law, all such property devolves absolutely on the nation—the State, the Department, or the Commune, according to circumstances. The *Concordat* was a bilateral compact, but in its revocation one of the contracting parties was wholly ignored, the State arranging all the conditions, and the Church having no voice whatever in the matter.

The new law declares that buildings erected for religious purposes must not be put to any other, and that those intended for Catholic worship must be used for Catholic worship alone. The conditions, however, under which they may be so employed, depend wholly upon the Government of the State, which has plenary authority to regulate all such matters.

The politicians who constitute the Government now in power, make no secret of their hostility, not only to Catholicism, but to Christianity itself, and religion in every form, which they avowedly desire to abolish. M. Briand, the Minister of Worship, has openly declared that “we must get rid of the idea of Christianity”—*Il faut en finir avec l'idée Chrétienne*. M. Viviani, the Minister of Labour, claims it as the great merit of his party, to have propagated the spirit of irreligion, to have taught the poor and afflicted that there is no life beyond the grave, and to have extinguished all hope of Heaven.<sup>1</sup>

Such are the men who are entrusted with the framing of conditions under which religion may continue to be publicly

<sup>1</sup> “Tous ensemble, par nos pères, par nos aînés, par nous mêmes, nous nous sommes attachés dans le passé à une œuvre d'anticléricisme, à une œuvre d'irreligion. Nous avons arraché les consciences humaines à la croyance, Lorsqu'un misérable, fatigué du poids du jour, ployait les genoux, nous l'avons relevé, nous lui avons dit que dernière les nuages il n'y avait rien que des chimères. Ensemble et d'un geste magnifique nous avons éteint dans le ciel les lumières qu'on ne rallumera plus.” By order of the Chamber this speech of M. Viviani was placarded all over France, a distinction reserved for utterances in Parliament which are considered deserving of exceptional honour.

practised, and who, we are assured, have done all in their power to make its practice easy.

Their first proposal was that *Associations Cultuelles* should be formed,—local lay committees, which should take over all ecclesiastical property within their several districts,—cathedrals, churches, residences, seminaries, and arrange for the use to be made of them. They were not, like English churchwardens, to be responsible only for the material fabrics, but for the worship there carried on, and all questions arising must be settled between the Government and these its tenants, who alone had any rights which it would recognize. Should a doubt arise as to whether the service performed in any church were really a Catholic service, or the doctrine taught, Catholic doctrine, the decision would rest, not with the Bishop of the diocese, but with a Council of State nominated by the Ministry in Paris.

As has been pointed out by M. Flourens, an ex-Minister and no Catholic, this would be to impose upon the Catholic Church the Presbyterian form of Church-government, and would totally destroy her character. The Pope had no alternative in the performance of his plain duty but to prohibit the formation of such Associations, and in so doing he had the unanimous support of the French Episcopate.<sup>1</sup>

The system of *Associations Cultuelles* having thus broken down, another proposal was put forth by the Government. Under the provisions of a law passed in 1881, public meetings may be held provided that due notice be given to the local civil authorities. The meetings contemplated by the law are political, but by a circular issued on December the 1st, M. Briand, Minister of Public Worship, proposed to extend its provisions to meetings for religious services, which would be legitimized by giving proper notice of them to the civil

<sup>1</sup> "As it is repeatedly stated in the press that but for the Pope the French Episcopate would have accepted the dishonourable proposal, let the British public know that they were absolutely unanimous in rejecting it. The only basis in fact for the absurd statement to the contrary is that certain Bishops did consider whether it was possible to form associations under the Separation Law on a canonical basis, and that they gave up the attempt as hopeless. This week also the absurd fiction has been revived that the Pope has in Germany accepted the principle of *Associations Cultuelles*. This argument has been invented almost entirely for English consumption. In France they know better than to use it. The fact is that German Councils are perfectly canonical, for, like English churchwardens, they are merely administrators of Church property, not organizers of Church worship." (*Saturday Review*, December 15, 1906.)

authorities. To facilitate matters, one notice, he announced, would be held sufficient for the whole coming twelvemonth, it being only during this period—styled the year of grace—that any arrangement of the kind can avail.

Here, again, the Pope has intervened, forbidding French Catholics to adopt this method of securing the temporary continuance of their worship, and in consequence of this action His Holiness is loudly denounced by the partisans of the French Government, as the enemy of peace, who seeks, for unworthy political motives, the nature of which is never specified, to stir up civil discord among the French people.

The means of learning something concerning the grounds upon which the Papal prohibition is based, are furnished by an authority so little open to suspicion of partiality as the *Times* newspaper, whose Roman correspondent has recorded them.<sup>1</sup>

It is assumed [he tells us] that Pius X. has wilfully rejected a peaceful method of issue from the present situation, whereas there can be little doubt that the Holy See had hoped until the last moment in the possibility of some acceptable compromise, and that M. Briand's circular was a bitter disappointment.

The manifold objections which in the opinion of Rome forbid the acceptance of this solution, are sketched by the same writer.

In the first place, there is no finality about it, even for the year for which it is offered.

A ministerial circular offers no guarantee whatever: it only engages the minister who signed it, and can be annulled by his successors, or even by himself, should he so please: it has no legal or obligatory nature. Were it thus annulled, the Church would be left liable to prosecution for the contravention of laws which are not legally and definitely superseded. The legal inadequacy [of the circular] has been fully exposed in some organs of the French press, notably by M. Armand Lods, a well-known Protestant lawyer.

Apart from its want of finality, the circular offers an arrangement of an entirely arbitrary character, and is altogether hostile to the interests of the Church, which it makes no pretence even of safeguarding. It professes to leave the sacred edifices in the possession of the clergy for purposes of public worship and ceremonies, but under conditions which make their use almost impossible. A single declaration may suffice for the regular routine of worship, but as regards such religious ceremonies as baptisms, marriages, or funerals,

<sup>1</sup> December 11th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 17th.

the circular expressly states that the conditions of Article 2 in the law of 1881 have to be fully complied with, which enacts that all public meetings shall be preceded by a declaration indicating the place, the day, and the hour of the meeting. The Bishop or priest is allowed the use of the church or cathedral as simple "occupier." The clergy have no administrative authority whatever in such buildings; they can alter nothing, they cannot even mend a broken window without permission. At the same time, they are to be held responsible for any damages which the buildings may suffer.

So completely do the churches pass under civil control that any pecuniary charges made in connection with them must come into the hands, not of the clergy, but of the municipality or police. So it will be with the fees for christenings, weddings, and burials. So too with the sale of candles or objects of piety. So even with the hiring of the chairs, which in foreign churches take the place of our benches. No revenue from any such source must be applied to the support of religious worship.

The provisions regarding the maintenance of order in church are also held to be specially objectionable.

Until now, and under the *régime* of the Concordat, if any disorder occurred in a church, the priest had the right of calling in the police, of procuring the expulsion of those who caused the disturbance, and of quietly continuing his sacred office. Under the *régime* proposed by M. Briand, an emissary of some hostile sect, or any malevolent person, will be tempted to create wilful disorder; for the result will be that the representative of authority, who may be any official between a commissary of police and a *garde champêtre*, will declare the religious meeting dissolved, obliging a preacher to descend from the pulpit, a priest to leave the altar, and a congregation to abandon the church. The *Curé* is a mere occupier of the edifice, and is no longer master of the church in which he officiates. The master will be a police commissary or mayor who, even should he happen to be a schismatic or a freethinker, can ordain at his own will the meeting or dispersal of congregations assembled for worship.

These, it will scarcely be denied, are hard conditions enough, yet, as we learn on the same authority, had this been all, the Pope would have been willing to accept them for the sake of peace, bitter and dishonourable though he felt them to be. But with the question of the churches was bound up that of the residences of Bishops and priests, and of the Seminaries,—though of these we hear little or nothing—and to accept one part of the Government's proposal entailed acceptance of all.

As to the episcopal palaces and presbyteries, the clergy can rent them as they please, but there is nothing to prevent a hostile municipality, or even an individual competitor for occupation, from raising the rent beyond all reasonable limits.

But far worse is the case of the Seminaries. These are confiscated absolutely, and cannot be redeemed by payment of rent, or on any other terms. In default of *Associations Cultuelles*, Seminaries are in fact declared to be illegal associations, and condemned to extinction, and the young clerics studying in them have received orders to join the colours of the regiments in which they are to go through their military service.

To have accepted M. Briand's conditions would have been to acquiesce in this which is an integral portion of them. How, it may be asked, could the Head of the Church consent to purchase a brief and precarious tenure of the temples dedicated to Divine worship, by making himself a party to the extinction of the clergy by whom these temples have to be served?

So it is that in the opinion of the Vatican M. Briand's proposal cannot possibly be accepted. As the *Osservatore Romano* declares :

The law laid down in the circular is not the common law : it is a tissue of arbitrary and illegal dispositions, of which consent to one means consent to all.

But, it will be said, is it not certain that had they been left to themselves, the French episcopate and clergy were ready and even anxious to embrace the offer of the Minister? True, this is roundly and repeatedly asserted by M. Clemenceau and his followers in France, and their apologists in this country. On the other hand it is categorically denied at Rome. As we are told by the *Times* correspondent who has been frequently quoted, the Vatican official pronouncement declares that

the object of the search at Mgr. Montagnini's residence [the late Nunciature], and of his expulsion, was to make the world believe that various false statements, which have been put into circulation, were confirmed by the documents confiscated, such as the report that a portion of the episcopate and clergy were ready to make the declaration. This is false. The opposition is not against the declaration required for religious meetings, but against the whole spirit of M. Briand's circular.

Such, in brief, from the most neutral evidence within reach, is the real character of the crisis, which—we are assured—exhibits on the one hand the liberal and conciliatory spirit of the French Government, and, on the other, the irreconcilable attitude of the Church. As M. Clemenceau declared the other day in the Chamber :<sup>1</sup>

We have made every concession. We offered you the common law of 1881, specially accommodated for your sake. We softened the rigour of the law for your benefit. But, as soon as you saw that peace would be the result, that the churches would remain open and worship would continue as before, you would have no more of the law of 1881. You said : “This is peaceful common law : that is not the common law we want.” So you have sought pretexts for war. Be it so. If you make war on the common law, we will make war on you, and we begin to-day.

M. Clemenceau is, no doubt, a practised and persuasive orator, but when he adopts such a line as this the case he has to defend must be bad indeed. Will any one in his senses be induced to believe that the Catholics, out of mere devilry, have thus insisted on running their heads against a stone wall, by forcing on a quarrel with the all-powerful faction in whose hands are all the forces of the State ; who can make what laws they please, and prosecute whom they will for resisting them ; who avowedly aim at the total extinction of religion, yet protest the while that they will not bring about so desirable a consummation, unless they are compelled by the violence of their adversaries ?

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> December 12th.

## *The Society of Jesus and Education.*

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[The series of papers of which the following is the third was originally delivered to an audience of Jesuit scholastics at Stonyhurst. This will explain and must excuse their exhortatory tone. They are made public in the feeling that they contain matter which may be of interest to a wider circle of Catholic teachers.—ED.]

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### III. A DOCUMENT BY LAYNEZ.

LOOKED at from outside, we have hitherto seen, St. Ignatius had little enough sympathy with education. To him it was no more than any other creature, riches or poverty, long life or short, health or sickness; in itself it was simply a matter of indifference. If he was biassed at all in its regard, it was rather against than towards it; for he had seen for himself how blinding an influence it could and did produce on men who might and should have known so very much better. But once he had begun to take action in the field his whole attitude became altered. As an end in itself he made light of education; as a means to an end he soon came to see there was nothing more effectual. It was a power as a weapon of warfare; it was also in itself an immense field of labour. Then at any cost it must be adopted, and that in thorough earnest. Nowhere in his life is his doctrine of indifference better illustrated than in the way he dealt with education; making himself, first, entirely independent and above it; then recognizing its importance; thirdly, taking due precautions; and finally adopting it wholly and entirely, as if the Society's very existence hung upon it.

The material work he actually did in forming the Society's education is thus summed up by the editors of the *Monumenta Paedagogica*:

Three things in particular our holy Father seems to have had in view when he was drawing up the Fourth Part of the Constitutions, the part, that is, which treats specially of studies. First he laid down those principles of the spiritual life according to which the Society,



both its professors and its students, were to be guided, in studies as in everything else. This most of all in every matter St. Ignatius kept before him, that the greater glory of God should be sought by the Society, and that all its efforts should be concentrated on this end. In the second place he was careful to secure such an economic condition of our colleges that, while due respect might be paid to the wishes of their founders, there might at the same time remain with the Society freedom of action to do as it thought best for the greater service of God. Lastly, and this might be said to be the first outline of the *Ratio Studiorum*—he drew up the list of the arts and sciences in which our students were expected to be trained; and insinuated briefly the way of dealing with them, as may be seen in particular in the last seven chapters of this part.

The editors then add :

While our holy Father was writing the Constitutions at Rome, something was being attempted by the industry of several individual Fathers, to establish a carefully-digested method of studies.

They proceed to describe the efforts that were made by some of these, notably Nadal, Olivier, de Codretto, Polanco, and Ledesma; who, taken together, may certainly be called the fathers of the *Ratio Studiorum*. All these and others were at work and were comparing notes, drawn alike from experience and theory, while St. Ignatius was yet alive. We have still preserved documents on studies drawn up by each of these—draughts of a school syllabus, suggestions of rules for masters and for boys, methods of school management, directions for rectors and prefects of studies, lists of *Industriae* derived from personal experiment, and the like. But it is worth while noticing that outside the Constitutions not a word is to be found written on the subject by St. Ignatius himself. There are some general remarks here and there among his letters, relating to the kind of men he looked for in his students, the manner of their behaviour in the Universities, and the good fruit for souls he expected from their simple example; but nowhere has he anything technical, whether in the shape of a school syllabus, or an order of the day, or even hints on teaching. Evidently, then, he had done in this matter what he had done in so many others. He himself was not a scholar, much as he had come to value scholarship. What were the actual needs of schools and students, others, he assumed, who had themselves been ardent students in their time, and were now directors of studies, knew better by experience than he could hope to know. He

contented himself accordingly with laying down broad lines, the general principles of the Order; their application in detail he left to the prudence and sagacity of others.

It must often occur to any discriminating reader of the early Society's history that one at least of the first companions of St. Ignatius has scarcely yet received the recognition he deserves. The glory of St. Ignatius himself, enhanced by that of Xavier and Borgia, and quickly succeeded by that of Kostka and Gonzaga, has tended to diminish the glory of others who, in their way, were also very great. It is but of recent years that the name even of Faber has emerged out of the dazzle. But among them all perhaps none has suffered so much as Laynez; for though what history records of him marks him out as one of quite extraordinary merit and genius, of the man as he was in himself we seem to know provokingly little. Of all the first companions of Ignatius he appears to have been by far the most talented by nature. At Trent he was second to no theologian in the world; the feats of intellect he is said there to have displayed scarcely find a parallel in history; this at all events is certain, that by the whole assembly he was treated with a deference shown to no other theologian. He alone, again, of all the first Fathers, was offered a Cardinal's hat. Of him St. Ignatius said what he said of no one else, that he understood better than anyone he knew his own true mind and the spirit of the Society. To him he wished to entrust, while he was himself yet alive, the supreme command of the Order; and at his death the Society endorsed the choice of the Saint by electing Laynez to succeed him. This, too, we know of him: that his sanctity was heroic, his sagacity and judgment of exceptional acuteness, his learning portentous, and his breadth of view akin, at least, to that of St. Ignatius himself.

When, then, we can discover the mind of Laynez, we may be sure we have there expressed the mind of St. Ignatius, and the mind of the Society of Jesus itself in its state of primitive fervour. Now, it chances that among the early documents on studies which preceded the *Ratio Studiorum*, one has been found which bears his name, and which seems to be authentic. In matter of fact it contains little more than is contained in similar documents, save that it has a pointedness of manner quite its own, and that in order of time it stands first of its kind, so far as can be ascertained. On these two accounts it may be well to give it a careful scrutiny; it will tell us better than anything

else what was the spirit of our early Fathers, what was their object in view, and what were the means they proposed to adopt in order to attain it.

The manuscript is entitled, "Rules for Schools ;" in another hand is written, " Rules for progress in spirit and in letters for lower schools." It then begins with a general introduction as follows :

Since all true wisdom proceeds from God, all-holy and almighty, and since He imparts it much more willingly, and in much greater abundance, to minds that are pure and open, our pupils should strive by every endeavour to ensure the safety of this last, if only that they may make the best progress possible in letters. To the securing of this the recommendations that follow will very much avail. Therefore we earnestly beg of you that you observe them with all diligence.

This is the general introduction. From the last sentence, "We beg of you," &c., it is clear that the document was intended to be placed in the hands of the boys themselves ; it seems to have been a kind of general guide which every boy was supposed to have by him. From the first one cannot fail to recognize what a very modern mind was his that wrote it. This very argument for good living, that evil life corrupts the mind and induces intellectual blindness, is independent of religion. It is being used to-day in our great public schools as a chief argument for morality.

The document then divides into two parts. The first part is as follows :

As to Morals and Purity of Conscience :

1. Since the foundation of the whole spiritual edifice is faith, they ought to believe purely and simply whatever our most holy Mother the Church proposes to us to be believed, and to hold in abhorrence all errors and sects, those of this our time in particular ; they should also beware of familiarity with heretics, or with those who are suspected of heresy. On this account they will refrain from reading all prohibited books, and will religiously cherish the holy, Apostolic See, revering the Sovereign Pontiff, who on earth holds the place of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who has expelled from the Church and condemned all errors.

2. Let them place all their hope in God as in a most loving and a most kind-hearted Father, and, in case any doubt or anxiety beset them, or in case any trouble come about, let them consult Him, and that with a heart both patient and constant ; moreover let them consider all good gifts of fortune, of nature, and of grace, to come

from Him, who thus lavishly and abundantly communicates Himself to us.

3. Let them take care that with all their soul and with all their strength they reverence and love our Lord, and lay aside their own will, and conform it to the will Divine, and obey with all exactness the commandments of God and of the Church.

4. With all devotedness and reverence let them recommend themselves to the most blessed and most glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, who by her intercession is able to obtain for us every grace and every good thing from the Most Holy Trinity. Then also let them cherish and revere the saints and angels, and, in particular, St. Michael the Archangel, as the prince of the Church; also the one whom they have chosen for themselves as their guardian. Let them, moreover, pay honour to relics and images of the saints. In churches let them be both reverent and respectful. Let them hold all priests in honour, and everyone else who has dedicated himself to God.

This is very plain speaking, and in the light of the times is full of significance. The effect of the Reformation was being felt in other countries than in Germany. In almost every town of Italy the literary circles affected Lutheran ideas and ways of speaking. It is true the Italian men of letters rejected the heresy as a pest; nevertheless, they played with its sentiments, as a means of exciting philosophical discussion, with the result that they were left Catholics in name, but in fact full of incredulity. Above all, did this show itself in the matter of religious practice. Devotions had become out of favour, and those who continued their practice were looked upon with pity. The fashion in the schools which called themselves liberal was to speak with scorn of the Church and its trappings, and to make good sport of its manifest flaws, ignoring its wealth of real greatness. The *Colloquia* of Erasmus, publicly condemned at Trent, was widely used as a text-book, and one has only to turn over its pages to recognize the harm it might do, with its abundance of learning on the one hand, and its show of righteousness on the other.

Against the spirit of this book, and in direct opposition to the "intellectual" spirit of the times, Laynez is emphatic. The injunctions above-quoted are an inculcation of an outward practice of faith, almost to exaggeration, precisely in those points which were least in favour at the moment. Before all else, Laynez is determined to secure the simple faith, internal and external, of those who come under him. Religion is to him the chief matter of instruction; it is the beginning of all

education ; indeed, if we did not read farther, one might think he made it everything. He does not fear to incur the ridicule of the learned world in consequence ; to say that he and his associates were unaware of the risk they were running of being laughed to scorn as out of date and unenlightened would, in their case, be preposterous. Their wide experience, their breadth of vision and, to us who know them, their nobility of purpose secure them from any such charge. It was a question of attitude and no more. Whether Erasmus and his school were at heart loyal sons of Rome or not, it can scarcely be denied that their sneering attitude had produced sad effects on the loyalty of others. Whether they were justified or not in teaching Latin style to children by means of smart abuse of a decadent clergy, it is certain that with their latinity children had also drunk in a certain mistrust of the faith that was their inheritance. Against this spirit, more than against the spirit of open rebellion, the aim of Laynez and his fellow-workers was directed ; and all that is here being given must be read as written in this light. The boys were to be made to realize the solid value of the faith that was theirs, independently of all supercilious insinuations, independently, even, of any shortcomings that might be only too evident in high quarters. This was the distinction that Erasmus failed to make ; in tearing up the cockle he tore up the wheat along with it. Laynez would have no tearing up at all. He would have the faith stand on its own merits ; he would have the children learn to be proud to display it, even where the Gentiles called it folly.

The document contains further instructions to this effect. It then turns to matters more material.

6. Our boys will take care not to occupy their minds to their own undoing, but to settle all their thoughts on good and honourable things ; and they will remember that God, all-holy and almighty, is everywhere present, and that from Him nothing can be hidden. Likewise they will make it a custom often to think upon death, which is always impending over every one, the last judgment, eternal punishment, the torments with which the unjust will be visited, the rewards and the blessings of Heaven, also the Life and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which has been offered to us for a model to be imitated as exactly as is possible according to our age and capacity.

7. Let their conversation be engaged on such topics as help to devotion and to study ; let them abstain from all blasphemy, perjury, lying, abuse, and any injurious, foul, or even idle words ; moreover,

each one will take it on himself to correct another whom he sees to be acting differently; and if he pays no heed to the correction, let the matter be referred to the master.

8. Let them use moderation in food and drink, being satisfied with that which is given to them, without any grumbling or resentment; their clothing shall be respectable, but not expensive, and they shall give no trouble to their parents on that score. Let them sleep sparingly, let them rise early, let them keep chaste until they marry, and even all their lives if they be called by God to that state; hence every place of ill-fame is to be avoided, and every occasion of vice. They must not be idle; they must not make use of arms, nor of forbidden games, such as dice, cards, masks, and the like. But if at any time, for the sake of mental relaxation, they indulge in games of good repute, let these last for a short time only, lest they waste to no purpose a thing which is so precious.

In this way the boy is taught to be mindful of himself, and to learn the all-important lesson of self-control. The dangers against which he is warned seem to us alarming enough,—blasphemy and perjury, drunkenness and rioting, grossness of life and gambling; but the days were evil, nowhere worse than in most of the great educational centres; and the scholars were day-scholars, with little but themselves, acting on the counsel of their masters, to depend upon for safety in the midst of their surroundings. The words contain no exaggeration; they are rather a comment on the kind of thing the Society of Jesus had taken on itself to combat.

Having dealt with the boy's relations to himself, the document goes on to treat of his relations to others.

9. Their parents and their teachers they will love with all reverence and obedience, taking it with all equanimity and submission if they are punished with words, or even with blows. They will show reverence to the aged and to those who are either placed in authority or holding any office. Let them be given to understand that no one will be admitted into our Society unless those wish it to whose guardianship and care they have been committed: nevertheless, they ought earnestly to implore the Lord to be present with them, and to afford them light in choosing that state of life which may seem to conduce the more to the service of God and their own salvation. Meantime, let them beware of being rash and thoughtless in making vows; but when with full deliberation they have bound themselves by these, let them be careful to fulfil them exactly.

10. Let them make it a matter of principle not to be a burthen to their companions or to the servants of the house, not to be causes of

discord or divisions, jealous of or insolent to others, but retiring and makers of peace. They will avoid familiar intercourse with evil natures, and will associate only with those who can be of assistance to them in morals and in letters.

11. In general behaviour and in all their actions, let them be a model of reserve to outsiders ; let them not throw stones in the streets, nor make mockery of the poor or of beggars, but rather take pity on them and bestow on them an alms if they are able.

12. But that all that has been above directed may be the better brought to perfection, let them all possess a certain little book, entitled *Christian Doctrine*, and let them learn it by heart. Let them, moreover, be present at the exhortations and expositions which shall be given on Christian doctrine in the College, and at the sermons delivered in the church, and let them do so with earnestness and care. Let them also from time to time read some spiritual book, such as that little one entitled, *The Imitation of Christ*. Let them go to Confession once a month ; they will also receive Holy Communion, that is, if it seems good to the confessor who is appointed over them.

This concludes the first part of the document. To understand its full significance it would be necessary to enter still more into the peculiar situation in which the Society was making its experiments. At first sight one might suppose the remarks to be but common-places of spirituality ; such as any religious of the day might have been expected to put down were he asked to write some pious recommendations for school-boys. But on closer examination, and considering them in their surroundings, it becomes at once clear that they have all been carefully selected. They are in deliberate opposition to the prevailing spirit of the age, a deliberate refusal to compromise, a deliberate defiance of the fashion of the Renaissance period, which would make in education less account of religion and more of letters, less of the commandments and more of that liberty of spirit which was assumed to distinguish the man of the world. His opening advice to hold all sects in abhorrence is a flat denial of the principle of those who declared such a practice to be but imprudent and narrow-minded bigotry. His recommendation to boys, destined to be leading men, to find in prayer a solution of problems, defies the scorn of those who would make of prayer an occupation only for women. His exhortations to the simple life, in food, in sleep, in dress, and in behaviour, is deliberately set down against the spirit of the age which, in its way, was as luxurious and extravagant as is the present. There is no mistaking what he means. Unlike what

is so often imputed to the Society of Jesus and its ways, it is an open declaration of war ; and it assumes a position in the fight which compels it to conquer or die. There is no shadow or suspicion of accepting the *status quo* with a view to ultimately having its way. Materially, indeed, the Society had no other course before it. It went into the schools as they were, and while it worked in them had to form its own plan of action. But from the first it let the schools see, and the literary world to which the schools belonged, that its object in view was not merely to teach. It came to make order out of chaos, to submit unruliness to authority, and to teach its scholars, in the schools themselves, something more than many of the old schoolmasters cared for. The Society of Jesus was a teacher indeed, but a religious teacher first of all ; from the beginning to the end it did not hesitate to say so, and was finally hacked to pieces for its blunt audacity.

We come now to the second part of the Laynez document. This part deals with studies in particular ; and to any one who will read between the lines it is no less instructive than the first. It begins by laying down for the boy a noble motive to inspire him.

In regard to studies :

1. Those who give their attention to letters ought to do so on this account, not merely that they may acquire learning, or wealth, or honour, but that by a knowledge of the truth they may be of use to themselves and to others for the honour and glory of God. But if at any time by means of our learning we rise to power and dignity, we ought to refer it all to God only as His gift.

2. But seeing that in addition to a rightly ordered mind there is required also in those who study an intellect both quick to take in what they either read or hear, and reliable in forming a judgment, a memory strong to retain, and a certain inclination to study, lest they give up in its pursuit, let any one who finds himself endowed with these gifts look to it that he is in no way ungrateful to God for favours so great, and that he does not make bad use of them, seeing he should employ them for the glory of God. But he who shall discover that he has not been blessed with these endowments of the mind, will do his best to acquire them for himself, especially by study and practice. But if any one be found so dull, that there is no hope whatever of his advancing in letters, let him understand that his teachers, after he has become proficient in good manners, will give his parents due notice of the fact, that he may not waste his time, his money, and his labour.



This is surely a note that only a skilled and keen school-master could have written. His division of schoolboys is interesting. There are those who are quick to learn ; there are those who, do what they will, or whatever others may do for them, will never make much progress ; and there are those who, though wanting in native talents, yet can make up for these, and can cultivate what germs of them they have, by study and persevering practice. Again, the four requirements which he lays down for a good student are instructive : quickness to grasp a point, power to judge for oneself, memory to retain, and a liking for one's work. To cultivate these, then, particularly the second and fourth, is of the very cream of true education.

3. Seeing that the study of letters calls for the whole of a man's energies, care must be taken that they do not involve themselves in any other business, that they do not give themselves entirely up to games [which seems to imply that the danger was before the school-boy of that time as much as in our own], and that they contract no habit which may hinder them from devoting themselves the more freely to their studies for the greater glory of God. Seeing also that it is only by process of time that learning is acquired, and that no one, except by divine favour, becomes a learned man in a moment, let them be assiduous in their studies, and every day let them make a point of being present at all the literary exercises. Let them be ready at the place before they begin, and let them not leave until they are concluded ; and let them not go up into the higher classes before due foundations have been laid in the lower. Consequently, as soon as they shall come to the school, they will give their names to be inscribed in the catalogue, that they may be sent to that class which shall seem best to suit them.

This last remark seems strange to our ears. The idea of a boy deciding for himself what classes he shall attend, and when he shall move up to a higher standard, seems an absurdity to us with our fixed routine and curricula. But a fixed curriculum was still something of a novelty in a public school of the times of Laynez ; and the masters taught their classes very much in the open, many a boy being able to come and go almost as he pleased. One may, indeed, say that the class system, as it is now seen throughout the world, is one of the effects of the Society's influence upon education.

The remainder of the regulations are eminently practical, and need no comment. Only one thing may be worth while noticing ; they are as thoroughly uncompromising, as deliberate

a defiance of the liberalizing spirit against which they are evidently directed, as anything that has been said in the part on "Morals and Conscience." Take, for instance, the sentence with which the very next regulation begins :

4. Let them possess no books that are indecent ; no authors that have ever come under any suspicion of heresy, nor any that is not expurgated. Those who are under the care of their parents may not buy books for themselves without their permission, nor tear them, nor write in them. Let those who are older study at home before their hours of class. But in the schoolroom let them listen to the lessons with attention and care, and, during them, let them not go to sleep, nor chatter, nor do anything else by which schools may be obstructed ; but they will take notes on such matters as the master bids them note, and on what they shall judge to be useful to themselves.

5. Let them be also vigorous in examining and repeating their lessons in an orderly way, and let them have no foolish self-consciousness about it. If there is anything they do not understand, they will ask those who know better ; and these latter will tell them what they know, without any selfish niggardliness. By so doing the matter itself will become more clear to them, and will be fixed the better in the memory.

6. At the times prescribed they will hold their discussions both freely and keenly, yet in such a way as never to forget good manners and self-command, without any show of temper or annoyance. Moreover in a submissive and a friendly spirit let them yield to the truth when it is evident, for that is the object of all disputation : whoever is conquered by it, conquers his own mistaken ideas. Furthermore, let them not interrupt each other in a captious spirit ; let them be concise and clear, setting everything aside that can impede the elucidation and knowledge of the truth ; and let them not be contentious or rude. They will themselves put an end to their disputations as soon as the master gives the signal.

This regulation refers to the great characteristic of the old as compared with the modern education—the system of repetition and discussion among the boys themselves, the function of the master being to do no more than to preside and direct, a system which still survives in the scholastic circles in philosophy and theology. The modern increase of subjects to be learned has made such repetitions all but impossible, but whether or not our education has gained by the change may surely be open to question.

7. Let them learn only that which has been fixed for them by the master, and that, too, at favourable times, in the morning for example,

and before supper ; for which purpose much assistance will be gained by frequent repetition, by earnest and clear reading, by raising the voice, and especially by repeating before they go to bed.

8. In writing, and in their practice of style, they will be as diligent as possible ; for style is a most important matter, indeed it is essential if one looks to the assistance of posterity.

Surely this is a far-reaching motive to put before a school-boy. Yet is it too far-reaching to appeal to a boy who has a spark of real ambition in him ?

9. They will speak Latin, Grammarians without any solecism, those more advanced with elegance ; but all alike to the extent of their ability. For it is a matter of no small moment that a man should be able to explain well to others the impressions of his mind ; let him therefore be careful to read, as well, with elegance and clearly.

10. In private studies, and in work done at home, let them look to it that they do not out of idle curiosity study things that are forbidden, useless, without purpose, or beyond them, but matters of use, and such as are within their grasp ; for instance, the subjects that are touched upon in class, and other kindred topics ; and let them take care that in their studies they observe due order, and are judicious and sensible, even while they are persevering, that thus they may keep their health.

11. Those who are the more diligent in carrying out what we have here recommended, and above all those who go to confession every month, if they are careful and earnest about their work, not only will, with the help of our Lord, make very great progress in letters and in virtue, but will also be partakers in all the prayers and good works which are performed, by God's grace, in our Society, and particularly in this college. Those who shall be troublesome and shall afford occasion of injury to others, shall be punished by the Corrector, in proportion to their offence ; but if they be more advanced, and refuse to submit to the infliction of corporal punishment, when they shall have been warned once or twice, and still decline to reform, shall be expelled from any college in which Ours shall teach. Lastly, our masters shall do everything gratis, merely for the sake of their neighbour's advantage, and for the love and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is our only and great reward, who is blessed for ever.

This seems to be the substance of the earliest document of any length which professes to set forth the ideal of the Society's education as she would have a boy to understand it. Its date is not quite clear. But it bears internal evidence of having been written by a Superior of a college ; hence one may argue that if, as it seems, it is the work of Laynez, it belongs to a date well within the life-time of St. Ignatius.

To sum up. We have been struck in reading this document with the important place religion holds in the mind of the writer. And that not merely by way of practice ; so far as practice is concerned he says much less than is recommended to-day in any sodalist's manual. Nor does he speak out of mere formality, as a Religious might be supposed to speak ; of that we have said enough already. Rather he makes much account of religion simply as an educating influence. He writes as a schoolmaster who has at heart the making of the whole man, not merely the making of a scholar ; and of the forces that go to make the man religion in his mind is paramount, indeed, is almost everything. A good conscience, he believes, helps to accuracy and depth of thought ; helps, too, to the forming of character. Where there is unrest there is bias, and bias falsifies judgment. Where there is consciousness of evil, there is a necessary leaning to deceit. A life of study, he assumes, should be a life of prayer ; prayer and study have ever been natural allies. School, to him, is a time and a place of preparation, not only for a profession, or any other career in the world, but for a life that shall leave its mark in loyal service of man, made the more loyal because of its service of God and His Church. The object of study is not merely to "get on," but that by "getting on," a man may be the better able to do his duty, to God and to his fellow-men alike. When this foundation has been laid, then Laynez is not slow to insist on the natural aids to study.

Nor is the spirit of this document by any means peculiar to itself. It is found in every other, one may say without a single exception, written with a view to defining the Society's idea of education before the compiling of the *Ratio Studiorum* ; and any discussion of the system and its methods which fails to take cognizance of this, fails to grasp its fundamental principle. Retrograde or not, bigoted or not, narrow-minded or not, the Society from the first committed itself irrevocably to the teaching of religion, without which it held its own or any other teaching, from its point of view, to be worthless. On this matter it was hopelessly intransigent. And yet, it must be remembered, the men who adopted this attitude were not merely holy men, or enthusiasts. They were certainly more than pietists. They were shrewd men of the world, as their enemies are only too eager to proclaim ; they knew the fevered beat of the pulse of Europe as probably no other men knew it ;

they had the experience, not of this University or that, nor of one particular centre, but of almost every seat of learning in almost every country—Spain and Portugal, Italy and France, Austria, Germany, and the Low Countries; and their single aim, clearly conceived, was to find a remedy for the growing evils of the day. The source of those evils, so their experience taught them, was to be found in the irreligion and the consequent loose living of the great educational centres. There, at all events, might the disease be most effectually checked. Accordingly they went into those centres; they boldly set up anew, and compelled their students to display, the Church's standard of morality; they brought in religion, and religious influences, to be again a factor in a man's education, not merely as a subject for smart dialectic, but as the very basis and principle of life, and of all sound judgment concerning it; they faced the fashion of the time, defied first the sneer, and then the anger, of the learned; made sacrifice of not an inch of ground to win better favour; told the world, simply and straight, that it was wrong, that the system of education which disparaged religion was fundamentally vicious; undertook by their own deliberate action to prove that system all a lie; and staked on the issue their lives and their prospects, and, what was still more dear to them, the life and prospects of their Order. If there is truth in the often-quoted statement, that the Society of Jesus checked the Reformation by catholicizing the Renaissance movement, its explanation must be found in this, that the Society maintained what the Reformation endeavoured to destroy; made everything of formal religion while Protestantism in practice assumed it to be nothing; with religion as its motive forced a footing on the field of learning, and in the work it did gave proof that by means of this motive more could be done than by means of any other.

We have not far to go to find a practical application of the lesson of this paper to ourselves. It has often been remarked that the spirit of the learned world is very much akin to the spirit of the later Renaissance. Both alike maintain themselves to be respectably, fashionably Christian; both alike, in mind and at heart, are thorough-going pagans. Religion they will not deny outright, and on that account they claim the title of Christian; but to accept the authority of any Church is the last thing they would dream of. To soothe what remains of a conscience, and to silence the protests of troublesome or

anxious inquirers, both alike are willing to accept the alliance of religion ; but that alliance must be maintained over a very limited sphere. It may work very well in a hospital, or in a crowded slum ; it can have no place in a school-room. Religion is one thing, education is another ; to bring the two inconveniently together, worse still, to combine them and call them one, worst of all, to subject the one to the other, is an impertinence, an intrusion, a piece of narrow-minded bigotry. This was the spirit of those days, as it tends to be the spirit of to-day. To the educated world of the time the Society undertook to teach a diametrically opposite doctrine ; a doctrine which, in one way or another, the educated world must be made to learn again if it is to be saved.

But if this is so, then it stands to reason that we ourselves need to be wide awake. What, then, can we do ? One thing at least would seem to be essential. We must bring it home, every day more and more, to those we have to teach that religious education, Catholic education, as distinct from any other, non-Catholic or non-religious, really does mean something. Somehow or other they must be made to feel that they are better men for being Catholics, and for having been educated at a Catholic school. Their Catholic training as such must give them something, which more than compensates for all they have lost by the surrender of a public school or other education. It will not be enough that they should learn Christian doctrine, whether positive or dogmatic ; that by itself is neither Catholic education, nor is it a thing which will of itself make much difference in the future. It is not always those who are best grounded in the teaching of the Church that ultimately prove its most loyal champions, or who even best appreciate the boon of the faith. It will not suffice that they should be trained in pious practices ; pious practices alone will never produce strong men, a fact which our late Father General, in a memorable address, emphasized in no measured terms. What, then, will suffice ? It is difficult, perhaps it is impossible, to speak with precision ; but in general, one may say that our boys must be impressed with a sense of the tremendous reality of religion. They will learn from us, if we teach according to our traditions, that religion is something which enters into all their lives, which colours all their thoughts, which modifies their aspects of life and the things of life, and which makes them better, sounder men, just because of this sounder judgment which it gives them.

If it can be made to do that, then religion becomes a reality, not only in itself, but as a factor in education. It was on these two accounts that Laynez and his fellow-workers put religion in the first place. For the sake of religion they had adopted education. "The scope of the Society and of its course of studies is to help to the knowledge and love of God, and the salvation of souls," says Laynez himself in another document, dealing with higher studies. From the motive of religion they strove to draw out of their boys the best that was in them. The promotion of religion they set before them as the noblest end in life. And finally, by means of religion, more than by any other means, they developed that refinement of mind and character which is the best fruit of any education. In this way they fought their battle. Religion had been tabooed by the intellect of the day; the Jesuit schoolmasters introduced it into every nook and corner of their schools. It had been declared bankrupt as a power over reasoning men; they taught their boys to pay it homage as the chief promoter of right reason. Is the problem before the present generation very different from theirs?

ALBAN GOODIER.

## *Notes on Religious Instruction in School.*

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THE present trend of educational politics removes the occasion for prefatory apology in any attempt to simplify the problem of securing religious instruction to the children. In a very literal sense "the old order changeth," and even the most sanguine look uneasily to the development. Amid hopes and fears one thing seems certain: The bulk of the religious instruction and the responsibility for it cannot be placed as heretofore with the teachers. Their earnestness and good-will may remain, but they will be of little avail when effort and desire are restricted and fenced in by the regulations of a rigid governing authority.

A gradual weakening of the Catholic position in the matter of religious training became inevitable by the Act of 1902. In a letter addressed to the clergy and laity the late Cardinal Archbishop thus wrote: "As a result of that Act competition between the world and the Church to control the formation of the young has become visibly and sensibly accentuated in all directions." And to counterbalance "the increasing control of the world in the sphere of education to the ultimate destruction of revealed religion as a vital factor in public and private life," he advocated everywhere an introduction or extension of confraternities of Christian Doctrine, whose special function is to co-operate with the clergy in the religious instruction of the young.

Infinitely more hostile to Catholic interests is the prospective Act than the Act of 1902, and, while in many districts it may be sufficient to strengthen and supplement existing means of instruction, in some districts at least the whole work of religious instruction may need to be organized and carried on apart from the ordinary routine of the day-school.

In considering any scheme of voluntary effort for teaching purposes, a grave difficulty confronts us at the outset. No subject lends itself more readily than education to discussions



of a general character : few subjects are less fruitful and more distressing to the tyro than teaching. The reason of this is plain. Teaching is an art—it is practical. It conforms in its operations to general principles, as do all arts ; yet good teaching is no more inevitably the outcome of an acquaintance with the broad features of educational science, than is the ability to write good poetry a necessary outcome of a knowledge of the principles of versification.

Good teaching implies learning, love of knowledge, patience, zeal : the converse of the proposition is of limited application only. A widespread appreciation of this fact is no doubt an explanation of the general practice of leaving religious instruction equally with secular instruction, almost wholly in the hands of professional educators. But while it is true that a wide range of good gifts directed by use are involved in the work of teaching, and that the perfect craftsman is as rarely met with in the school as in the atelier, it is equally true that fair proficiency in the art is within reach of all.

In this paper it is proposed, first, to consider certain aspects of the course of religious instruction usually followed, with a view to a possible simplification ; and, secondly, to set down briefly some of the more obvious conditions of successful oral teaching for the consideration of those who are without actual experience of the work, but who may be disposed if need be to do their best in it for the children's sake.

## I.

The range of matter for lessons is so extensive and the time at disposal so short, that the loss is serious where the academic is preferred to the practical, the formal to the real. And it is obvious that in applying the terms just used, a constant adjustment must take place.

Selection of matter will depend on (i.) the importance of the information in itself, (ii.) its suitability to the age, capacity, and circumstances of the children. A careful overhauling of values will show how effort may be economized. As an example : One of the diocesan syllabuses used to prescribe as part of the memory-work for individual repetition the hymns to the Holy Ghost, the Hymn of St. Bernard, the Litany of our Lady, the *Miserere* Psalm, and the *Te Deum* ! The exercise was unnecessary ; it took up much valuable time ; it was irksome ; yet—so easily do we adapt ourselves to what is

—several generations of school-children were made to pass through the ordeal ere a reasonable change was effected.

In framing schemes and in selecting material for lessons the keynote is simplicity. In case of doubt it is well to err on the side of defect, for an overcharged syllabus induces cram and lessens the disposition to take up the instruction for its own sake as a labour of love. The amount of religious knowledge absolutely necessary for children is small: it will, if the treatment be good, produce in later life choice fruit in faith and character. But the issue is obscured and development is arrested when the essential is overlaid with what is at the best of but secondary importance.

In the forefront of most schemes of religious instruction stands the Catechism, and the position has been held so long that there is a tendency to admit a prescriptive right to it. There are some to whom Catechism, learning, and religious instruction are synonymous terms. To these any suggestion of a modified use of the Catechism may come as a painful surprise. They will recall their young days spent in Catechism lessons, and point to a manhood of lusty Catholicity, and into a time sequence read cause and effect. Or they may maintain not less bravely, that since the Catechism is an excellent epitome of religious knowledge, therefore the teaching of the Catechism must be an excellent means of conveying religious knowledge.

In days gone by there was little need to traverse these or other arguments, on which was founded a conviction of the supreme need of mastering as early as possible the whole text of the Catechism, for a wide margin of time was still available for more intimate instruction. But those who are acquainted with the actual conditions of work inside the schools see clearly in the near future—whatever the letter of the law may be—a considerable curtailment of the study and observance of religion.

Let us look into the question more closely. The qualities which give value to the Catechism as a compendium of Christian Doctrine—the completeness of its survey, the precision of its definitions, the logical arrangement of its parts—recommend it but slightly as a text-book for the young. Fulness of matter is without advantage where only a small portion of the whole can be studied; definition, however exact, is usually of less value to children than simple description; and the psychology of the

child disposes us to regard as futile the attempt to build up for him an elaborate system on a strictly logical basis.

The Catechism is ungraded in respect either of importance of contents or of difficulty of matter. Much of the earlier sections is pure theology of little practical use to the child. The two chapters which are most easily intelligible—those dealing with the Christian's Rule of Life and the Christian's Daily Exercise—come last, and are reached, if at all, at the close of a child's school career. It would be amusing, were the question of religious instruction of less moment, to contemplate the position of the seven-year-old child on his transference from the infant department to the senior school. He is able, with assistance, to read words of one syllable and to understand their meaning vaguely; he can just catch a glimpse of number in the concrete; he writes a little, and he may be able to take an interest in a simple tale, provided it be within his sphere of thought and well told. With such preliminary training he is set upon the Catechism, and in a short time can repeat glibly enough that, "Faith is a supernatural gift of God which enables us to believe without doubting whatever God has revealed;" that, "We must believe whatever God has revealed, because God is the very Truth who can neither deceive nor be deceived," that, "God is the Supreme Spirit who alone exists of Himself and is infinite in all perfections;" and that "A mystery is a truth which is above reason but revealed by God."

In days gone by catechism-learning was much in vogue. There were catechisms of history, of common knowledge, of natural science, of philosophy, and specimens may still be found in the lumber-rooms of old houses, or on the shelves of amateurs in literary curiosities. But all these manuals have vanished from the schools. It is generally held to be unnecessary and undesirable to reduce our information on a subject to a congeries of definitions. And to approach a study by means of definitions is to run counter to all the principles of scientific method. What then must be said of the teaching of such definitions as those instanced to children of tender years? The teacher is yet unborn who could give them life and meaning. We may manufacture, so to speak, infant gramophones which on the application of due stimulus will tickle our ears with a record intelligible to ourselves, but the instruments will remain dull, cold, and unchanged.

The question may be viewed from another standpoint, and

the acquisition of Catechism answers in childhood considered as capital for later years. This is ordinarily the view of those who by the condition of their life and occupation need frequently to refresh their knowledge of the catechism. But we have to consider the case of the every-day child who satisfies the demands of the Diocesan Inspector, and passes from the schoolroom to the shop, the factory, or the fields. What is the influence of the imperfectly comprehended exercises of childhood during the perilous years of adolescence? And how much of the original does the memory retain at a period when wider experience and maturer judgment would render it of value? For an answer to the last question the reader may make a direct examination in typical cases. Or, without leaving his arm-chair, let him endeavour to write out the paradigms of some language learnt at school and since neglected. Then having made a deduction in his own case for the influence of favourable circumstances and a cultured mind, he may look upon the residue as a fair standard of comparison.

In spite of the drawbacks and limitations inseparable from this form of study, there is so much convenience to the teacher in having to hand a *précis* of Christian Doctrine, and so much advantage in the general adoption of an authorized expression of religious knowledge and belief, that there is little likelihood of the Catechism ceasing to occupy a central position in the scheme of religious instruction. But it is of the first importance to ascertain how its study may be made less routinary and its influence more real. Here suggestions arise. Selected portions of the catechism of practical utility and allowing of explanation to young children might be studied first, and the more abstract portions left over. Or, a shorter and simpler Catechism might be prepared for the elementary school, and the manual at present in use be reserved for more advanced pupils. There is little need, however, to discuss details now: they will assume a practical form should a modification of the present course be seen to be desirable. Meanwhile, we may bear in mind that our aim is to teach the most and the best and that we are not teaching in Utopia.

Let us turn from this branch of religious instruction in schools and ask if values are sufficiently weighed in the department of Scripture History. Here the arrangement of matter is usually chronological. The seven-year-old child begins with the Creation, and within a period of, perhaps, twelve months

he reaches, say, the Tower of Babel ; within another period he may come to the Captivity in Egypt ; and, again, he wanders through the Desert to the Promised Land. By dint of custom this procedure is followed without a suspicion of incongruity, and children will learn to reel off the order of Creation, the names of the sons of Jacob, and the Plagues of Egypt without hesitation or danger of transposition.

We do not set about the teaching of English history in this crude way. First are taught simple stories of bravery, of duty, of unselfishness, of obedience, which make a direct appeal to the child—stories of the Lion Heart, of Nelson, of the burghers of Calais, of the Black Prince ; then come salient features of history traced simply through cause and effect ; these again are expanded and worked out in detail ; and, lastly, if opportunity offer, there is specialization of a given period. We do not trouble young minds with the complexities of the Saxon Heptarchy, with the Treaty of Dover, or the Constitutions of Clarendon. Might not the same young minds be as considerably dealt with in the teaching of Holy Writ ?

Instruction in the New Testament leaves little room for comment. The parts usually taught in school are within the capacity of children, and of direct value. But there is a tendency even here to subordinate spirit to letter—to reduce, for instance, the teaching of parables to rote, and their lessons to bald statements.

A pertinent consideration comes in here. In every branch of secular instruction there have been made during recent years strenuous efforts not only to popularize the study by a clear and convincing presentation of its main features, but there have been equally strenuous attempts to elaborate special methods of teaching the various subjects. For although common principles of method can be seen to underlie all good teaching, the application of these principles is infinitely varied, and distinctive methods are evolved in harmony with the subject-matter, and with the special purposes which a subject is meant to serve. And much good, direct and incidental, has resulted to various branches of school-work from this elaboration of method. In religious instruction, however, little seems to have been done ; we are where we were years ago, and the special didactics of the subject have hardly been begun.

Some of the defects in the religious instruction of the schools are traceable to the system of inspection which has been

commonly adopted. The courses of study prescribed have been extensive, the tests have been stringent, and schools have been classified according to their examination results. Under such conditions there is small room for surprise if, too often, the teacher has lost perspective and devoted his attention to the word rather than the thing. For some unaccountable reason the inspections have been originally modelled on the lines of the inspectors of the Education Department during the period when school-payments were made according to "Result." But whereas in secular subjects a constant endeavour has been made to get away from the ill-effects which that form of inspection produced, many of its evil features are still recognizable in the Department of Religious Instruction.

## II.

It has been said that an initial difficulty of all organizations of voluntary effort for purposes of instruction lies in the nature of the work. For though good-will and zeal, joined with adequate knowledge of the subject-matter, will go far, they cannot of themselves suffice in an undertaking which demands a measure of technical ability. A few simple observations on some of the more obvious principles and conditions common to all successful teaching are here submitted. They may, perhaps, tend to direct effort along lines which might otherwise be overlooked or ignored, and thus be of service to those who are taking up the task of teaching for the first time.

*Lecturing and Teaching.*—The beginner is more apt to lecture than to teach. The two exercises are not wholly dissimilar, inasmuch as each makes a demand upon clear statement and vivid narration. In other respects they are at opposite poles. With the lecturer the question is, "How much matter can be presented?" with the teacher, "How much may be taught?" The lecturer obtrudes information: the teacher seeks to create a demand for it. The lecturer is concerned with his own point of view; the teacher with the point of view of his pupils. The lecturer assumes intelligence, desire, concentration, receptivity: the teacher has to ascertain if these qualities exist, and to what degree, and no small part of his effort lies in inducing, stimulating, and developing these primary conditions of learning.

Lecturing is not altogether out of place in school. With older children and in subjects which are well within their range

of thought, it may be advantageously used. With young children it is of small value, for the well-ordered information of the adult finds little response among the fragmentary shreds of knowledge possessed by the child. It is just here that the teacher comes in. He brings his mind to meet the mind of his pupils. There is fusion of idea, feeling, sentiment. And not for a moment does he lose sight of the fact that if the information he means to supply is to be more than empty words, it must in some way or other be brought into connection with knowledge which already exists, so that the child may recognize in the new matter an expansion or development of his previous store. This seems to be the true meaning of the much-quoted and ill-used aphorism of method, "Proceed from the known to the unknown."

*Questioning.*—In order to ascertain the content of the pupil's mind the teacher resorts to questions—often with but slight success. For owing to difference in concept and in sentiment between the child and the adult a question and its interpretation may be in spheres of thought which are mutually exclusive. A sympathetic teacher who knows how to keep himself in the background is usually not long in finding some idea in common, and then he has only to follow the lead of his pupils to maintain touch with them. Of special value to him are the questions which children under genial treatment are wont to ask, and the explanations and narrations which they delight to make.

The alertness and industry of the pupils show clearly when they are interested in the lesson, and the interest will continue so long as the instruction is within the range of their thought, and their activity is stimulated by constant addition of new matter intimately allied with what has been already assimilated.

There is no need here to treat of the questions employed to test the remembrance of facts, for such questioning lies outside the lesson proper. Nor need we dwell on that most difficult form of questioning to which the name Socratic is often given, in which, by skilfully applied questions, the pupil is made to shift voluntarily from position to position, until at last he himself rises to the formulation of the truth which is under discussion. Such questioning is obviously of use to the teacher of ability only, and is a very perfect example of progression from the known to the unknown. But reference may be made to a common practice of interlarding a narrative with points of interrogation which lead nowhere and elucidate nothing, and

serve no other purpose save to disguise thinly a lecture under the trappings of a lesson.

*Aim and Method.*—How often does the schoolboy marvel at what seems to him the special facility of the teacher in disguising his meaning. Each lead has a blind issue, and the web becomes more tangled as the lesson advances. In such lessons the facts are usually correct, but they are used, so far as the class is concerned, in the wrong place. Such misplacement, with its attendant confusion of thought, would be avoided were the teacher to fix in advance his aim and keep it in mind throughout the lesson. Changes need to be made in his preconceived procedure to suit the circumstances which arise during the instruction, and indeed the soul of good teaching is spontaneity. But every change of procedure must serve to bring out more clearly the dominant idea.

This conscious adaptation of means to end is the basis of method, without which teaching is unworthy of the name. And it should seem that method may be impaired by either of two opposite faults. The teacher may keep changing front, in which case the pupils are unable to fix, out of many possible, the goal at which they should aim. Or, he may persevere in his course without taking care that his pupils are given sufficient guidance to enable them to bear him company.

*Interest.*—Learning proceeds through interest. When the pupils become genuinely interested in the instruction a teacher's difficulties are almost at an end. He need no longer struggle against the resistance of the child-mind to his ministrations. On the contrary, a demand for information comes from the pupils, and this information they endeavour of themselves to systematize. And as the mental effort is at such times highly concentrated, the facts of the lesson become fixed in memory more effectively than they would be by any mere verbal repetition.

All children are not, of course, equally interested in the same things, and some allowance must be made for individual tastes, preferences, and capabilities. The differences in individuals are repeated in a milder form in classes. Instruction which is suitable to the children of a town school may not appeal to children in a remote village. The bases of interest in girls are not identical with those in boys. Nevertheless, in all cases the sum of agreements in essentials outweighs the differences—were it not so, collective teaching would be impossible.



Whatever the conditions and circumstances of the children may be, there is in every lesson a spirit of interest if the teacher will but distil it out. That he fails to do so lies most commonly in his disinclination or inability to come down from his rostrum, to lay aside the cloak of manhood and to be once more a child. The acquisitions of advancing years are not all clear profit. We accumulate fact, perfect inference, and build up system, but in doing so are apt to lose fancy, imagination, and impulse. This loss a teacher must endeavour to repair, for success depends not upon his wealth of fact, the closeness of his reasoning, the completeness of his knowledge, but upon his power of thinking and feeling as children think and feel. It is not a question of whittling down information, as some do, but of selecting elements which are within the capacity of the child, and presenting them in such a way as to be both intelligible and stimulating.

It is because the child lives in a world of fancy where the facts of life have an aspect and meaning peculiar to the stage of his development that fables and allegories are of such service to the teacher in dealing with junior classes, and it is because of their revolt against the prosaic that children of all ages accept lessons for their daily conduct in the form of stories. Suitable stories may be met with on every side and, above all, in the pages of Sacred Scripture the teacher has material for concrete illustration of every phase of childhood. But the stories should convey their own lesson if they are to produce the full charm and effect.

An objection may be raised that it is possible to make learning too pleasant, that rigidity in school is a good preparation for the routine of life, and that children should be accustomed to look on their tasks less as a pleasure than as an unavoidable duty. Such objection can only arise from those who regard character as formed by accretions from without rather than by development from within. There is practical unanimity among educators that even in the teaching of secular subjects it matters less what we teach than how we teach. The facts taught in school can form only a tiny portion of the sum of knowledge in any direction, and such facts may be forgotten or uncalled for. But in the act of their sympathetic and intelligent study qualities of mind and heart are engendered which persist to the end. The objection is, however, without force for another reason. There is no royal road to learning. With every effort

of the teacher obstacles remain. But obstacles are surmounted more easily by those whose interest has been secured and whose intelligence has been evoked. And memorizing is no longer drudgery when motivated not only by cheerfully accepted duty but also by the knowledge that it is a means to a desirable end.

*Control.*—The golden rule for maintaining order in class is to keep the pupils occupied. But this rule is of application only where a measure of disciplinary power already exists. And attention of a mechanical kind which embraces silence and a respectful attitude must be established as a necessary preliminary to the stage of intellectual attention. The non-professional teacher endeavours frequently to obtain a leverage by introducing a story or some other detail calculated to arrest the attention of his class. The principle is excellent, but it does not always work well in practice: for, unless the instruction is developed easily and intimately, the end of the introductory matter is marked by indifference and reaction.

It is really not difficult to secure initial attention if the teacher assumes in simple, unpretentious manner his own position and the co-operation of his class. He will do well to avoid a concessive attitude either at the religious lesson or at any other time. Exercise of power is an instinct in children, and under a weak government they tend to become lawless.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand they are not given to question captiously authority, and their admiration for the strong and masterful makes them willing subjects of an unobtrusive yet determined ruler. A capable teacher bears this in mind in the discipline of his class. He uses few words, he imposes few rules, he neither promises nor threatens, he is firm yet kind. He does not expect too much from his pupils, but he insists on a minimum: he allows for the weaknesses of child-nature while taking advantage of its virtues.

The foregoing observations may perhaps serve as a slight introduction to the meaning of method in teaching. Incidentally they may show that teaching is no mere routinary avocation but one in which exceptional demands are made upon the intelligence, the devotion, the knowledge and the resource of those engaged in it. The progress which has been made in

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be here an explanation of the fate of many a boys' club, guild, and confraternity.

secular studies during recent years is largely the result of improved methods of teaching and there seems to be no reason to doubt that progress in religious knowledge must be similarly conditioned.

Here we put in a plea for a more general reading of educational science. An inquiry into its principles and their application will be found to open out a new and fertile field of thought. Nor will the study be devoid of immediate utility. At every turn the tax-payer is confronted with the ideals of correlation, unification, nationalization of education—brave words which may mean something or may be but “vacant chaff well-meant for grain.” A study of principles will help to show what he is paying for and whereto he is tending. Parents will be especially benefited by such reading, for in it is much that will help them in the management, the training, and the destination of their children. The introduction of a short course of theoretical and practical teaching may be found practicable eventually in all ecclesiastical seminaries. Such a course would be highly stimulating and of no small service to young priests in taking up work on the mission.

This brings us back to our starting-point. The whole work of religious instruction may in the near future need to be organized outside the school, and it is well to look at the special difficulties of the impending task and to be prepared to cope with them.

Inducements to join in the good work are many and profound and all who enter upon it in the right way may rest assured their labour will not be in vain. In striving to enlighten others, their own vision will be made more clear. Their nature will be deeply moved and the best that is in them will come forth in communion with the unspoiled souls of children. In watching the growth of the germs of faith and piety which they are privileged to tend, they will find an absorbing interest and in the affection of their pupils abiding solace. Their reward even here is great. And a greater is promised hereafter.

R. SMYTHE.

## *The Case of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey.*

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THE number for October, 1906, of the *Law Quarterly Review*, edited by Sir Frederick Pollock, contains an article, bearing the title appearing above, written by Mr. John Pollock. It is in substance a review of my book, *Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?*<sup>1</sup> In addition it is largely a re-assertion of the position taken by Mr. Pollock in his *Popish Plot*.<sup>2</sup> In his article Mr. Pollock charges me with "ignorance," "incapacity to deal with evidence." I am told that I have not mastered "the elementary rules of historical inquiry:" I am charged with making mis-statements and misrepresentations: my method of submitting the medical evidence to an expert was "highly improper," "most improper." These are Mr. Pollock's most prominent charges; there are others descending from these heights to the low level of quoting an edition of Burnet not approved by Mr. Pollock. With two only of these minor charges can I concern myself. Mr. Pollock blames me for not saying something which I have said: he implies, rather than directly states, that I have said what I have not said. "Mr. Marks does not, however, mention that he (Godfrey) was also seen in the Strand close to Charing Cross, not far, that is, from his own house, about one o'clock." This is mentioned by me on page 102, and is commented on elsewhere. In addition, on page 103, Mr. Pollock will find reference to a fact he has thus far studiously ignored, that Michael Godfrey was satisfied as to his brother's movements to about three on the Saturday afternoon.

I have nowhere intimated, as Mr. Pollock suggests, disbelief in the existence of a door between the Water Gate and the upper court. Not only did Prance's tutors adapt his fictions to the existence of such a door; there is direct evidence on the subject.<sup>3</sup>

Mr. Pollock's charge of ignorance is intended, no doubt, to

<sup>1</sup> Burns and Oates.

<sup>2</sup> Duckworth, 1903.

<sup>3</sup> Evidence of Sir R. Southwell in trial of Green, Berry, and Hill.

cover the whole ground, but applies in an especial degree to one passage. In writing of the terrible results of the outbreak of fanaticism, I said :

Nor did the terrible effects of this frenzied outbreak stop at our own shores. Under the Edict of Nantes, French Protestants enjoyed a liberty of worship and freedom such as for many a long day was not to be accorded to Catholics in England. For more than eighty years the Huguenots had been left in peace. But now, "rumours concerning our barbarity" daily increased in Paris : the French king was pressed "to make him revenge the quarrel of the English Catholics upon the French Protestants, who trembled for fear of some violent persecution." Cruel persecution of the French Protestants, and finally, the Revocation of the Edict, were the answer to the cry for revenge.<sup>1</sup>

A footnote gave reference to five pages in *Savile Correspondence*, a volume published by the Camden Society in 1858.

Henry Savile was Charles II.'s envoy to the French king from February, 1679, to March, 1682. The Popish Plot "broke out" in October, 1678. The Edict was revoked in October, 1685, but the Revocation did little more than, as it were, set the seal on a series of cruel persecutions instituted some years before. Were these things an answer to the cry for revenge? Let us see. Savile is a witness to whom no exception can be taken. He was zealous in the cause of the persecuted Huguenots, to the point that Lord Halifax had to remind him that he might give occasion for a higher persecution by interference. We of to-day may forget this indiscretion ; we should never forget that Savile constantly pressed for a large measure of naturalization to encourage the immigration into England of the persecuted Huguenots.

The breaking out of the Plot was quickly followed by a proclamation ordering Catholics to leave London ; another confined them within five miles of their home ; the "five Popish lords" were thrown into the Tower, there was no safety of liberty or life against the denunciations of informers. There had been several executions up to May, 1679. It was on June 5th of this year that Savile wrote from Paris :

The Archbishop of Paris, and the Père de la Chaise, do all they can to prevail with this king to make him revenge the quarrel of the English Catholics upon the French Protestants, who tremble for fear of some violent persecution. . . . I have writ to Mr. Secretary several times to tell him the necessity of having something put out in print

<sup>1</sup> P. 6.

to give an account to the world of our proceedings since the discovery of the Plot, which for want of some such treatise is wholly unbeliev'd here, and our nation upbraided with all the infamous reproaches the violence of angry fools can invent.

A few days later Savile tells how the judges of the *Chambre Ardente*, a tribunal appointed to try a gang of poisoners, have their authority extended to all matters relating to the Protestants.

I doubt these poor people have the worse quarter in revenge of what is done to the Papists in England.<sup>1</sup>

On August 2, 1679, Savile again presses for the printing of something in French concerning the plot, . . . for since the speeches of the dying Jesuits [these were "the Five Jesuits," executed on June 20th] which the *Père de la Chaise* had translated and showed to the king, and every body have seen, the rumours concerning our barbarity increase daily here, and it grows absolutely necessary something should be done in our justification.<sup>2</sup>

On December 29, 1680, Lord Stafford was executed. On January 15, 1681, Savile writes:

I hope my Lord Stafford's trial will be translated into French and some copies sent me, for I am baited out of my wits every day about it.<sup>3</sup>

The next extract, a few days later in date, January 18th, shows the French king modelling a portion of his policy of persecution on that adopted in England.

Monsieur de Croissy . . . told me he had, in obedience to his master's orders, sent to all officers concerned in that matter, not to put the late edicts concerning religion in execution against the king our master's subjects till further order, in which condition this affair will always remain if Monsieur de Barrillon do not revive it, to whom orders are sent to give an account here of the usage of the king's Roman Catholic subjects in England, that being the model designed for what treatment the English Protestants shall find here.<sup>4</sup>

There are many other interesting passages, but I have quoted enough for my purpose. And now I ask Mr. Pollock how, with my references before him, he ventured to write, "If he had profited by . . . the present writer's *Popish Plot* . . . he would have been saved from dishing up a chaudfroid of views which were natural when Lingard wrote, but to-day are ignorant"?

<sup>1</sup> P. 100.

<sup>2</sup> P. 113.

<sup>3</sup> P. 172.

<sup>4</sup> P. 174.

And I further ask him on what grounds he requires me to take him as a better authority in this matter than the contemporary English envoy in Paris?

Another thing which has drawn upon me Mr. Pollock's grave censure, is that I have spoken of "the romances of these wretches of proved infamy," the said wretches being the informers, "discoverers," or, as they were officially designated, "the King's evidence." "'Proved' betrays him," says Mr. Pollock: "he writes as if all the resources of modern investigation were at command in 1678, whereas in reality it took months and even years to establish facts as to character which now-a-days might be common knowledge in a few hours." Again, "It is now proved beyond doubt that most of the informers were men of infamous character: but it is equally certain that it was not proved on their first appearance." The drift of this is clear: Mr. Pollock is seeking to exonerate those who instituted and conducted the trials, on the plea of ignorance of the real character of the informers. The point readily admits of investigation.

Mr. Pollock will, of course, not accept the statement of L'Estrange, who asserts of Oates and Bedloe that "the character of these two wretches was as well known as the whipping-post." But will Mr. Pollock venture to state that it would take "months and even years" to find out that Oates had been "silenced" by the Archbishop of Canterbury; that he had broken out of Dover gaol; that he had been dismissed from his chaplaincy in the Navy for unmentionable offences?

In the case of Bedloe we have the clearest proof that his villainies were known at the very outset of his new career as a "discoverer." Bedloe made his first public appearance in singular circumstances. On his way from London to Bristol, he wrote from Newbury to Secretary Coventry to cause him to be arrested on his arrival at Bristol.<sup>1</sup> The explanation given by North of this singular move is that he was so well known in London that he did not venture to make an abrupt appearance there. Bedloe's first examination on his return to London took place on November 7th. On the 10th, only three days later, we find this in Reresby's *Memoirs*, written in the form of a diary:

1678, November 10. This Bedloe was the son of a cobbler in Wales, but had cheated a great many merchants abroad and gentlemen

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pollock, who tells how Bedloe "shed a ray of light upon the scene," says that Bedloe wrote from Bristol. This is a mistake. (L'Estrange, *Brief History*, iii. pp. 5, 6.)

at home, by personating my Lord Gerard, and other men of quality, and by divers other cheats: and when he was taxed with it, he made it an argument to be more credited in this matter, saying nobody but a rogue could be employed in such designs.<sup>1</sup>

This "argument" was produced by Bedloe at the bar of the House of Commons on November 14, 1678: "I confess I have been a great rogue to my King and country, and if I had not been so, I could not have revealed what I have done."<sup>2</sup>

Dangerfield's first public appearance seems to have been in October, 1679, when he was brought before the Privy Council. The keeper of Newgate then declared that he had never had charge of a greater rogue. This did not in the least interfere with his career as a "discoverer." In June, 1680, he was put forward as a witness against Mrs. Cellier, who produced in court records showing that Dangerfield had been convicted of theft, burnt in the hand, pilloried, whipped, and outlawed. A few days later the Crown lawyers produced him in the trial of Lord Castlemain, contending that the King's pardon restored Dangerfield's status as a witness. The House of Commons showed a most tender solicitude for Dangerfield. On several occasions the House considered the question of the validity of his pardon: on the last occasion, in November, 1680, a committee of twenty members was nominated to inspect this celebrated pardon. He was put forward as a Crown witness so late as February 8, 1681, when, on the evidence of Oates and Dangerfield, a priest was condemned for high treason.<sup>3</sup>

So much for Mr. Pollock's contention that the character of the informers was not known when they first came in. It is true that everything was done that could be done to hide their infamy. From the moment that the Plot had been seized upon by the politicians, the word had gone round that the witnesses must be supported, "that all those who undermined the credit of the witnesses were to be looked on as public enemies," that "the Plot must be handled as true, whether it were so or not." In pursuance of this plan men who dared to throw doubt on the "discoverers" were fined or thrown into prison without more ado. Thus, on October 26, 1678, James Thompson was committed to the Gatehouse, where he remained till December 14th, for having "rashly and passionately expressed himself to the disparagement of Mr. Oates." In another case, two years later, we read of "a fine of £100 set upon Mr. Shipton

<sup>1</sup> P. 149.

<sup>2</sup> Grey's *Debates*, vol. vi. p. 199.

<sup>3</sup> Luttrell, vol. i. p. 67.



for defaming Oates, Bedloe, and Dugdale, witnesses to the Popish Plot.”<sup>1</sup> About the same time Captain Bickley was put out of all public employments, summoned before the Lords, and, kneeling at the bar, was rebuked by the Lord President, because he had, at a public meeting in Chichester, said that “Doctor” Oates was “a very bad man, and that it had been better he had never been, and that he had contradicted himself two and twenty times in his testimony against the prisoners.” There are several such cases in the Journals of the two Houses. Sir Edward Sackville was expelled the House, and thrown into the Tower for “endeavouring to stifle the belief in the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey by the Papists.” Sir Robert Cann was expelled the House and imprisoned in the Tower for being “guilty of publicly declaring in the city of Bristol that there was no Popish Plot, but a Presbyterian Plot.”

Now what is the meaning of all this: what especially is the meaning of the plan that “the Plot must be handled as true, whether it were so or not”? What but this, that all the forces of which the Government could dispose were to be used to secure the conviction of any person, of all persons, denounced by the gang of informers? Let us see how this worked in practice. For the purpose we will take the trial of Lord Stafford. This is a very fair selection. Reresby seems to go too far when he says that it was “doubtful at that time whether there were more that believed there was a Plot to take away the King’s life by the Papists or not.” But at least the first heat of the Plot had subsided: there had been acquittals, severely damaging the credit of the informers. Then, Stafford was tried by his peers, who may be supposed less liable to be moved by the clamour of the mob.

Stafford had lain in the Tower since November, 1678, vainly asking for trial, till November 10, 1680, when the House of Commons resolved “that this House will proceed in the prosecution of the Lords in the Tower: and will forthwith begin with William Lord Stafford.” It was notorious that Stafford was the one of the “Five Popish Lords” selected, because it was thought that by reason of his age and infirmity he was less able than the others to make his defence. Pains were taken to produce the required frame of mind in the public. The Plot had suffered by the acquittal of some accused. How

<sup>1</sup> Salmon, *The Chronological Historian*.

<sup>2</sup> *Journals, House of Lords*, vol. xiii. pp. 618, 680, 683.

to restore its credit? As its success was based upon the supposed murder of a magistrate, could not this incident be repeated? Or perhaps, without actual sacrifice of a Justice of the Peace, the required effect might be produced. Accordingly, on the night of April 15, 1680, John Arnold, J.P., a furious bigot and a great priest-hunter, hurriedly left the Devil Tavern, and presently was found seated in the mud of Jackanapes Alley, bleeding and crying murder. The story was received with incredulity, but a man charged for attempted murder was convicted. The report of the trial was issued with great pomp: "Made public by virtue of an order of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled," prefaced by a violent diatribe against the Catholics. The case was dragged into the trial of Lord Stafford by Sir F. Winnington, "There is a conviction, though not for murder, yet for cutting the throat of Mr. Arnold. 'Tis true he is not dead, yet, as to the public, I count him murdered by the Papists, though he be alive in the world."

The fact that a committee of twenty members of the House of Commons was appointed on the eve of Stafford's trial to examine Dangerfield's pardon, shows that Dangerfield was held in reserve. But another "discoverer" had come in. On October 26, 1680, in answer to an address of the Commons, a proclamation was issued for encouragement of further discovery of the Popish Plot. A free pardon was offered to all who came in within two months. This can have had no other object than to rake in "discoverers" for Lord Stafford's trial. A comparison of dates shows that it was in answer to this proclamation that Turberville offered himself as a witness, and was thereupon quartered on the Secret Service fund. Turberville was a convert of Dr. Lloyd, vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, who had supported him for some months. Lloyd had pressed Turberville to discover all he knew, but Turberville had no particulars to disclose. Presently, Lloyd learnt that Turberville was giving very detailed information against Stafford. What was to be done? In reward for his services as inquisitor, Lloyd had been made Bishop of St. Asaph. Was he to turn against his patrons by giving evidence which might destroy Turberville's romances, and thus save Stafford's life? Lloyd summoned his clerical friends in council, among them Burnet. One and all advised him to remain silent. "Damned advice," is Swift's comment. But something of this had reached the

managers of the trial. Measures were taken to secure Lloyd's silence. Sir Francis Winnington, one of the "committee appointed for the management of the evidence," made an opening speech in which he complained that

there did appear in some men too easy and favourable a disposition towards the Papists . . . books were written to distinguish the Church of Rome from the Court of Rome. One of those books, which was printed the year before the discovery of the Plot, contends that there ought to be a difference made between Papists of loyal and disloyal principles. This book, as it was written more artificially than the rest, and published in so critical and dangerous a juncture, deserves, and I doubt not in time will have, a particular consideration.<sup>1</sup>

Lloyd could not mistake the reference to his two books, *The Difference between the Church of Rome and the Court of Rome*, and *Considerations touching the True Way to suppress Popery in this Kingdom, by making a Distinction between Men of loyal and disloyal Principles in that Communion*. Whether in obedience to the advice of his clerical friends, or terrified by this idle threat of prosecution, Lloyd remained silent. Turberville, who had averred with an oath that "there was no trade good but that of a discoverer," gave his evidence undisturbed by the newly-created Bishop. Stafford went to the scaffold, and Turberville received £600 for swearing away his life. Evelyn, who was present at the trial, though not convinced of Stafford's innocence, yet thought that the testimony of such a man as Oates "should not be taken against the life of a dog." North, in his *Life of the Lord Keeper Guilford*, avers that very few of the peers who pronounced Lord Stafford guilty, "would own that they believed the witnesses who swore the treason against him;" they professed to believe that they were bound to judge according to the proof of facts, and the witnesses swore to the facts. Day by day the mob howled and hooted. "Every day since I came hither," said the victim, "there hath been such shouting and hooting by a company of barbarous rabble as never was heard the like, I believe."

To talk of conviction in such circumstances as a judicial error is a mere playing with words: if ever there were judicial murders, "premeditated murders under the forms of law," they are to be found in the execution of the sixteen victims of the Popish Plot.

I come now to the question of my plan of obtaining medical

<sup>1</sup> *State Trials*, vii. 1303.

opinion on the case, a plan condemned by Mr. Pollock as "most improper," "highly improper." Mr. Pollock does not seem to have discovered that there is a distinct branch of medical science known as forensic medicine, or medical jurisprudence. So distinct is it that forensic medicine has its chair at the modern Universities. To forensic medicine belongs the investigation of such cases as that of Godfrey. When I determined to seek the aid of a medical expert, I made, therefore, inquiries as to those actively engaged in the practice of forensic medicine. Among the names given to me, was that of Dr. Freyberger, to whom I found I could procure an introduction. Thereupon, I submitted to Dr. Freyberger a short statement of the case, asking whether he would undertake to investigate the evidence. On receiving his assent I copied all passages from my notes bearing on the medical aspect of the case, carefully distinguishing between the evidence given in courts and other evidence, such as the depositions made to L'Estrange. Mr. Pollock says: "Mr. Marks has thrown before Dr. Freyberger a bundle of evidence good and bad, of information accurate and inaccurate, and has left him to form an opinion on the whole, without, so far as appears, telling him that it was not all of equal authority." In my book,<sup>1</sup> I expressly stated that I had mentioned the circumstances in which the depositions were taken by L'Estrange; there is no justification for these remarks. Certainly I do not fear comparison of my plan with what Mr. Pollock conceives to be the proper method of submitting a case to a medical expert. I will now examine the questions submitted by Mr. Pollock:

*Question 1. In your opinion, could a man, holding the pommel of his sword in his two hands, and placing the point against his chest, exert enough force upon it to drive the sword through his heart and through his body, so that the point projected six or eight inches beyond his back?—*  
*Answer: No.*

The pommel of the sword in use about the time in question, as well as before and after, was a purely ornamental feature, a knob, about the size of a small chestnut, at the end of the handle, outside the guard. It would be impossible to hold this small object in two hands. The difficulty is not removed, is indeed, not practically lessened if, for "pommel," we substitute "handle." The blade of the sword in common use at the time

<sup>1</sup> P. 108.

was about thirty-three inches long; the handle would give a further length of five inches, making a total length of about thirty-eight inches. If we suppose such a sword to be pointed in an oblique upward direction against the chest of a tall man, the point just touching his chest, the finger-tips of such a tall man's extended hand would reach to a point about twenty-five inches along the blade in the direction of the handle. The handle would therefore be quite out of reach of his finger-tips; still less could he grasp in his closed hand the pommel or even the handle of the sword. The answer, "No," given to Mr. Pollock's question is therefore perfectly correct. But, as the reader will see, the question is purely fanciful, having no bearing on any controverted point, nor, indeed, any relation at all to anything whatsoever in the region of fact.

*Question 2. If a man, in order to commit suicide, placed the pommel of his sword against, or fixed it in a bank on the opposite side of a ditch from himself and flung himself forward upon it, transfixing himself with it, could he, in your opinion, having regard to the resistance offered by the bank to the hilt of the sword, fall into the ditch with the sword in his body without cutting or tearing open the orifice of the wound so as to cause considerable external hæmorrhage?—Answer: No.*

This second question seems to present what, in Mr. Pollock's opinion, is the only alternative to self-stabbing with a sword the pommel of which is held in both hands. This alternative presents the case of a man who should fix his sword on the opposite side of a ditch, and "fling himself forward upon it." There is no need to postulate either the opposite side of a ditch, or any such violent movement. The most natural way of committing suicide with a sword like that of the Restoration period would be to rest it on the ground, and then, holding the blade between the fingers of one hand, to lean upon it.

*Question 3. In your opinion, could the marks on a dead man's neck—described as follows—'Below the left ear was a contused swelling, as if a hard knot had been tied underneath. Round the neck was a mark indented in the flesh, merging above and below into thick purple creases. The mark was not visible until the collar had been unbuttoned'—be produced by a cloth collar worn by the man, by the action of post-mortem hypostasis, the head being found in a downward position?—Answer: No. This mark certainly could not have been caused by the cloth collar, but is precisely what would be caused by a kerchief or cord tied tightly round the neck.*

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pollock gives a reference to "Evidence of Chase and Laziney, 8 St. Tr. 1381-84."

We have here what purports to be a quotation, expressly stated to be such—"described as follows"—and implied to be a quotation by the use of inverted commas. But it is not a quotation. The corresponding portions of the evidence cited read as follows:

CHASE: I found a swelling upon the left ear, as if a knot had been tied.

LAZINBY: Mr. Chase's son unbuttoned Sir E. Godfrey's collar, which was more than I saw when I was come in, and unbuttoning the collar, there were two great creases both above and below. So they sent for me down to come and see it, so I put the collar together, and I perceived the collar made the mark, like a strait ring upon a finger, the neck being swelled above the collar and below, by the strangling with a cord or cloth.

What Mr. Pollock presents as a quotation is not a quotation; it does not even rise to the dignity of a garbled quotation. We may leave it there. But the actual passage demands a little attention. It will be seen that the last eight words, "by the strangling with a cord or cloth," are in absolute contradiction with what has gone before. A man might have said what is conveyed in the first part or in the second, but the same man could not have said the two things so contradictory the one of the other. Knowing what we do of the manner in which the reports of trials were revised (the excision of evidence in this trial as to the stiffness of the arms is a case in point), there is little room to doubt that these last words were added by the reviser.<sup>1</sup> This is confirmed by Lazinby's deposition to L'Estrange. After telling how he was called down to see the neck after the unbuttoning of the collar, he continues:

And this informant, upon his return, being asked what he thought of the two marks above and below, being just the breadth of the collar, which was a deep, stiff collar: It being suggested to this informant that they were the marks of ropes: He, this informant, gave his opinion that they were the marks of the edges of the collar, and that the swelling of the neck and the breast was so great above and below the collar that it occasioned those marks like a ring upon a swollen finger.<sup>2</sup>

How could a kerchief, how could a cord, make two marks separated by the depth of a deep collar?

<sup>1</sup> *Athenæum*, May 7th, 1904.

<sup>2</sup> L'Estrange, *Brief History*, iii. pp. 258, 259.

Question 4. *Would such marks properly be attributed to the man having been strangled with a cloth, cord, or handkerchief?*—Answer: Yes.

This question, depending upon Question 3, does not require a separate comment.

Question 5. *Would the presence of rigor mortis in the arms and legs prevent the disposal of a corpse in a ditch, with the head downwards, and with the left hand under the head, owing to difficulty in flexing the limbs?*—Answer: No. *If time were available, the body could certainly be thus arranged.*

Before putting his questions, Mr. Pollock endeavours to lessen the evidence as to the presence of *rigor mortis*. He says: "It is in fact doubtful whether and to what extent traces of *rigor mortis* were found in the body." It seems to me, on the contrary, that the fact of *rigor mortis* was established beyond doubt. Edward Fisher, the man who stripped the body, deposed to L'Estrange "the arms were so stiff that they were forced to tear off his shirt." But the fact does not rest upon the deposition thus made. At the trial of Thompson, Pain, and Farwell, the same man testified, "we could not bend his arms when we came to his shirt, so we tore it open." The passage was felt to be so damaging to the story of the transport of the body in a sedan chair that it was suppressed in the authorized report of the trial. How could the fact be better established? But the arms being so stiff that those who stripped the body were forced to tear off the shirt, how can we be expected to believe that the arms thus stiff could be made to take in the ditch a required attitude?

It does not seem to be necessary to examine a second series of questions, a repetition, in effect, of those I have quoted.

Mr. Pollock tells us that "in future no one with knowledge of the subject and pretensions to candour and commonsense will be able to maintain" conclusions contrary to his. He calls on an admiring world to witness the delivery by him "of the *coup de grâce* to a theory held by various writers at intervals for upwards of two hundred years."

If I cannot without reserve join in these eulogies, that is perhaps only natural. But I readily admit that Mr. Pollock's book has merits—one great merit. It furnishes an admirable illustration of the new hypothetical method—the bunch-of-keys-and-lock method. I will examine the book in this aspect.

This plan has been adopted, Mr. Pollock tells us, "by all genuine students since scientific criticism first began. . . . The mind of every competent person, unless prejudiced, works by this process" and so on, and so on. Mr. Pollock seems, indeed, to think that there is no other way of conducting an inquiry. Well, I will give an illustration, none the worse, I hope, for being borrowed from fiction, contrasting the two methods, the one of drawing conclusions from premisses, the other of accommodating premisses to a hypothesis.

In his story of *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, Poe tells of a dreadful and mysterious murder of two ladies. The police, proceeding on the hypothetical method, arrest one le Bon, the person last seen in the company of the ladies. But Dupin, the hero of Poe's story, takes up the case from the other end. He collects all procurable evidence, no matter how trivial or contradictory: he studies minutely all the facts upon the spot. The circle, as wide at first as the arrondissement, as wide as Paris, gradually contracts, shadows disperse, till two figures emerge, one of a sailor, the other of a hideous ape which, escaping from its master, wrought the dreadful deed. But for Dupin—let us for a moment suppose the story to be true—there would have been an undiscovered murder or perhaps the name of le Bon would have been added to the dismal catalogue of judicial errors. Poe ascribes the success of Dupin to his possession of "the analytical faculty," but Dupin's secret was to investigate the facts, rigidly shutting out the hypothetical method, known of old, before the advent of scientific criticism, as "jumping to a conclusion." Dupin had perhaps learnt by experience, like Mr. Gardiner, that "nothing is so likely as a false theory to blind the eyes to existing evidence."

Mr. Pollock's book, a portly volume of over four hundred full-sized pages, is called *The Popish Plot*. Now, there is no manner of doubt attaching to the meaning of these words. I turn to *Chambers's Encyclopaedia*, and find the following perfectly correct definition:

POPISH PLOT, the name given to an imaginary plot on the part of the Roman Catholics of England during the reign of Charles II., the object of which was believed to be a general massacre of the Protestants.

It is a plot, having no objective existence, invented by Tonge and Oates, or, since Mr. Pollock is a jealous guardian of the claims of the predominant partner, let us say by Oates



and Tonge. The details of this imaginary plot were set out in articles sworn before Godfrey, and, later, printed by the authority of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, in a Narrative dedicated to the King, addressed to the "Courteous Reader" by "Thy hearty Well-wisher and Servant in Jesus Christ, Titus Oates." Oates shows how the Catholics had resolved to kill Charles by bullets or by the knife, by poison or in a general conflagration of London, Westminster, Wapping, and the shipping in the Thames: how it was planned to massacre all Protestants in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and to overrun the kingdom by vast foreign armies held in readiness. On November 1, 1678, the House of Lords unanimously adopted a resolution previously passed, also unanimously, by the House of Commons: "That upon the evidence that has already appeared to this House, that this House is of opinion that there hath been and still is, a damnable and hellish plot contrived and carried on by the Pope's recusants for the assassinating and murdering the king, and for subverting the Government and rooting out and destroying the Protestant religion." Oates' Narrative is therefore a document of supreme importance in the story of the Popish Plot, of which it is, indeed, the very basis and foundation: but for this Narrative there would have been no Popish Plot to write about. In pre-scientific days a man setting out to write four hundred pages about the Popish Plot would necessarily, automatically, have put this document in the foreground. But the hypothetical method has no use for these plain and direct ways. Not only has Mr. Pollock not given the Narrative in full, he has not printed the text of a single one of Oates' eighty-one articles. All that he does is to reduce to an anæmic summary of about thirty lines Oates' sixty-eight folio pages, and to present this as a portion of the *Designs of the Roman Catholics*. It must be admitted that if Mr. Pollock had printed Oates' trash he would not have carried his readers any further: the hypothesis would have been still-born. But this reticence has another great advantage. Under its cover, Mr. Pollock constantly insinuates that there was, after all, something in Oates' story. Thus we have such phrases as "his vast superstructure of lies was not without a slight basis of fact."<sup>1</sup> Again, "here [at St. Omers], unless he made a prodigious guess, the most fortunate in history, Oates must have acquired

<sup>1</sup> P. 64.

hints dropped on the subject of the movement in England." But, as if Mr. Pollock wished to forestall the inquiry, How much, then, of Oates' "discoveries" was true? he adds, "It is not very profitable to speculate on the question exactly how much truth his vivid imagination concealed."<sup>1</sup> "Not very profitable"! This in relation to the very heart and core of the Popish Plot, the ostensible subject of the book!

There is much more of this, tending to drive the simple-minded reader to despair. On page 12, for instance, Mr. Pollock admits that "the falsehood of all this [Oates' Narrative] has been conclusively demonstrated." But on the very next page we are told that it is not proved that the Plot was deliberately concocted by Oates and Tonge. How then did they come by it? Does Mr. Pollock mean to suggest that it was revealed to them? Elsewhere<sup>2</sup> Mr. Pollock writes, "Historians have generally contented themselves with relying on the informers' certain mendacity to prove the entire falsehood of the plot which they denounced. The argument is patently unsound." Let the reader bear in mind that Mr. Pollock has refrained from putting his readers in a position to know what was "the plot which they denounced." I invite him, when he next writes on the subject, to reprint the eighty-one articles, with a marginal comment setting out what in his opinion is true and what false.

All this is accompanied by constant depreciation of those who took part in exposing the plot. Mr. Pollock cannot place "much reliance upon witnesses on the Catholic and Tory side. They labour under as great a bias as their opponents." Thus, in order to give play to his hypothesis, Mr. Pollock degrades to the level of the evidence of Oates, Bedloe, Dangerfield, and the rest, notorious perjurers, the testimony of L'Estrange and of North, the latter said by the second Earl of Clarendon to be one of the only two honest lawyers he had known.

How, one wonders, does the dealer in hypotheses set to work? Does he select his hypothesis by lot or otherwise? It would seem to be a matter of indifference, just as with a Chinese puzzle before us we might attempt to construct one or other of the completed figures shown. This view is suggested by a passage quoted approvingly from Mr. Gardiner by Mr. Pollock: "Try, if need be, one hypothesis after another." No one ever did or ever will feel the need; no one ever gets

<sup>1</sup> P. 67.<sup>2</sup> P. 15.

beyond the first. For, in one respect unlike fire, a good servant but a bad master, the hypothesis, worse than useless as a servant, as a master brings swift ruin.

The human understanding [says Bacon], when it has once adopted an opinion (either as being the received opinion or as being agreeable to itself) draws all things else to support and agree with it. And though there be a greater number and weight of instances to be found on the other side, yet these it either neglects and despises, or else by some distinction sets aside and rejects: prejudging the matter to a great and pernicious extent, in order that the authority of its former conclusions may remain inviolate.<sup>1</sup>

One wonders whether Mr. Pollock must not have had at times misgivings that his hypothesis might presently land him in some predicament. We who look on can clearly see that disaster must certainly befall a writer so dominated by his hypothesis that it has become a matter of indifference to him whether there is much or but little truth in the document on which his whole story rests. Surely, we say to ourselves, such a chasing of Will-o'-the-wisps must end in a plunge into the bog! Here is the plunge.

Mr. Pollock is trying to buttress Oates by the testimony of a certain Colonel Scott. He succeeds to his entire satisfaction, Scott's

information may be accepted as genuine. Clearly then there was some truth in the discovery of a Roman Catholic conspiracy in the year 1678. . . . Oates was not after all aiming shafts entirely at random. . . . That the whole truth had little resemblance to his tale of fire and massacre is certain, but the tale was not wholly devoid of truth. His vast superstructure of lies was not without a slight basis of solid fact.<sup>2</sup>

Let us then examine this story of Colonel Scott, told on pp. 61—64, and in Appendix A, pp. 375—377. In these pages Mr. Pollock gives an account of "discoveries" made by Colonel Scott in April, 1679; Scott being arrested at Dover on arriving from France. According to Scott, the Earl of Berkshire, lying sick in Paris, consulted Scott about a physician. But medical skill could not avail: the Earl was on his death-bed. The servants were turned out of the sick-chamber, the Earl of Cardigan and other friends were kept outside, while the Earl

<sup>1</sup> *Novum Organum*, Aphorism xlv. *Philosophical Works*. Edited by J. M. Robertson, p. 265 and note 18.

<sup>2</sup> P. 64.

confided his secrets to Scott. They contain a pallid version of the usual story of a Catholic conspiracy. The simplicity and directness of Scott's relation point, as Mr. Pollock thinks, to its substantial truth. "Another proof of genuineness has still greater force, the extreme moderation of the whole narrative. A scoundrel following in the track of Oates and Bedloe would never have concocted such a story." Therefore Scott was not a scoundrel. "He never came forward to give evidence against those condemned for the plot." (As the reader will presently see, it was not Scott's fault that Pepys was not "condemned for the Plot.") "His name does not appear in the list of secret service money, doled out to the shameless witnesses for the crown. Nothing more is known of him." Let the reader mark well this last sentence, "Nothing more is known of him." The statement is somewhat qualified by a footnote: "Scott afterward gave evidence before the House of Commons against Pepys, whom he charged on report with having given information of the state of the navy to the French Court; but the affair was never thoroughly investigated." If these last words are not intended to convey that there was probably something in Scott's charges against Pepys, Mr. Pollock has been singularly unhappy in his choice of words. "On report," says Mr. Pollock. This can but mean that Scott did not claim to be a witness of fact. But Scott declared to the House that he had himself seen in the possession of the Treasurer General of the French navy, maps, plans, charts, drawings of ships, and many other things, all signed by Pepys. "The affair was never thoroughly investigated," says Mr. Pollock. Whose was the fault? Pepys and Deane were thrown into the Tower, upon Scott's charges, on May 22, 1679. On June 2nd, the prisoners were brought to the bar of the King's Bench, when, bail being denied them, their counsel pressed for speedy trial. This was refused by the Attorney-General on the ground that further evidence was expected. They were brought up a second and third time, and were at last, on July 9th, allowed to find heavy bail. Four times more they pressed for trial. At length, on February 12, 1680, the Attorney-General stated that Scott now refused to stand to his deposition, and the prisoners were discharged. But they were not quite clear of the business till June 30, 1680. So much for the implied slur on Pepys and Deane conveyed by the words, "the affair was never thoroughly investigated." We now go back to Mr. Pollock's

assurance that "Nothing more is known of him" (Scott). Not only is a great deal more known, but the knowledge lies so near the surface that it is impossible to be missed by a student of the Popish Plot, of which, indeed, it is a notable incident. Pepys at once set on foot inquiries, the results of which are known, though not so fully and clearly as could be wished.<sup>1</sup> The years of Scott's birth and death are not known, but he "flourished" (after the manner of the green bay-tree) between 1643 and 1696. Here are a few incidents in the biography of the gallant Colonel :

1643 (about). Transported to New England.

1660 (about). After the Restoration, returns to England.

1663. Returns to America, where he swindles Major Gotherson out of a large sum of money, reducing Major Gotherson's widow and orphan son to penury.

1665. Being summoned to appear at the Assizes, Scott escapes to the West Indies, where he passes himself off as a Quaker. Later, goes to England.

1667. Returns to the West Indies as Captain in a regiment stationed there.

167-. In the service of the States of Holland as Major and Colonel. Finally, is hanged in effigy for swindling the States out of £7,000.

167-. According to his own story, Scott, after leaving the Dutch service, entered the service of the Prince de Condé. The Prince's secretary denied this.

1678 (end of October). Is at Gravesend, passing as a Jesuit named Godfrey, seeking passage for Lisbon. Pepys fails to arrest him, and he escapes over sea.

1679. Brings a false accusation against Pepys and Deane, as narrated above.

1680. Engaged under Lord Shaftesbury in tutoring the Irish witnesses, on whose evidence Dr. Plunket was judicially murdered.

1681. Murders a hackney-coachman for refusing to carry him from Tower Hill to the Temple for 1s. 6d. The coroner's inquest having found a verdict of wilful murder against him, Scott escapes to Norway.

1696. Returns to England disguised as a Dutch skipper,

<sup>1</sup> In *Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?* p. 130, I repeated the account, generally given, that Scott's action was dictated by revenge for inquiries set on foot by Pepys as to Scott's frauds, but this is contradicted by dates.

flourishing a pardon and a bank bill for £100, both documents open to grave suspicion.

Up and down this truly delectable story are scattered charges of kidnapping, theft of jewels, carrying off the cash-box of his regiment, and miscellaneous swindling in New England, Long Island, Barbados, France, Holland, and England.<sup>1</sup>

"Nothing more is known of him."

Here I leave this illustration of the hypothetical method and of the ways of "scientific criticism."

ALFRED MARKS.

<sup>1</sup> The reader is referred to Rev. John Smith's *Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*, 1841; *Pepys's Diary*, edit. Braybrooke, 1848, vols. i. and v.; edit. Wheatley, vol. i. pp. xxxvii—xl.; Wheatley, *Pepys and the World he lived in*; G. D. Scull, *Dorothea Scott*, 1882; Art. "Scott, John," in *Dictionary of National Biography*; Article by Mr. J. R. Tanner, "Pepys and the Popish Plot," in *English Historical Review*, April, 1892, p. 281. It must be confessed that in some of the accounts the dates are in a tangle. All draw more or less on the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian, containing the results of Pepys's inquiries into the history of Scott. Now that the new history has begun to insinuate that perhaps, after all, Pepys really did sell to France the secrets of the Navy, it is to be hoped that we may have a fuller account of Pepys's investigation. It could not fail to be interesting.

## *Twilight.*

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"Faith hath eyes of its own, wherewith in a mysterious manner it doth see to be true that which as yet it doth not see at all; and wherewith it most certainly beholdeth that to which it believeth itself still to be blind."

(St. Augustine, *Ep.* cxx.)

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HUGH had only been a week in Paris when he met his cousin, Arthur Trenacre. The meeting was unexpected. Arthur had been invisible in the quarters to which Marion had directed Hugh, who could never afterwards quite analyze the impulse which made him turn, one afternoon late in July, into the Morgue. Perhaps the very contrast between the great Cathedral and the low building just behind it; between the towers and soaring buttresses, and slender central spire, and the dead-house, grey, clean, utilitarian, prompted him to make experience of both. Certainly, he did not expect to find Arthur's face among the gruesome photographs he had to pass, or looking up, behind the wide plate-glass, from its pillow of slate beneath trickling water. Nor indeed was Arthur lying there. But he was leaning on the rail before the glass cubicles, staring half-horrorstruck, half-envious, into the cold eyes open there before him, tremendous with the secret caught even by the body in that one flash of death. Swinging somersaults on the railing beside him were three small street-arabs; and a nurse, elaborately costumed, had brought two children, brother and sister evidently, to see the sight. The nurse looked greedily; but these children's faces were white, and the doll and hoop seemed useless when they went out again into the sun.

Arthur, indescribably weary in all his attitude, looked only for a moment furious when he saw Hugh. Then the fatigue surged up to his brain. Without a word, he let Hugh take his arm, lead him out, and drive him to the hotel. And yet for days it seemed to Hugh that they had never left the Morgue. Arthur's face kept the expression of shocked bewilderment, and yet of excited inquiry evoked by the corpse at which he had been gazing. Its eyes had been full open, and extraordinarily wise; its lips, drawn inward as if by a half-repressed smile, gave to the whole face, in spite of the streaks and patches already

dark across it, an air of cynical amusement. "Poor man," it suggested, "life has proved to yourself your own ignorance; can you realize *my* wisdom? You are looking at this rag of part of me: can you not advert to the real, alert *fact* that has extricated itself from squalor and ignorance to you, no doubt, contemptible? Well, that one act has proved and made me wiser far than you. *I* at least know. *I* have the full experience of existence; and you could share it, if you would join me."

Indeed, during the weeks which followed, Arthur was far nearer even physical death than anyone imagined. Already much of his soul seemed quite dead. At the first, in London, though forcing himself to greater care of holding and demeanour, his utter apathy made him unintelligible to friends. They could find nothing to say to him: his very courtesy froze them. When he left town for Hugh's place in Surrey, he sank deeper and deeper into the dream which seemed to suck his very life-blood dry. Within his brain, unasked, the cycle of pictures came continually back, tracing the deplorable, yet, it seemed, necessary descent: his school days, nervous already and excitable, yet normal in the main, worldly-wise, though not unkindly: at the University, intellect awoken, exploring—the human intellect, with always new worlds of mingled thought and experience offered; all the fields of the earth, and built on these, the thought-stair whereby life might climb through golden light and rainbows, to the heavenly city. Then, intellect for the first time hesitating; a skein of mist across the ascent, making it not quite clear that the two ends of the sublime stair met; then, the mist gone, and the gap that it had suggested manifest. The starry city still showed luminous above him, and spiritual glories passed to and fro across the void; but could *he* pass? had *he* the right to hope for miracle-wings, to which trusting he might launch out from the uttermost of intellect in quest of the achieved knowledge—guessed at now, at most, and no longer confidently asserted, and in any case separate and independent. Travelling down the stairs he had mounted, he found he could no longer see how he had climbed even that brief way; from the very outset, the ascent seemed now cloud-causeway and illusory. Down here, at least, was firm ground and a path; here harvests of all possible experience for intellect to deal with if she would; the ideal must emerge only from the sum of verified facts, inclusive, in the highest sense concrete; what could be gained by abstraction in thought, by denial in activities corporal



or mental, save a formula empty of content, applicable to all things, simply because itself asserting nothing, and thereby suggesting that all it was fain to express was also nothing; an apex all too truly such, merely marking the point where converging lines met, and meeting vanished? Already he had been for some time travelling thus over earth's surface when he had talked with Hugh on St. Martha's Hill, near Guildford, intellect, isolated and therefore delusive, showing itself only strong enough to fight and conquer conscience. Resolved to struggle against what seemed to him, quite honestly, an untrustworthy backdrag in his heart—and what, he asked himself irritably, did one precisely mean by "heart"—he had been striking forward on the path of self-realization in which logic at first had seemed to promise him perfection of his manhood. And the discomfort grew, though Arthur strove to drown it in repetitions of the acts he knew had caused it; a discomfort to be expressed only by vulgar metaphors; a kind of moral indigestion, a prickly heat of the soul; but, at last, a recognized sickness; the certainty that once there had been health; and a desperate confusion of the mind, capable, now, of seeing only that as true, as duty, which it felt to be the worst for itself. For that essential disease, what cure could the soul give herself? "Let them catch sight of virtue," said Persius, "and grow sick that they have left her." Arthur chanced upon that line, and when the certainty that such was *his* plight faced him, angrily he denied that he saw what filled his eyes, and dealt conscience fresh and deadlier blows.

And so the time had come when in a kind of frenzy his will made him live wholly on what conscience long ago, and even intellect, at times, had vetoed. Exerting tremendous energies, putting out "will to live" as never before, he found a distorted joy in proving his force by a progressive suicide; it was a mad delight to leap from depth to depth of ignorance and nihilism in each new effort to lay hold on fact. Always was he lonelier, not so much because most of his friends left him, while others, angry, contemptuous, or frightened, he tabooed, as because his new companions touched ever less and less of his real self, touched only his surface; were themselves superficial, then impalpable, then phantasmagorical in proportion as himself had become a ghost; had become always narrower in powers of thought and range of hope and variety of reaction,—really the merest race of sensations, that only a thinnest thread of per-

sonality held together. First he had lost the desire to act, content to watch others do what once he had enjoyed to work out for himself. Then, save in always rarer hours when his brain, wildly excited, craved for the intricate and ingenious, it was only the noisy and obvious to which he could attend. At last, inability to fix his thought, or else thought fixing itself in unwilling outlines, made him pass into a world of empty shadow-pantomime, cutting its antics round him, affecting self not at all. He had willed to live, and "Death meanwhile was putting out the candles on the altar." Star after star quenched; fold on new fold of dusk dropping round him, making shapes meaningless even near at hand, while the past became irrevocable to memory, and the future provocative of no interest.

As this dreadful cycle of images revolved, there recurred constantly in it scraps remembered from his reading, like the refrain of folk-songs, meaningless itself, yet somehow capturing the emotion which disengages itself from the whole. Aristotle, courteous, critical, and final, passed before him. "Maimed for virtue," he repeated, glancing at the youth half-asleep on the deck-chair. Propertius, anæmic, narrow-chested, moved among the shadows, with weak lips murmuring his ghastly distich:

Let me sin out my soul. Leave me alone.  
Fate ever meant me to be lying prone!

And with less hideous hopelessness, yet not less fatal, came from France, *Il est trop tard pour renouer ma vie.*

This extraordinary collapse had been consummated in one week, but crowned the long ethical and at last physical undermining of three years. Here in the quiet country he spent nearly all his time in a sleep, full always of the pictures of his day-dream, and it was difficult to say whether the absolute silence and monotony were doing his organism more good, or the fixed thought more harm. Still, Hugh thought it a triumph when he at last persuaded Arthur to join him in a short daily game of racquets, followed by a dip in the tiny lake he had built at the bottom of the grounds. Arthur seemed braced by the shock which Hugh had at first feared would be excessive; his mind burrowed, once more, below the surface of phenomena; he was no longer as one that cared for none of these things.

One morning, indeed, he stopped abruptly in the middle of a game.

"Say what you will, Hugh," he exclaimed, "your doctrine of Hell makes the whole thing unintelligible."

Should he argue? wondered Hugh. Should he risk the

excitement which was bound to attend even the invaluable return to life which discussion would imply in Arthur?

"It's a mystery," he said, compromising.

"That's a convenient word," said Arthur. "It's not the cruelty, and so on, that I stumble at, of course. Mercy and infinite reward are to me equally intolerable of course, logically, with condemnation. But the eternalization of a negative! That's it! Don't you see that all your desire for unification is simply laughed at? Never a perfect globe; always that chaotic gap at the bottom. How do you get over thoughts like that?"

"I don't," said Hugh, serving vigorously; "I crawl under them." Arthur startled himself by laughing. The thought of Hugh crawling was really quite nice, quite suggestive. By an ill-considered impulse he went that night to the Roman Catholic priest and asked to be received. Anxious to find out what he had to work on, the priest asked Arthur if he believed in God. Suddenly scared, he answered that he really didn't know.

"That's not what I wanted," he said. "I want something tremendously strong, to save me. If I could start believing by myself, I could save myself by myself."

"But you can't be received," said the priest, smiling, "if you don't believe in anything."

"My dear sir," said Arthur, rather testily, "if there's a source of strength, it's in religion. If I'm to do anything, I must be given the religion to help me. Faith is an act; I *can't* produce it by myself. If you possess strength, put it into me, and then I'll begin to do things. Besides, I must surely *be* a Christian long before I *know* I'm one. Before one realizes one's living, life must be worked into every bit of one's organism. And yet, even when one *is* quite healthy, does one ever give a thought to health? Would that be true of soul-health? more you're soul-whole, less you think about soul? Does one wonder about one's own reality? or notice it? Why, directly one begins to wonder, one also begins to doubt. Anyhow, as for a higher reality of supernatural life, well, my dear sir, certainly my intellect can't be aware of it now; simply because I don't possess it. If I manage to begin living it somehow, then possibly I may believe it in time."

"But this is surely rather muddled," began the other.

"Look here," said Arthur. "I can't evolve life by spontaneous generation. You say the sacraments and so on are channels to the source of life. If I can't get at 'em, so much the worse for me. Sorry for it. Good-night."

But as he went home, he realized with some excitement that this was very different from his mind's state a week before. Then he would have been as ready to say that he didn't know whether he believed—it seemed quite likely that he did—he would have admitted too the enormous import of an answer to the great question, and its possible adequacy; but the whole would have left him as cold and uninterested as the most complete answer concerning the habits, for instance, of the South Pacific shell-fish. He had heard of a man, who, confessing Hell and his sin, had died quite placidly, unrepentant, with that prospect before him. He had been like that. Now, he was at least excited.

"There must be something in me," said he, out loud, startling the woman at the lodge, "which believes. *I* don't believe. But I believe *it* does. Why do I *want* the sacraments? I'm quite sure I can't be saved, body or soul, except by that religion. But how give it a chance if I can't belong to it? But if I've got to swear first that I believe in it, I'm done. Unless the bit of me that believes is healthy and central enough to force all the rest of the unbelieving stuff out through my pores, the rotten mess!"

But then the reaction. "But how do I *know* it's rotten?" he asked. "Because I've tested it," came the answer. "But it's not the theory, the idea that's bad," he railed at his soul, "it's I who am bad to start with; I've no right to test. *I make* it rotten." The other men he had known and liked, the thing had succeeded with them! Liked, yes; but had he really honoured them? That was less sure. Anyhow, they seemed to have made the affair work to their own satisfaction. Why with him had it been a derisive tragedy? Well, if the theory's outcome *were* tragedy, why *not* fling it, failure unexplained, aside? Why *not* the folly of the Cross? And yet, directive intellect once gone, to what could you trust? Of the myriad branching paths other than the old one, which had proved failure, who should suggest the right? Emotion? but that differed in individuals, in phases of one individual's physical history even. Authority? but how choose among the claimants? By weighing credentials? by wisely judging worth? But one only sought it because intellect had confessed its bankruptcy; its impotence to judge, to evaluate. By experience? But how test its effects in life, since one could not be admitted to *make trial* of it, to take it on approval? And the exclusion was right. If one needed to have Communion in order to know that "here" was God, yet, without knowing

that first, real Communion seemed impossible. This was the nadir. No sort of life meant anything but madness. He stormed at the great Facts, known so terribly by their effects upon his tortured soul, yet in themselves to him at least unintelligible, in their claims tyrannical; why were they savaging him like this? What had he to do with them? And the temptation came back with frightful force to blaspheme the power that was striving to make him confess guilt, guilt now and in the past, though inquire of himself as he would, he could find no answer to the question when exactly the first guilt had come, when exactly the leap in the dark of faith ought first to have been taken. This being unanswerable, regress and maintenance of position equally impossible, what then remained but the herd, and the steep place, and an eternal suicide?

Hugh, terrified by one passionate outbreak, put the climax to what was thought by many his quixotic unselfishness by making Arthur, ashamed, and resisting, spend with himself and Jean at his mother's villa near Florence the weeks almost immediately following their marriage. For both this house was full of interest, though neither had actually stayed there, for it had first come into the family through Lady Trenacre's Italian mother, great-grandmother of both of them. It was Jean who had herself suggested to Hugh that Arthur should join them there, and after that space of very natural reluctance, he had thrown himself into the plan.

At first it answered admirably. The autumn heat suited Arthur. He gained flesh and tone. His activity increased, and his power of enjoyment. From its hill the house could look right across Florence, with its towers and dusky domes, to Fiesole's white shaft upon the mountains; and it was less than a mile's walk, by steep paths between vineyards, to the walls which crowded the Roman side of the city down towards the river. With Hugh and Jean, Arthur made long expeditions through this country aglow with the opulent colouring of autumn; ruddy purple, and sombre gold, and olive made all the landscape glorious; and, after it all, the eye came continually back to where, among the black stone palaces, and the uncompromising towers of tawny brick that stand through Tuscany, the Duomo, all of marble, white, with flushed or blue-green shadowings, floated like a cloud.

But one day there was an incident.

Behind the villa, after a very wide space of flower-garden, the grounds fell rapidly into a little valley, the further side of

which was ridged with the circuit wall. Here the colouring was extraordinarily dim. Little sunlight came there, and all the nearer slope, save for a wide avenue descending in the midst, was laid out in good Tuscan style with narrow paths winding between huge hedges of holm-oak and of box, tunneling through them, making a maze of cross-tracks. Statues stood at the corners, grey with green patches of lichen; and sudden alcoves, smooth-clipped in the evergreen, contained stone seats. The avenue, flanked equally with statues, led to a kind of circus of evergreen and stone, which formed the further side, and in the midst of which a large fountain lay with sleeping waters. The unexpected finding of the key which worked the jets, long disused, brought Arthur again and again to the place. Lolling on the stone seats that curved to right and left and above him, he would watch for an hour at a time the white sheaf of foam spouting upwards against the grey-green shadows, rushing high, hesitating, sluicing down over the naked limbs of the bronze nymphs and of Neptune in the midst: wide sprays shot outwards, too, from their foot; and transverse columns of water leapt from the basin's corners, hissing, whistling almost in the incredibly rapid motion. It was, perhaps, this sudden breaking of the bronze into force and energy; the sharp line of the pipes abruptly passing into white and moving mystery; the cloud of spray dancing, it seemed, in mid-space above the marble; the entrancing life and variation of the curves, wreathing themselves before his eyes into the divinest of geometrical caprices which so attracted Arthur. Always a curious mixture of free life and of the artificial had fascinated him. He had loved, on a starry night, watched from a lawn, to be flung back upon man's doings by the sight of a yellow gas-flame, caught, between the trees, from the straight road. The very stripes left by the cutting-machine across the sunlit grass, pleased him. He could enjoy the affectations of hotel-life even in the Alps; the sight of correct evening dress, of concert-placards, of semicircles of green and red electric lamps, with the wide snow and the peaks behind, gave him a peculiar and pleasurable thrill. Lately, no doubt, the artificial had come more and more to crowd out the natural. Plush, and glittering gilt and glass, a proscenium, all the equipment of a London evening, this before now had swept him off his reason; music, thrumming in syncopated time, poignant with Wagnerian chromatics, had made him believe, for the moment, just what the orchestra chose. And trivial as was the circumstance, the garden and the

fountain carried him dangerously backwards. He liked it all too much with the wrong side of himself. Trees; but in odd, stiff shapes. Winding paths, but carefully hand-smoothed, and with alcoves cunningly disposed from sight. Rank grass and creepers; but stone benches rigid amongst them. And in the midst, life, dancing, foaming, exuberant; but forced through certain figures, regulated in a minute geometry of curves from the outset. It was like the strange society, not three half-centuries before, that had paced those paths, with high-heeled shoes tapping the gravel; fans flirting among the leaves; fresh complexions set off with beauty-patches. And behind it all, the frank animality of the pagan statues; the fundamental life of riot frozen into a rigidity that deluded no one, and only till there should be none to see.

Arthur, when one evening he realized all this, and how his surroundings were ruining the convalescence so well begun, made a decisive effort. And yet how the action proved the dilapidation of his state! He sprang up, ran to the fountain-key, turned off the waters and flung the key into the basin. That evening, against the gloomy background the jets had been rushing upwards like white ghosts; and now, cut off abruptly at the base, the water fell vanishing back upon the surface with the smacking sound peculiar to fountains suddenly checked; the lighter cloud of spray followed in a moment, rustling upon the ripples and sinking with them, once again, through a moment of tremulous unrest, into the stillness of waters that are asleep. For a moment, horror-struck at the havoc he had worked, at the death of the great white fountain, and with it of the whole garden—mere leaves and stone now, unpeopled even by phantoms—Arthur stood at gaze: then he put his head down and walked quickly towards the house.

From its open windows he could hear Jean's music. It was the Peer Gynt suite, and across his mood broke, happily for him, the delicate Solvejg's song, the melody etherealized still more by its journey through the air. How like Peer Gynt he had been, he reflected dully; the feckless Norwegian yokel, suddenly resolved upon self-realization, to "be himself," sacrificing all to the narrowest impulse of egoism. He had failed, indeed, sooner, and more wretchedly. Even in the attempt, had his gods been better than the unwholesome mountain-trolls, who had wanted to slit Peer's eyes, that the vile might always seem to him the highest? Was he less coarse than that boor? Anyhow, he reflected, haughty, disgusted, he had not

the coarse vitality of the man ; the anxiety to break records, to have adventures, to be king somewhere at any rate, if only in the desert, if only of commerce. He would have collapsed, tired out, long before success. The bare thought of that fatigue sapped his pride ; it crumbled inwards ; hopelessness swung him back once more to the old apathy. Just then Jean began Solvejg's Wiegenlied. And Arthur saw before him the closing scene of the sad play ; Peer, the frightened, sinful traveller, come back in defeated old age, and finding there among the still pines and snows the old woman who had waited out her spring for her faithless lover. And when he bowed his white head on her knees, her cradle-song had rocked him into the new childhood of a forgiven life, birth into which was the death of that old unreal existence of which he had made so hopeless a confusion. Ibsen was more right than ever he intended, thought Arthur, if as some said, the dramatist would later have denied the truth of that last scene ; have asserted that the man who had wrecked his life must save it wholly by himself, or not at all ; nor look for help in prayers or sacrifices or love of any not himself. But Solvejg's life had been enough for herself and him ; there had been in her a communion ; through which he had found salvation. "If that is so," said Arthur, "and I know it's true, I *must* reach a communion somehow ! Something *must* give me life, start me living. I've got nothing but death in me, that's clear enough." And kneeling down, by a sudden inspiration he kissed the earth, as though that at least were God's handiwork, and through it he might get God. . . . "God," he said, "put Yourself into me. I'm all crumbling into dust ; I'm more dust than this stuff here I'm kneeling on. Be in me like a gum that catches up every fleck and then sets solid . . ." and his prayer grew absurd to the ears of all save the God who had never really left Arthur's heart, and who had left to it no possibility of peace as long as it strove to tear itself from the love which destined it for its own.

Stumbling towards the house, Arthur saw that he must exercise his will in a new way. The august vision that he believed himself to have had, of old, would not be given anew, he felt sure, easily. The supreme communion at the heart of Catholicism would not be his until he had practised himself long at life upon the mysterious, wholly unfelt Communion, that God must guarantee, outside of the accredited vehicles and sacraments. Gradually he would believe fully. Already, as



St. Augustine long ago had taught, he "saw himself to be seeing" what, without this getting outside himself, he could not say he saw. Years ago, "self" had seen clearly what intellect *alone* could not distinguish: indeed, the eye of naked intellect fixed upon that blaze had grown dazzled, almost blinded; and then had been scared worse by the scorching iron of sin. Now, like the flicker of summer lightning, the elusive perception kept trembling and retreating before him, that it might be possible, be duty, to seize what positive knowledge or experience one might; cling to verified, if fragmentary, truth, nor try to correlate it. Presumably, beneath the mist, the peering peaks, sun-golden, must join in solid rock. Here one stood firm, and *there* showed solid foothold. Was it not the soul's privilege that she could leap hence thither, mindless of the vapour-filled gulf? Coherency? Need more than coherency in practical success be exacted? Even at this crisis he smiled, as among the images racing through his brain he recognized one of Hugh, shaking his head, with the well-known frown of puzzlement admonishing him, how that "more than mere value-sanction was needed . . . that might do for Corpus—but for you and me, Arthur. . . ." He smiled, and shook off the picture: no; for himself, now, experience and conscience would content him; and quickly checking the almost irresistible craving to philosophize, he returned bravely to the will to reach Communion, Communion first in the species of his fellow-men; his friends; holy people; the poor; children. In them, he might find God and himself. After all, in them God Himself made His love-feast. They were "God's grain," he remembered; *God's honey*, as St. Augustine was great again in having said.

Entering the dim Italian drawing-room, the homely sight of Jean seated at the piano quieted him yet further: Hugh was turning the pages for her, blocking for Arthur the candle-flame that made golden mist round Jean's slight figure. They turned and smiled as their cousin entered. Quite recently they had talked of visiting Lourdes; but Arthur had refused to accompany them. Sooner than leave him alone at the villa they had abandoned their design.

Now he approached them, and said:

"I'd like to change my mind about Lourdes, old boy."

Hugh declared they should start at once.

JAN DE GEOLLIAC.

## *"The Woman of Babylon."*

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SEVEN years ago a novel by the Rev. Joseph Hocking, entitled *The Scarlet Woman*, was the subject of an article in this Review. That article was reprinted in January, 1906, as a Catholic Truth Society pamphlet, on the occasion of the beginning in the *Quiver* of a new work of fiction by the same author, the name of which stands at the head of this paper. The new story was greeted, on the appearance of its first chapters, with the approval of Lady Wimborne, who thought it "likely to have a very useful influence in arousing people to see the insidious manner in which Roman Catholics effect an entry into English home-life;" the Rev. F. B. Meyer referred to it as a "timely story;" and now that it is completed, Dr. Clifford, the protagonist of the new Education Bill, bestows upon it the full measure of his approval. The publishers, Messrs. Cassell, advertise it as "of the highest value in revealing, as it does, the present condition of convent life;" the *Christian World*, whose review is headed "Romish Sapping and Mining," sees in it "the clear demonstration of the putting into practice of the Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means," and congratulates Mr. Hocking on having "collected facts from authoritative sources;" and Mr. S. J. Abbott, in a leaflet issued without name of printer or publisher, styles it "one of the most conscientious, powerful, and heart-stirring of modern stories concerning convents, and the deep and far-reaching plots and schemes of the Jesuits."

Mr. Abbott is perhaps not an impartial witness, for Mr. Hocking acknowledges his "indebtedness" to him "for much valuable information." Those who wish to estimate the value of this information can easily do so by referring to this Review for March, 1899, where they will find an article—subsequently reprinted as a Catholic Truth Society pamphlet—on Mr. Abbott and his "Convent Enquiry Society," a body of which it is impossible to obtain a balance-sheet. Mr. Hocking's own claims to be accepted as a veracious historian can be ascertained at length from the pamphlet on *The Scarlet Woman*, where it will be

seen that, by his own testimony, he was guilty of a series of "terminological inexactitudes"—*e.g.*, the "men of the highest position in the Catholic Church in Ireland," resolved themselves into three Jesuits and "a parish priest," some few miles from a place which he *thinks* was called "Killaloo" (*sic*). This attempted justification and the answer of the Editor of THE MONTH are appended to the pamphlet.

I propose to give, as briefly as possible, an account of this latest collection of calumnies against the Catholic Church, which Dr. Clifford strongly "commends for its scrupulous accuracy and complete restraint," and has taken, "and will take, every opportunity of commending to the young people of this country." It is of importance that we should know something of the unscrupulous falsehoods which are put in circulation with the approval of leading Nonconformists and such Anglicans as Lady Wimborne;<sup>1</sup> which are put forward as "of the highest value" by a respectable firm of publishers; and which are commended by the Protestant press and by other organs.<sup>2</sup> It is only by such knowledge that we can gauge the combined ignorance and malevolence which are arrayed against us; without this it would seem incredible that there could exist authors who could write and publishers who could issue such preposterous nonsense, and readers who—*pace* Dr. Clifford and Lady Wimborne—could accept it as gospel. That stories of this kind really prevent folk from becoming Catholics I do not believe; but they undoubtedly help to maintain the spirit of prejudice which, more than anything else, is at the bottom of Protestant bigotry.

Walter Raymond, a struggling solicitor, was anxious to complete the education of his daughter Joyce, aged eighteen. In a *Catholic Times*, left apparently by accident, but really at Jesuit instigation,<sup>3</sup> in his office, he saw an advertisement of the "School of St. Mary the Martyr," Bruges, the terms of which seemed within his means. A Catholic friend assured his wife that children sent there "had not ceased to be Protestants," and

<sup>1</sup> It is with surprise and regret that I note that so well-known an Anglican as Prebendary Webb-Peploe, having read the opening chapters, bids God-speed to Mr. Hocking's efforts most heartily, and thanks him for exposing these dangers to the people of England. (*Quiver*, April, 1906, p. 528.)

<sup>2</sup> *E.g.*, "The narrative Mr. Hocking here unfolds, by its ample statement of facts and the general impression it conveys that the author has made himself thoroughly sure of his ground, represents a vast amount of arduous labour." (*Daily Express*, October 9, 1906.)

<sup>3</sup> P. 31.

Father Brandon, who had lived in Bruges, came to see the Raymonds about it. He "was a well-dressed, well-fed looking man of about forty years of age; he looked as cheerful and light-hearted as a boy, and his round, clean-shaven cheeks fairly shone,"<sup>1</sup> but for all that he was a Jesuit, "an ultramontane Catholic of the deepest dye,"<sup>2</sup> and "a sacerdotalist of the strictest order,"<sup>3</sup> and his air of *bonhomie* was doubtless part of the disguise. Father Brandon, who was one of the governors of the school,<sup>4</sup> assured them that "not a word was said to Protestant children about religion," and Joyce went. Meanwhile, Mrs. Raymond began to attend Catholic services, and Father Brandon, having explained to her that at the Reformation, "although the Holy Father was very kind, he was obliged to excommunicate this (English) branch of the Church," told her to come to confession, but demurred to her mentioning it to her husband. "So Mrs. Raymond was received into the Roman Catholic Communion, while many of that faith smiled to each other as they spoke of the progress their religion was making in a heretic country."<sup>5</sup>

Then Father Brandon began to inquire into Raymond's antecedents, and sent Father Kelly "down to his old home to hunt out everything." Father Kelly did not see the need of it, "because now that Mrs. Raymond has become a Catholic you can ask her what you like, and she will tell you;" but Father Brandon sent Father Kelly off in "a suit of tweeds and a bowler,"<sup>6</sup>—"neither of us," he said, "was trained as a Jesuit for nothing"—and Father Kelly on his return reported all about Raymond's wealthy father, who had turned his son adrift when he married. The Raymonds were married by licence in a Nonconformist chapel by "a young fellow who had just come out of an Independent college; he had not even gone through the mockery of a Nonconformist ordination; the registrar was there to make the thing legal." Father Brandon had "assumed they would be married by some Episcopal minister; . . . we regard such as valid though not lawful."<sup>7</sup> He therefore conveyed to Mrs. Raymond the idea that they "were never properly married," and as Walter declines to allow him to repeat the ceremony, she refused marital relations.

I digress here to point out that the densest ignorance as to the Sacraments of Baptism and Marriage prevails in Nonconformist circles. In July last, the Rev. F. B. Meyer—one of the

<sup>1</sup> P. 15.    <sup>2</sup> P. 41.    <sup>3</sup> P. 43.    <sup>4</sup> P. 111.    <sup>5</sup> P. 25.    <sup>6</sup> P. 26.    <sup>7</sup> P. 30.

leading Nonconformist ministers of London—denounced as the promoter of "Popish doctrine," an Anglican deaconess who went about among the people of a village he had visited saying that marriages not performed in the Church of England are not valid; that the children of such marriages are illegitimate; and that the children who had not been christened in church cannot be saved. On reading the report of this in the *Tribune*,<sup>1</sup> I ventured to point out that this was not, as it was there styled, "Popish doctrine," and I sent a copy to Mr. Meyer, suggesting that he should withdraw the imputation. It is needless to say that he did nothing of the kind, but in his letter to me he wrote this remarkable sentence: "Surely it is of the essence of Roman Catholicism to teach that children are regenerated by Sacraments, and that Sacraments are invalid apart from the priest!" At the same time, a personal friend holding a high position in the Presbyterian Church, a man of scientific attainments, wrote to me:

I was much astonished at your letter in the *Tribune* about the Catholic doctrine as to marriage and baptism. I think you are clearly wrong. Catholics look on these as sacraments: sacraments must be administered by duly ordained priests: the only duly ordained priests are those of the Roman Catholic Church. So then these sacraments are invalid and worthless when administered by Anglicans who claim to be priests, and by ministers of Reformed Churches.

This is interesting, incidentally, as an example of the Protestant axiom—acted upon if not expressed in words—that Protestants know far better than Catholics what the latter believe; which is as though one should accept a French caricature as representing the average Englishman, and ignore every portrait painted by our own countrymen.

There is no need to point out to Catholic readers the absurdity of the position taken up and developed at length by Mr. Hocking, but as THE MONTH may come into other hands, it may be well to state briefly the Catholic doctrine concerning matrimony. (1) Wherever there is a legitimate matrimonial contract between two persons, there is a true marriage, and if they are baptized it is a sacrament. (2) The minister of the sacrament is not the priest, but the man for the woman, the woman for the man. (3) The priest, if present, is but a witness: in regions where the decrees of the Council of Trent are pro-

<sup>1</sup> The report in the *Tribune* is not in these words, which, Mr. Meyer informs me, represent more accurately what he said.

mulgated, the parish priest is a necessary witness, *i.e.*, without his presence the contract is not legitimate, but he is only a witness. (4) In lands like our own, where the decrees of Trent have not been promulgated, any contract which binds the parties for life constitutes marriage and confers the sacrament, whether entered into before priest, parson, registrar, dissenting minister, or "a young fellow just out of an Independent college." The Church, in fact, accepts Scotch marriages, where all adjuncts are reduced to a minimum. There could thus be no question of any repetition, unless there were some doubt as to the genuine nature of the consent of one or both parties to their original contract, when this would have to be renewed: there is no suggestion as to such doubt in the case of the Raymonds, and the whole house of cards falls to the ground.<sup>1</sup> I now take up the thread of the narrative.

Mrs. Raymond, a feeble character at best, becomes a thorough-paced liar as soon as she enters the Church. She receives visits from Father Brandon unknown to her husband, and denies that she has received them; teaches the children prayers "about the Virgin Mary and the saints," and has them secretly baptized. Meanwhile there appears upon the scene Ned Harrington, "*the* Harrington,"<sup>2</sup> a barrister friend of Raymond, "a militant Protestant," who "saw what Brandon was aiming at," for he knew the ways of the Jesuits, having "a brother who is a Jesuit priest." This priest

was an impressionable boy—very imaginative, and impressed by the mysterious. Hurrell Froude over again! They got hold of him: he has been under their influence for eight years—first as a novice, then as one who took the vows. . . . He was transparent as a running brook, as easy to read as a child's school-book. As a youth he was quite an expert in legendary lore. He might have been a poet. . . . He's no longer frank and transparent. He tries to appear so, but you can see the effect. He boasts of his frankness and outspokenness, while all the time you know he has something at the back of his mind which he's trying to hide from you.<sup>3</sup>

Father Brandon began to find things beyond him, so he wrote "a long letter" to Father Anthony Ritzoom, of the

<sup>1</sup> The Catholic teaching, both as to Baptism and Matrimony, is set forth in a Catholic Truth Society leaflet, *Who are the Ministers of the Sacraments?* which will be found useful for distribution in Nonconformist circles.

<sup>2</sup> P. 297.

<sup>3</sup> P. 57.

"Convent of St. Joseph of Arimathæa," Dublin, who replied somewhat abruptly :

I will be with you as soon as possible, meanwhile do nothing.  
(Signed) A. RITZOOM.

Ritzoom, who will be familiar to readers of *The Scarlet Woman* and *The Purple Robe* as the principal villain of those works, has not improved with the advance of years. He was "oft-times brusque, almost to the point of rudeness, to members of his Order,"<sup>1</sup> as might indeed be gathered from the letter just cited, and soon put Father Brandon in his place. The latter had just decided to write again, having waited three weeks for Ritzoom's arrival, when on opening his study-door, he "started back aghast" to find Ritzoom there, who said :

"You see, there is no need for you to write again."

"But how did you know I meant to write?"

"I know you, Brandon. I knew you as a novice, and I can measure to a nicety the length to which your patience will go and the steps you are likely to take. Besides, I am a believer in mental telepathy."<sup>2</sup>

Ritzoom, "impassive, sardonic, grim, self-contained, mysterious, possessing a hundred secrets, the framer of so many far-reaching plans,"<sup>3</sup> was something like a Jesuit! "He had lifted himself high in the councils of the Jesuit Order;" "some said that the General of the Order was afraid" of him; others, that he "held even the General in awe;"<sup>4</sup> "he was the cleverest man in the Order,"<sup>5</sup> as well as "the most cautious,"<sup>6</sup> and "the cleverest schemer;"<sup>7</sup> he had even been "approached that he might be persuaded ostensibly to guide the wheels of the Order," but "would shake his head" when this was suggested, probably remembering that "although others were technically far higher in the councils of the Order than he was, it was he who in reality ruled them;"<sup>8</sup> he was "a man who stopped at nothing."<sup>9</sup> His physical peculiarities were striking and characteristic: "it was just as difficult to tell his age as ever—he might be a man of sixty or he might be only forty;" he "could easily pass for forty or forty-five,"<sup>10</sup> which reminds one of the plaintiff in *Trial by Jury*; he "impressed you with his air of mystery, as one who delighted to deal in secret things; the square jaw and black eyes told of indomitable will, told of a man who could never be beaten,"<sup>11</sup> and were thus guilty of

<sup>1</sup> P. 59.

<sup>2</sup> P. 62.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> P. 122.

<sup>5</sup> P. 157.

<sup>6</sup> P. 31.

<sup>7</sup> P. 187.

<sup>8</sup> P. 64.

<sup>9</sup> Pp. 159, 295.

<sup>10</sup> P. 62.

<sup>11</sup> P. 63.

falsehood, for beaten he was. He had an "unspeakable face,"<sup>1</sup> "like the face of the sphinx,"<sup>2</sup> "a mocking smile,"<sup>3</sup> and "mysterious, dark, deep-set impenetrable eyes."<sup>4</sup> He "appears in a score of unpriestly disguises; that is to say, you may find him in a yachting suit one day, in riding breeches another, in flannels another,"<sup>5</sup> or "in the garb of an ordinary layman,"<sup>6</sup> or "in strictly clerical attire, looking like some well-to-do rector of a rich country parish."<sup>7</sup> He had "a suite of rooms at the Cosmopolitan," did not "fast overmuch" ("dispensations are wonderful arrangements, they save a lot of trouble"<sup>8</sup>), smoked cigars (*passim*), and dined at "fashionable restaurants."<sup>9</sup> It is needless to say that he was "faithful to the old Jesuit axiom that the end justifies the means,"<sup>10</sup> and his character is summed up as that of "a man who absorbs information, but never imparts any; and who knows everything, without being known to any but those who are acquainted with the inner circles of Jesuitism."<sup>11</sup> With all these qualifications, it is not wonderful that "he often said that had he lived in the time of Henry VIII. there would have been no dissolution of monasteries, and that had he had the position of Father Parsons he would never have allowed Philip of Spain to be concerned in the miserable fiasco of the Great Armada."<sup>12</sup> It is this paragon of Jesuitry, whose only defect is that "he never made speeches for the Catholic Truth Society,"<sup>13</sup> who abandons the governing of his superiors and the Convent of St. Joseph of Arimathæa, Dublin, to devote himself to the fortunes of a small family of the lower middle class!

But of course he has a deep and thoroughly Jesuitical motive. Old Raymond is a millionaire. He has broken with his son, Walter, on account of the latter's marriage, which he disapproved. He is a Protestant of the purest water, and may presumably be induced to devote his vast wealth to whatever seems best calculated to serve the Protestant cause. If he can be got to believe that his grand-daughter, Joyce, is an uncompromising Protestant, staunch in her faith despite all efforts to pervert her, he will probably leave her his fortune. If she can be made not only a Catholic but a nun, she will, as a matter of course, sign away her inheritance, and the old miser's millions will go to furnish the sinews of war of which the Church is sorely in need.

<sup>1</sup> P. 122.<sup>2</sup> P. 284.<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>4</sup> Pp. 122, 255.<sup>5</sup> P. 159.<sup>6</sup> P. 64.<sup>7</sup> P. 170.<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>9</sup> P. 250.<sup>10</sup> P. 159.<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>12</sup> P. 74.<sup>13</sup> P. 184.



Such is the audacious stroke conceived by the Napoleonic genius of Father Ritzoom, and he proceeds forthwith to its execution. Joyce, on various plausible and mendacious pretexts, is kept abroad, and away from her father's influence, till she has actually been made a Catholic. When, however, she at length comes home, grave danger at once threatens the whole scheme, for not only is she deeply and sincerely attached to her father, but she falls in love with Harrington, who is indeed the good genius ordained to thwart the machinations of Ritzoom. To him she is actually engaged.

But the Jesuit is not easily thwarted. With the connivance of her weak and fanatic mother, he breaks down the poor girl's spirit, induces her to leave home secretly, and has her carried off to a remote convent in the provinces, where she is entered as a postulant for the religious life. This gives Mr. Hocking an opportunity for what is evidently a main purpose of his book, in his treatment of which it is easy to detect the practised hand of his auxiliary, Mr. Abbott. Catholic convents, we are told, are so iniquitously favoured by our legislators, that they can defy law and justice with impunity: "children can be born and people can die in these places, and the outside world be no wiser." In this particular instance, Joyce's father and lover utterly fail for some three years to discover her whereabouts, though leaving no stone unturned. Ritzoom, insidiously feigning sympathy with their distress, puts them on various false scents, actually inducing Harrington on one occasion to go on a wild-goose chase to the south of France. Meanwhile, he and others are constantly at work crushing the poor victim and reducing her to a proper state of pliability. She is assured that her father has ordered that she shall never more darken his threshold, and that Harrington has found consolation in another bride, the daughter of a wealthy brewer. Finally, another inmate of the convent dying, the old doctor, a pompous, unsuspecting Protestant, is deceived as to her identity, and she is buried as Joyce Raymond, whose demise is announced in the public papers.

Meanwhile, Joyce has been "clothed," has made her profession as a nun, and, all unknown to herself, has become her grandfather's legatee. How Ritzoom managed to bring this about he himself explains to his colleague Brandon.

First, there was a danger lest he should know what had become of the girl. Of course I saw to it that from time to time he should receive

copies of that Protestant rag with a high-sounding title but no circulation which stated that, in spite of home influences, she had remained firm to her Protestant convictions. That shows the benefit of being represented in every kind of periodical. It helps in ways unknown to the world. The old fool who edits the *Protestant on the Beacon*<sup>1</sup> has not the slightest idea that one of his contributors is a faithful servant of the Church, and so he proudly announced that the grand-daughter of Walter Raymond, Esq., who had for so many years supported the Protestant cause, refused to follow the example of the rest of the family and become a Catholic. Of course I saw to it that marked copies of this thing were sent to the old man. It pleased his vanity and made him more and more kindly disposed towards the girl. I saw to it, too, that at Protestant meetings, and on other occasions he was approached by faithful members of his creed, and that these guided him in the way he should go. Then of course great care had to be taken in bringing influence to bear upon him when he was making his will. . . . Then again there was the other difficulty. Suppose he had died six months ago. The girl then wanted six months of being legally of age. . . . As it happens, before the will can be made known she will be twenty-one. . . .

Old Walter Raymond will be buried on the 15th of July, and his grand-daughter comes of age that very day. . . . On the day following she will sign a paper giving all her possessions to the Church. This paper shall be duly attested. There shall not be a loop hole anywhere.

It is needless to trace the whole story of the dark intrigues which lead to the final transformation scene wherein with startling rapidity the Protestant party triumph, and the ill-omened figure of the Jesuit makes his lurid exit "a beaten man," though through the magnanimous forbearance of his antagonists he is allowed to escape the criminal prosecution which he had so richly earned. It will be sufficient to cite the *denouement*, commencing with the dramatic scene wherein Joyce at the last moment, suddenly recovering her common sense, refuses to sign the precious document which was to transfer her unsuspected wealth to the ecclesiastical harpies who had

<sup>1</sup> This reference to the *Protestant on the Beacon*, and the further information on p. 290 "that it is run by old General Gray, and sent out to people he happens to know" and has "only a few hundreds of circulation," seems to point so unmistakably to *Protestants on Guard*, run by Colonel Whale and distributed by him, that it seems only kind to call his attention to the passage. Probably his friend "Belshe," who "has written to Protestant papers and has strongly deprecated the influx of monastic orders into the country . . . a hack journalist, who poses as Protestant and still is a tool of Ritzoom," is equally capable of identification: can the Secretary of the Protestant Press Agency throw any light upon the matter? It was General Gray, "influenced by Ritzoom's creatures, who posed as Protestants," who induced old Raymond to leave his money to Joyce. (P. 299.)

so adroitly quested it. She would not, she declared, sign what she had not read. Whereupon Ritzoom cried :

"In the name of the Almighty ! In the name of the Holy Virgin ! By His holy cross and passion, and by virtue of your vow of holy obedience, I command you to sign these papers. Whatever you have, whatever you are, you have made a holocaust to the Church—body, mind, soul, you owe all to the Church. . . . Remember the Church's power ; remember the doom of the disobedient, the unfaithful virgin ! . . . You who have vowed holy obedience to God, dare to disobey God ! Think of the awful doom which will follow !"

Then she was sent back to her cell, and

presently a priest entered. He was very suave, very insinuating. He scarcely referred to what had taken place, but for the good of her soul he inflicted certain penances. Fasting, bodily flagellations, prayers.

After a second interview with Ritzoom

some one brought her a bowl of some kind of gruel. She ate it mechanically, then, after she had eaten, a feeling of drowsiness came over her, then she fell asleep.

Meanwhile Ritzoom sat alone with the Mother Superior. They talked together for more than two hours, quietly, earnestly. The woman's eyes were large with terror ; oft times she started to her feet and looked around the apartment as though she dreaded that their conversation was heard. . . . "You understand, Reverend Mother ?" he said at length. "Yes, I understand," she replied. Her voice was husky ; her face, even her lips, were ashy pale.<sup>1</sup>

Ritzoom then gave orders for Joyce's speedy removal "to another convent, to a place which is more healthy," adding : "I will arrange for everything—elsewhere ;" and

some hours later a conveyance came to the convent doors, and a woman who appeared to be weak and ill, was carefully lifted out and placed in the carriage.

But Ritzoom had reckoned without Harrington, who with Raymond turns up in the nick of time, having checkmated some final stratagems of the enemy, and rescues the distressed damsel while his attendants pinion the Jesuit, who has to recognize that the game is up. In less than a page Joyce marries Harrington, the other children throw off "the yoke of the priest," and Mrs. Raymond "goes away into quietness" (with an allowance) to pray for her husband's conversion. The

<sup>1</sup> P. 342.

conclusion is so hurried as to be almost incoherent ; and we are left in ignorance of many things—*e.g.*, of who was buried instead of Joyce. Did space allow, indeed, the book affords ample ground for criticism from the point of view of literature. Mr. Hocking's own grammar is not above suspicion, and it is surprising to find an educated man like Father Brandon saying, "Who will you grieve?"<sup>1</sup>

This then is the story which Dr. Clifford, Honorary D.D. of Bates University, U.S.A., commends "for its scrupulous accuracy and complete restraint." It is a fair sample of the pabulum which is advertised by its publishers as "revealing the present position of convent life," and guaranteed by the Nonconformist paper of largest circulation to contain "facts collected from authoritative sources." Making the fullest allowance for prejudice and ignorance, is it possible that these folk know what they are saying? Do they think that Mr. Hocking was present at the *tête-à-tête* between Father Ritzoom and Father Kelly? that he was behind the door when Ritzoom arranged with the Reverend Mother for the "removal" of Joyce? that he overheard the various discussions as to Joyce's signing away her property? Ignorance in itself is no crime, but it is difficult to acquit of culpability a man who sets up as a teacher without having taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the rudiments of his science. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Hocking is as competent to instruct his readers upon Catholic matters as would be a teacher of arithmetic who had never mastered the multiplication table. The parallel, indeed, is closer than might appear, for if he had mastered the Penny Catechism, he could not have fallen into the ridiculous blunders which permeate this and his former books.<sup>2</sup> A child in a Catholic poor-school would be able to instruct Mr. Hocking upon Catholic faith and practice ; the "man in the street," if he happened to be a Catholic, could tell him what is the ordinary life of a Jesuit, but he clings to the old Protestant traditions,

<sup>1</sup> P. 143.

<sup>2</sup> "I did not see you at Mass this morning," said the priest.

"Did you expect me?" she asked timidly.

"Of course," was the reply.

"The sacraments of the Church are for the sustenance and guidance of her children," said the priest. "You are now one of the Church's children."

At this Mrs. Raymond's overtaxed nerves gave way, and she began to cry. (p. 34.)

There seems little doubt from this that Mr. Hocking regards Mass as identical with Holy Communion.

and reinforces them by "much valuable information" from Mr. S. J. Abbott, who may be congratulated on having obtained at one and the same time a circulation of his wares in a form somewhat more reputable than that in which they are usually presented, and a gratuitous advertisement from a respectable firm of publishers.

Such a picture of the Catholic Church as Mr. Hocking paints does but help to swell the list of those which time out of mind have been the stock-in-trade of artists of his school, and by means of which the prejudices of Englishmen are assiduously nurtured. As Cardinal Newman put it more than half a century ago, to allow the Church to be seen as she is would be fatal to her rivals.

Therefore get rid of her at all hazards: tread her down, gag her, dress her like a felon, starve her, bruise her features, if you would keep up your mumbo-jumbo in its pride of place. By no means give her fair play; you dare not. . . . Blacken her; make her Cinderella in the ashes; do not hear a word she says. Do not look on her, but daub her in your own way; keep up the good old sign-post representation of her. Let her be a lion rampant, a griffin, a wivern, or a salamander. She shall be red or black; she shall be always absurd, always imbecile, always malicious, always tyrannical. She shall be always worsted in the warfare with Protestantism; ever unhorsed and disarmed, ever running away, ever prostrated, ever smashed and pounded, ever dying, ever dead; and the only wonder is that she has to be killed so often, and the life so often to be trodden out of her, and her priests and doctors to be so often put down, and her monks and nuns to be exposed so often, and such vast sums to be subscribed by Protestants; and such great societies to be kept up, and such millions of tracts to be written, and such persecuting Acts to be passed in Parliament, in order thoroughly, and once for all, and for the very last time, and for ever and ever, to annihilate her once more.

Accordingly, as help to the work on which Dr. Clifford and his friends have set their heart, of depriving Catholic parents of their rights in the education of their children, this preposterous and ignorant caricature is to be scattered broadcast amongst old and young, and the minds of our countrymen yet further poisoned against the faith of their forefathers.

JAMES BRITTEN.

*Lois.*

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CHAPTER XXXII.

MODERNS.

KATEY STUART'S "riches" did not bring in their train laziness or luxuriousness. Katey's views as to enjoyment practically resolved themselves into giving Lois all the freedom possible for choosing her work, and all the comfort possible in doing it; taking her to hear the best music, and to see the best plays; making her feel that she was absolutely her own mistress; and doing as much work as she could herself at Hugh Carson's Institute at the East End.

She bought a little cottage among the Surrey hills, fitted it up in a simple way, installed a pensioner and his wife as caretakers and renderers of such service as should be needed; and hoped that after a while, a good deal of Lois's writing would be done there. Lois was now beginning to write with a force all the more vigorous for its temporary repression, and the great things she had been gathering up during the time of her careful and loving study of literature were ennobling as well as enriching her work.

But for a time the London flat was a greater centre of interest than the country cottage; though many tired folk had a day or two's rest at that cottage at the week-ends. Somehow, Katey and Lois seemed to prefer their Sundays in town.

Lois had begun writing the kind of stories she had spoken of to Professor Barclay; the kind she had told him would be what might have gone into verse. They did not go into poetical prose, but into a beautiful and stately rhythm, the prose of a poet.

They did not all reflect what was coming upon her, even spiritual crippledom. Perhaps, because she frequently attained to live apart from that in her art-life—I do not know. But from some of them there fell, as it were, shadows of vagueness, if not of negation. Some thought these shadows cool and restful to linger in; but others felt the lack of that sunshine which feeds

and colours, even as it vitalizes : the sunlight of Faith. And Lois was, after all those years, getting an audience, and not an audience of Cliquedom.

The people whom Lois and Katey saw most of were for the greater number, workers ; some of them workers whose enthusiasm of humanity, whose passion of rescue would have put to shame many and many a Catholic, tepid-souled, lukewarm among the faithful. And if their enthusiasm went only to the efforts for delivering their brethren from the oppression of wrong social conditions, from the sordidness of daily work ground down to the merest struggle for existence ; if they left out the spiritual ; if to them belief in a God of love and a God of mercy was but a vain thing to preach to wretched ones under the heel of a false system ; if the daily bread they sought in their sacred fervour and holy pity to give was not the antitype with the type, but the type only ; yet they were of those who blindly or seemingly fight for the help of the helpless ; fight in the army of the Great Captain whom they know not.

A certain Bohemianism about them? Yes. Those who judged them with the judgment of charity would say : " Well, if women, young, fair, good, felt that the use of tobacco was a seal of their right to share in the world's work, why, underneath that little ugliness there lay a big beauty ; and the ugliness might one day disappear, and the beauty stand out more clear to see."

But to Lois it meant a certain amount of suffering to see women crossing the room large-gaited, and receiving or bestowing the attention of a light for a cigarette, or even a cigar. They teased her a little about her old-world thought ; and one evening, at a house where they often met, and which had been playfully named Heresy Hall, two or three friends who had more than once invited her to join in this, laughingly insisted on making her smoke.

" It won't make you ill, Miss Moore ; it's very mild."

But she rose, saying, " You must never, never ask me to do this. Everyone is at liberty here, and you must let me have my liberty too." She had tried to laugh, but there was a slightly strained tone in her voice.

One of the ladies addressed some one who had only a few minutes ago come in. " Oh, Mr. Comyn ! You look as relieved as if you had been Sister Anne when she sighted the delivering brothers !"

"You should have seen Mr. Comyn's look, as he watched you, Miss Moore," laughed an older lady, throwing the end of her cigarette into the fireplace.

Lois's face was crimsoned.

Ralph Comyn made some light remark, and then came over to her. "Forgive my having let my face express my feelings, Miss Moore."

"You don't like to see women smoke?" she said, sitting down again, as he had seemed to expect her to do, for his hand was on a chair as if to move it nearer to her. He moved it and sat down, saying :

"I have clearly put myself in a false situation, Miss Moore. Will you let me explain?"

"Certainly."

"I should not have dreamed of implying, by look or manner, any criticism of you, who are a stranger to me, but——" he hesitated.

"No? But you looked, as Miss Leeper said, 'relieved' ; I could not help seeing it. And I can understand men disliking it, especially if they are a little fastidious."

"You don't understand, Miss Moore ; pardon me for saying so. I should not look critically at anything a stranger did. But, you see, I think I ought to tell you——"

"Oh, please don't feel that you ought to tell me anything that gives you pain !"

"Thank you. Miss Moore, you are like some one with whom I associate all that perfection of womanliness which is just as active a thing as manliness, and as necessary to our ideal of women as manliness is to our ideal of men. And I could as soon picture her with a cigarette between her lips as I could picture any of those whom painters represent with the nimbus of sainthood. So you have to forgive me, and remember I am punished too by feeling as if I were treading in the footsteps of the prig."

"There is nothing to forgive !" said Lois. "I can see that you must have been glad that I did not do it. I hope I shall never do it. I dislike it so much. But of course I don't want to condemn any one. It seems to suit some people better than others. I'm one of the others."

How Lois had wished, and still wished, that Katey would not smoke !

She had a good deal of talk with Mr. Comyn, drifting into



the questions of faith and unfaith in their bearing on the conduct of life. He was quite certain that, apart from all creeds, in the surrender of all belief in the supernatural, there was a sure basis of morality, and that none need for a moment suppose that non-belief need, or ought to bring in its train the shaking of the foundations of right and wrong.

"Beliefs are only transient: right and wrong belong to an eternal code, written in the hearts of men. *Honour* is really enough, as we see very often, to keep people straight. Apart from religion there must be a fundamental basis of action. If all religious systems were swept away, there must still remain the everlasting code of morality. It would still be seen that it is *best* to be pure, just, and unselfish. The things commanded or forbidden by religion are commanded or forbidden because they are right or wrong: they are not right or wrong because they are commanded or forbidden. Those things remain right or wrong if all religion be swept away, and with it the supposed warrant for their affirmation or negation. Religion warrants only. But men should do right from their own knowledge merely, without any *warrant* at all from outside. Take, for instance, Marcus Aurelius. Surely he was independent of revealed religion, and surely there was never a nobler moralist than he."

A man was listening to what Ralph was saying, listening as one listens to what one is familiar with the hearing of. When he stopped the stranger waited, as if expecting Lois to reply. She was silent.

"May I join in the discussion?" he said, "if discussion it be."

"It would not go by so grave a name," said Comyn. "We all interchange our little views here, do we not, Miss Moore?"

"I believe so. Some one has called this house, 'Heresy Hall.'"

"May I say," said the stranger, "with regard to what you say about honour, that codes of honour differ, and often widely. For instance, 'wounded honour' commanded not so long ago in England, and to this day commands in other countries, that an attempt at murder be made: that is what duelling means, is it not? Again, honour is irretrievably lost in cheating at cards: honour is unwounded if a friend's trust is betrayed, and his wife's love is won, it being the sufferer who has lost his honour. Yet is the one deserving of a sterner judgment than the other?"

"Codes of morality vary. Take, for instance, the principle of revenge. Not even after nineteen hundred years has the so-called Christian world fully done away with this, which is obviously a relic of non-Christian days.

"In the most celebrated as well as best known of the plays of the greatest English poet, to avenge his father's death is the sacred duty laid on the son—the father whose spirit is represented as emerging from the purgatorial fires, wherein he had entered 'unhouselled, disappointed, unannealed' with the passionate desire that his death should be avenged; and the son accepts the duty and is ready to carry out the injunction, even to the pitiless cutting off in sin of him whom he spares because of the contrition that would save from damnation.

"And, by the way, it is interesting to note how the Russian novelist, who detests his Church and would fain have people come out of her, can see no difference between the 'wild justice' of revenge, and that of judicial punishment. Look at the Corsican 'vendetta,' too."

"Yet Corsicans are not only nominal Christians, but Catholics," said Ralph Comyn.

"We often find Christianity imperfectly assimilated, even among Catholics;" said the stranger; "race and old tradition have great power, though I deny that they have the greatest. And we have infinite witness to the power of Christianity to make men rise above this."

"And Shakespere was a Christian, probably a Catholic," said Ralph Comyn.

"Perhaps; not proven, as to his being a Catholic, I mean. But," went on the stranger, "if such things exist in the teeth of prohibition enforced by the Highest Example, what if there were no prohibition as witness to the law of Heaven? What if there were no Example?"

"Then you think," said Lois, "that you cannot have pure morality without religion?"

"I have no doubt whatever that religion and morality go hand in hand; that, as a man believes, so will he do. Wherever a low type of religion has prevailed, has there not been a low type of morality? Marcus Aurelius, yes! He had shaken himself free from the religion that prevailed. But what did his religion mean? Was it not self-centred, teaching him to look on things around with the eyes of philosophy, not the eyes of love or even of indignation? Your great philosopher, your high

moralist, could sit in the amphitheatre and see a man dropped into the embrace of a bear for the pleasure of an embruted populace, and care nothing."

"My dear sir!" said Comyn, "have you forgotten that for some time after Christianity had been made the Roman State-religion, the gladiatorial shows went on?"

"I have not forgotten it: again, it was imperfectly assimilated religion: but neither must we forget that a man was found ready to give up his life that an end might be put to this horror:—and that after St. Telemachus was martyred, there was never again a show of the kind.

"If you take a pagan of the very highest type, possessing the highest culture—and I suppose Marcus Aurelius was that—and compare him with one who without culture, except the culture that Christianity inevitably gives, but living in absolute obedience to the Christian law—if you take the life of each, apart from natural gifts, but as the product of his belief, I think there can be no doubt whatever as to the evident superiority of the one over the other. And you can find numbers of people in whom grace—forgive my using a theological term—has triumphed even over a poor and mean nature as well as permeated and thousandfolded the gifts of a rich and noble one. You must have a religion that includes all; and up whose heights all may climb; some higher, but all climbers."

"May I leave you in Miss Moore's hands?" said Comyn. "I have to keep an engagement, which I have run close upon breaking. I must just say good-bye to Mrs. Penfold."

"Will you tell me this?" said Lois, when Comyn was gone. "Why do Catholics, who profess to hold Truth on the authority of the Church, and Protestants, who profess to hold Truth on the authority of what they understand of the Bible, not leaven the world with perfect holiness?"

"The last part of your query first. The world is leavened, thank God, with the leaven of the Saints, those who have lived here, and those who are now living here. For the first—I do not say 'as a man professes to believe, so he will do,' but as a man believes—that is, holds his Faith, not professes to hold it. If the teaching of the Church be accepted with a living belief, it must produce right action. It is because it is imperfectly accepted, or accepted only outside, that we see wrong-doing abound."

"You are a Roman Catholic, Mr.—?"

"My name is Rhys," he said in answer to the unspoken query—to the spoken one, he said, "Yes, I am a Catholic."

"But you would acknowledge, would you not, that men and women who have put aside formal religion are often found leading beautiful and devoted lives?"

"Certainly. But how far are they not still under the Spirit that abides; the Spirit sent down to the Church of God? And how much are we to attribute to the fact that the atmosphere they were brought up in was, at least to some extent, a Christian one; and that they are still within the influence of the Christianity which they reject or condemn? What about two or three generations hence? generations without any 'formal religion.' What moral standard would there be then?"

"And now," he added, after a pause, "I feel that I have been running the risk of making myself an unmitigated bore—but it seemed as if I could not help speaking."

"You are not boring me. But I wish you would tell me, if I am not taking too great a liberty in asking the question, why you came to our Heresy Hall; you who are strong in faith? Did you want to help us, to convert us?"

"Us?" Then you have cast in your lot with rejectors of faith?"

"I think so—I fear it must be so."

"Years ago, Miss Moore, I read a poem of yours in *Ross's Magazine*, and it is hard to think that the woman who wrote that should lose faith."

"I don't know that I have ever had real faith," said Lois. Something in this man's atmosphere insensibly drew out this confession. "I was brought up by people who had, and I took things for granted—and now they are going from me."

"Ah, that is sad. Miss Moore, do not let things drift! Pray, pray for light—not for peace, but for light. Surely, surely, you who wrote 'A Son of the Morning,' *must* come to the Light. You cannot keep away! But, forgive me, I am a stranger. To answer your question—I came here to learn something of the atmosphere in which a dear friend of dear friends of mine is breathing—I shall see them in a day or two before I leave England, and I promised them I would do this."

"Then you are leaving England?"

"Yes, I am going to Louvain for theological study. I, too, have known my time of doubt, and though I never formally

separated myself from the Church, it meant practically self-excommunication, and delayed for years the fulfilment of my dead mother's dearest wish—that I should enter the priesthood."

"And now it will be fulfilled?"

"As I trust."

"I am glad for you," said Lois, "and glad for her, too."

"Thank you—and I am glad that you, at least, believe in the Communion of Saints."

"I do not know that I do—but I see my friend signalling to me. Good-bye."

She held out her hand. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye. I wish for you—light."

"Thank you."

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## CHAPTER XXXIII

### THE MIXTURE OF A LIE WITH TRUTH.

LOIS continued going to the Institute; and still there was a strange sense that, somehow, she had been robbed—yet she would ask herself, how can one be robbed of what one has never really possessed? But it—whatever it was—or in what relation soever she had stood to it—was being, as it seemed, proved worthless, and shown to be fit only for the flinging away. And why should one hug the worthless? Better the empty room than the glitter of unreality to adorn it; better despise the mean things than hold them as noble and worthful.

There was truth in much that Comyn and others said. Unmixed falsehood is not hard to expose; but the mixture of a lie with truth—that which Bacon says doth ever add pleasure, the pleasure that we know to breed future pain great and dreadful, that mixture is hard to show up! The soul's sight, sharpened, made eagle-quick by the touch of the Finger of God's Right Hand—the *Digitus Paternae dexteræ* may indeed discern the fallacy, may know the lie, and shudder at its pretence; and yet there may be the inability to show it to others, separated and apart from the truth with which it has been united.

It was illogical of Lois to feel resentment against Ralph Comyn because through him had come to her a certain crystallization, as it were, of doubt. Yet she did feel it, however blindly and indefinitely, though she went to hear him,

and had occasional talks with him at Heresy Hall and elsewhere. But though she felt this resentment, she would not have given up hearing him. Katey silently guessed why.

Lois and Katey were abroad for a few weeks in the spring following, and when they went to the A.S.I.S. on the Sunday after their return, they found that a strange lecturer was there. Some one told them afterwards it had been announced a month ago that Mr. Comyn would not speak; that "he had been obliged unavoidably to cancel all his engagements."

"And here we were," said the lady, "poor shepherdless sheep, who had to listen to someone with a broad Cockney accent, and infirm in the *aitches*. This man has a decent accent, but he hasn't much to say, and you can see how the audience has dwindled. He's very poor, I believe, and has a wife and large family. He writes for the *Free Thought Evangelist*, and a lot of papers that are very skinny in their payments. I wish Mr. Comyn would come back. What an essentially interesting face he has!"

Another lady took up the tale. "There are all sorts of reports about Mr. Comyn—at least there were for a few days. It was said he had married the daughter of an American Bishop; that he had gone to Australia."

"You're talking of Comyn?" said a gentleman. "It's said, you know, that he's in retreat somewhere, preparatory to founding a New Ethical Sodality."

"Sodality? What's that?"

"Society under a less well-known name."

"Oh! But I thought it was only Roman Catholics and Ritualists that went into retreat?"

"Well, retirement, quiet, anything you like.

He broods upon his silent heart  
As on her nest the dove,

as our grandmothers used to sing. He'll emerge with Thor's hammer in his hand—excuse the change of metaphor—and come down on superstition."

"He has not left Christianity a leg to stand on. But wait a bit."

And they waited, indeed, whether they would or not, but not for very long.

One morning each member of the Society received a

lithographed circular letter, in a closed envelope, bearing the post-mark of Louvain. It ran thus :

Dear Sir, or Madam,

As you are a member of the Society before which I was accustomed to speak on Sundays during three years, I beg of you to allow me this opportunity of telling you my reason for withdrawing from that Society, as well as of apologizing for the manner of that withdrawal. As you are aware, I also cancelled all engagements to speak in London on the subject of Ideals of Service ; engagements which you, in common with other members of the A.S.I.S. had honoured me by wishing me to make.

My reason is that I have been obliged—I can use no other expression—to give up my position of unfaith. I am now a member of the Church founded by Jesus Christ on the Rock which has withstood the shaking of the tempest and the beating of the rain from age to age, *because* Jesus Christ did found His Church upon it.

I ask you to have patience with me in my attempt to express to you my very deep grief, my very sorrowful shame, my most sincere penitence, for all that I have said against Him whom, with all powers of body, mind, and spirit, I desire to serve for whatever space of life remains to me. If words of mine have raised doubts in your mind as to the Eternal Reality ; if words of mine have increased such doubts ; if words of mine have given the last blow to any true belief, as I have spoken them with the deliberate intention of their doing ; I can only say, as I would to one whose life I had endangered, perhaps even almost destroyed, *forgive me*. Grant me that forgiveness which I shall never cease to implore from God, before whom I must ever pray that the evil I have done, that evil which never can be undone, may in some way of His be turned to His glory ; be used for His ends. But my guilt is more than great.

Most faithfully yours,

RALPH COMYN.

Louvain, May 31st, 18—.

"The man's mad !"

"Disgusting !"

"To think of Comyn being bagged by the Jesuits !"

"What a whining, puling letter !"

"What a fool ! Why couldn't he have let the thing alone ?"

*Suggestion (Soprano)* : "He might have announced himself to preach, and got us together, and tried to convert us ! Such a lovely opportunity of bringing our poor, lost, sin-stained souls into the Fold !"

*Baritone:* "No! no! He wouldn't do that sort of stagey thing. If he had brought us together on false pretences, I, for one, should have walked out."

*Other Comments:* "I think the note manly and straightforward, and I really don't see anything whining or puling in it. One must give the Old Gentleman himself his dues."

"Even if we have done away with him."

"Figure of speech, figure of speech——"

Ralph Comyn a Catholic! Ralph Comyn, who had pronounced the Church to be the arch-enemy of freedom, and the great logical crushing-machine! He had never stood forward as the champion of Protestantism, by which he understood individual eclecticism. To him there was no logical standing-place between The Church and No Church: between *Credo* and *Nego*. His method had not been, as a rule, the attacking of any special form—or non-form—of religious thought and worship. He had desired to preach freedom, rational inquiry; wished and striven to encourage and stimulate in the search for truth.

"No dogma." But by degrees his hearers had found themselves formulating. The human mind cannot possibly escape from dogma, any more than it can remain content with negation: affirmation, in some shape or other, it is bound to insist on if it has any vitality, and wills to have any power of growth. And when Ralph preached war against sectarianism, war against narrowness, war against limitation, the logical outcome was, to many of his hearers, something very different from what he had ever dreamt of; something, the revelation of which, when it came to him, as it did some time after this, brought to him yet more intensely than before the agony of shame and the passion of penance.

Lois and Katey read the letter together. To Lois it was a shock inexpressible. It seemed to her as if everything were reduced to the merest shifting show. To believe—to unbelieve—to re-believe with all the weight of the clearest-cut, most sharply-defined dogmas laid upon the soul. To know nothing; to believe *all*!

She did not know either, that with that letter a hope—no, not a hope—as it were the reflection of a hope, as of a star in a pool—had passed away. She only knew that life was different. But Katey understood.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## A.S.I.S.

HUGH CARSON had often called for Lois and Katey to walk with them to the A.S.I.S., and in the evening of Sunday he would call to ask if they cared to go to the East End Institute which he and some others had founded "on undenominational principles." An Institute it was where you could have instruction in all branches of secular learning for a nominal sum; an Institute where you practised those virtues which had come to be ideals of conduct to you from the atmosphere you had breathed as a nominal Christian, and whose source you calmly ignored or even denied; an Institute where you might learn to use your voice aright; an Institute where you might learn the principles of art and the greatness of the work that artists have wrought; where you might, at set times, see their work for yourselves, and learn the meaning of it, sometimes truly, sometimes with that terrible inadequacy of interpretation which is often more deadly than falsehood gross and deliberate; as when in the case of a copy of one of the great world-pictures of a great Catholic artist, a picture that, but for his Faith, would never have been, a presentment of the Incarnate Son in the arms of His Mother; the illuminating note in the catalogue was to the effect that *in this picture we see the highest beauty of motherhood.*

"I am so glad I know how to teach!" said Katey. "It is so nice to think that what I can do for these dear folk I can do properly, and that I am really giving the same quality of work as if it were salaried."

"Do you remember," said Lois, "how our old landlady once offered us tickets for a concert, telling us it was only an *amâter* affair, and she did not care to go herself!"

"Yes, it was funny. But there is plenty of the *amâter* element about. And you'll never get the best for poor people, until those who want to help them realize that voluntary work should be done as well and as regularly as paid work. Some of our voluntary workers at the Institute think themselves quite at liberty to telegraph and say they can't come, just an hour or two before the class begins. It's disgusting!"

"Yes," said Lois.

"I don't believe you heard what I was saying," said Katey.

"Oh, yes, I did, Katey. I was thinking whether it might not be a good thing if I were to give a literature lesson weekly at your place."

"Oh, how good! It would be just lovely! I'll arrange it at once."

So Lois went week after week, and often accompanied Katey in her visits to some of those who were being taught the gospel of culture. They came upon things which did not seem to be touched by that gospel; things which Katey was sorry for, but took as part of the disappointment that must, in one shape or another, in one degree or another, accompany all efforts at improvement; things that took hold of Lois mentally and physically, gripping her with a terrible grip, which hurt her with a great hurting and grievous. And this emotional strain, along with really hard work, for the lessons she gave carried with them much of her nerve-force, began to tell on her, and she found that writing was sometimes more than difficult. An hour or two at her desk left her exhausted, and the run for a few minutes in the garden, instead of refreshing her, as it used to do, left her panting and tired, so that she had to force herself to do what she used to do with ease.

One evening, Katey, coming home full of interest and delight in what had been doing "up there," found Lois white-lipped and with tired eyes, trying to write: an effort that ended in tears unaccountable, when Katey said: "Lois, what's the matter?"

"Katey, I don't know. I'm an idiot. I seem as if I couldn't work."

"Oh, Lois, my darling, I have been so wrong!" She was holding Lois in her arms, Lois very quiet now. "I have been so wrong. You are not fit for this sort of life. You must sing, or speak. You can tell about what you learn from Hugh, and me, and others. It is not your business to do what we do. Lois, my beautiful lady, your life ought to be a bright one, a happy one. And it shall be, if I can make it so. I have been terribly selfish, just rushing to do what interested me, and dragging you into it. You must live on the surface of these things, and let us dive down for you, and bring you up materials, and you can write, and write, and make people *see*. We can give you material enough, if you want to write of these East End people and their life. I wouldn't give it to everyone; but I know you won't use flesh-and-blood as mere 'copy.' You

care, Lois, and you can speak. I can't speak, but I would if I could."

But when Lois was alone she wept: and her tears were as of purpose broken, and aim unfulfilled.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

### NAV, OR VEA?

THE time passed on quickly enough. Katey was happy, and hoped that Lois was also, though she knew that her life had been wounded. But she saw that Lois was knowing the great relief, the great comfort, of finding expression in the form she had desired to find it in; for she was writing poetry in the limited sense, as well as in the wider one. And now she seemed to care more to spend several days at a time at the Surrey cottage, and took long walks, or made acquaintances among the poorer people. That was quite different, she felt, from seeking them out in the East End. She loved the one, and shrank, with an inexpressibly shuddering horror, from the other; this horror which at first she reproached herself bitterly for feeling. But she came to think, at least to a great extent, how one cannot fight unconquered against the limitations of one's nature; and how work in the least line of resistance, may, after all, be as good as work accomplished after effort mighty and painful.

Some, too, were saying, and some were preaching strongly that the truth of life lay in self-development, not in sacrifice; that no individual life ought to be swept along in a flood. All sorts of doctrines and theories Lois had heard put forward; little bits of truth often, set out as the truth: precisely the sort of thing, the setters-out of it raged against when they thought they found it under the banner of anything like a church (*the Church* being to their thought unconceived of, if not inconceivable).

But Lois was unhappy, if not actively, at least negatively. The atmosphere in which Katey delighted to breathe was an ill one for her friend; and for Katey it was all the worse that she did not feel the unhealth of it, which might have led to her coming out of it. Lois felt, too, that there was something among her acquaintances undefinedly—

what?—wrong?—but what was wrong? Must not all be free to think out life for themselves, and then act upon their thought? Must they not arrive at the standard and live by it? or live by no standard at all, just follow the promptings of nature?

She had heard much in speech and in discussion and in lecture, and it made in her mind a spiritual patchwork—"their witness did not agree."

She had heard people urged to take all that was good and noble from every source whatever. They were not to suppose that only those by prominence or popularity called great teachers, such as Buddha, and Confucius, and Moses, and Christ, and Mohammed, founders of religions more or less suited to certain races in certain times, had bestowed on the world some part of the treasure of truth: for truth was in every man in a greater or less degree, and the highest teaching, for instance, of Jesus, in the Sermon on the Mount, was simply the gathered up or the edited wisdom of generations. He, by the force of genius or insight, put a large interpretation on commands positive or negative, and while He widened the ethical outlook, He showed too, that the spiritual sight could so be made stronger and keener, that the fearless ones who were not afraid to see might sweep horizons, vaster and vaster yet, from age to age. And the need of guidance should by and by cease, for all should be seers; shapers of their own conduct; and from fair-shapen conduct would arise the law for all generations; the law that could not but be obeyed. It might be long and long before then: only we must remember that every effort of self-conquest, or of rescue for the oppressed, or of bringing beauty into ordinary life, would hasten it on.

And what then? What for the souls who had struggled? Were they never to know any result of their struggle? No; they must be content to have struggled. For there was no individual immortality; only a glorious immortality of influence, of which all and every one might have the earnest even before the quiet surrender of the body, worn-out, as it might be, or still in the beauty of manhood or womanhood, to be part of the universal material whence new and fair forms should be fashioned day by day, age by age: to be "made one with nature."

What is this betwixt God and you, Lois? "What am I?" A straw on the great current of time? or, as the little children

and the child-hearted know, one made by God "to love Him and serve Him and to be happy with Him for ever"?

"Oh, dismal creed, sorrowful belief," do you say? What matter if dismal or sorrowful, if it be true? No care for you, for me, for the countless ones who have travelled from birth to death, a journey short or long, with nature or environment gay, glorious, noble, sordid, terrible; and travel, and shall travel, on that road until the landmark time be removed for ever? Only a blind force, making not for justice but for—what? Who knows?

Or—One who so loved the world that He must heal it, and yet not heal it against its will?

Others were raging against limitations; *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die* being the kernel of their thought, though they would not perhaps have accepted this for its expression. Let us have all that we can; let us develop self to the fullest extent; every power; every sense. What madness has set up the ideal of sacrifice? What insanity has made a God of One crucified? O world, that for hundreds of years hast accepted the thought that the way to a crown is by a cross, and hast struggled to win that crown, or given up the struggle under the ban of the just ones, fling away that thought. Take thine ease: eat, drink, be merry! Nay, put it not in ugly words like these. Take the joy that lies at the heart of the world; the joy which teaching like this has done its best to kill. Take the loveliness of form and colour; that loveliness which the Greek knew well to be the highest thing, and for which the Christian has substituted the ideal of self-mutilation for body and soul. Take the natural and free development of all that is in thy nature; that free development which thou hadst learned to fear in the face of the morbid passion for sacrifice. Take the inextinguishable laughter of the gods instead of the weeping of Jesus.

O world, O men of God's love, know you not how that love embraces all good, and how one day this shall everywhere be known? Know you not that there is neither Jew nor Greek with Him—neither one gift only nor another; not the truth of His unity alone, nor the truth of His infinite beauty—the<sup>1</sup> beauty so ancient, the beauty so new that "so many of us love all too late;" that in Jesus are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; all the treasures of justice and love? some of these

<sup>1</sup> St. Augustine.

treasures poured for us into human vessels that can hold but little, an earnest of the illimitable content of illimitable plenitude that is in Him. For there is no craving of our nature that He cannot satisfy, no void that He cannot fill.

And the sorrow of the world is upon Him: as the sin was upon Him that made Him taste of the pain not of death alone but of Hell itself—the Hell that is *separation from God*—when under the load of it He cried that cry that “went up echoless,” *My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*

He delays, and we are impatient: His chariot wheels tarry, and we cannot hear them, and we know not that the cloud we see is the dust they raise. But with Him a thousand years are even as a day.

EMILY HICKEY.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **"Circumstances alter Cases."**

IN the sadly-misnamed *Literary Guide* for December, the Rationalist Review, which, whatever other merits it may or may not possess, has certainly nothing to do with literature,—Mr. Joseph McCabe pours the vials of his scorn upon all and sundry who venture to say that the doctrine of evolution as proclaimed by his great master, Professor Haeckel, and by himself, is not yet demonstrated, that in fact we know at present far too little to indulge in dogmatic statements concerning a process as to all the particulars of which the most ardent evolutionists are hopelessly at variance.

Two points in Mr. McCabe's mode of argumentation are specially interesting. When scientific men are quoted against him, he evidently considers it a full and sufficient reply to say that they are *dead*. Thus we are told of the "pale shades" of Balfour Stewart and Newton, and of "sixteen dead—very dead—scientists, and Gabriel Stokes," whom an opponent had quoted against him. The assumption is, apparently, that as soon as the breath is out of his body a man of science ceases to count, and his opinions become a negligible quantity. But this principle, it is evident, must be allowed to cut only one way. We are never reminded that Darwin is dead, or Huxley, or Tyndall, or any other of the great Agnostics upon whom Mr. McCabe and his rationalist friends set so much store. And yet, is it not evident that what is sauce for the goose must equally be sauce for the gander?

Moreover, Mr. McCabe is stern in his demand that no one shall have, or at least express, an opinion as to Haeckel's philosophy who is not what he calls a "scientist." Seelberg, Paulsen, and Loofs, for instance, are brushed aside on the ground that they are "not scientists at all," and Driesch, as "by no means a leading scientist." But, this being so, what about Mr. McCabe? Is he a "scientist"? In what branch has he won his spurs? Is there any of which he possesses any expert knowledge? Did not a reviewer in *Nature* cruelly

observe that in translating Haeckel he was manifestly hampered by having not the least idea what his author was talking about? Yet he does not at all feel himself debarred on that account from assuming a very magisterial position in regard of science—undertaking to answer Haeckel's critics, sneering at Balfour Stewart for upholding the indissoluble atom—as did all men of science a very short time since—and at Lord Kelvin for presuming to express his belief in God. But when he indulges in such performances we naturally ask ourselves what he is doing in that galley.

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### **Jesuitism in the School and in the Navy.**

In the early days after the migration of the old College of St. Omers to Stonyhurst, a rule existed that during certain hours of recreation the boys were to talk French, and the practice was enforced by what Father Gerard, in his *Centenary Record*, describes "as a somewhat odious institution called the *signum*." The *modus operandi* was as follows. "Any boy found talking English at a forbidden time and so becoming liable to punishment, had a sort of ticket given him, which, unless got rid of, entailed the payment of his penalty. He could, however, pass it to any other whom he found offending in like manner, and he again to a third, the final possessor making atonement for the sins of all." We remember once hearing a censor of Jesuit methods of education expatiate with much eloquence upon the lowering of the moral tone likely to result among schoolboys from such an institution. He drew a vivid picture of the holder of the *signum*, himself shunned by all, sneaking around among the groups of his companions, his ears on the alert to catch some confidential whisper not intended for him, or else lying in wait in dark corners, where his presence would not be suspected, in order to spring out upon his victims. Even worse than this, the *signum*, it was contended, must have offered a continual temptation to bear false witness where real evidence was lacking; while it would have been an occasion of endless quarrels among friends, and an ever-ready means of paying off old scores for those who were spiteful and malicious. In fine, said the critic, not without some show of reason, the seeking to save one's own skin at the expense of another's trouble was the worst of moral lessons. It was as mean and unprincipled as it was utterly un-English. The memory of this conversation came back to us forcibly the



other day when we chanced to be looking through a recently published history of Sherborne School. Sherborne, it might be thought, is English of the English, an institution which in some sense dates back to St. Aldhelm at the beginning of the eighth century, and has always been exceptionally sheltered from innovating influences. However, as a school, its organization was entirely remodelled under the strictest Protestant auspices in the middle of the seventeenth century, and it was one of the constitutions which were drawn up and apparently first enforced at that period, which caught our eye the other day in turning over the pages of Mr. Wildman's interesting volume. Summarizing this code of statutes, Mr. Wildman writes as follows :

Clause xxiv.—Boys in the Upper School are to speak nothing but Latin in school and also out of school, wherever they shall meet, under pain of the severest correction.

Clause xxv. provides a most curious device for carrying out Clause xxiv. ; there shall be, it says, "a *CUSTOS* (which shall be a place [*i.e.*, office] of reproach and subject to greater punishment for smaller faults than others) to observe those that shall speak in English to their felowes and to acquaint the master ; by which meanes hee shall be released from that office, which is to be undertaken by the accused with suche other punishment as the master shall thinke fitt to inflicte. And hee shall continue in that place of disgrace till hee shall finde another in the same fault, whoe is to be dealt withall as before expressed."<sup>1</sup>

On the substantial identity of this device with the Stonyhurst *signum* of a hundred years ago it cannot be needful to insist. But stranger still, we meet an exactly similar practice at a considerably earlier date—not this time among the terrorized urchins of an English grammar-school, but among the sturdy Jack tars of a British ship in the days of Elizabeth. Sir Richard Hawkins, the son of the still more famous Sir John, and himself one of the English commanders against the Spanish Armada, set out in 1593 on a voyage of discovery or piracy which was to have taken him round the world. Of this voyage he afterwards wrote an account in which, among other interesting matters, he chronicles the following :

We had no small cause to give God thanks and prayer for our deliverance ; and so, all our ships once come together, wee magnified His glorious name for His mercie towards us, and tooke an occasion hereby to banish swearing out of our shippes, which amongst the common sort of mariners and sea-faring men is too ordinarily abused. So with

<sup>1</sup> Wildman, *A Short History of Sherborne*, 1902, p. 95.

a generall consent of all our company, it was ordayned that in every ship there should be a palmer or ferula, which should be in the keeping of him who was taken with an oath, and that he who had the palmer should give to every other that he tooke swearing, in the palm of the hand, a palmada with it, and the ferula. And whosoever at the time of evening, or morning prayer, was found to have the palmer, should have three blows given him by the captaine or master ; and that he should be still bound to free himselfe, by taking another, or else to runne in danger of continuing the penalties ; which executed, a few dayes reformed the vice ; so that in three days together, was not one oath heard to be sworne. This brought both ferulas and swearing out of use.<sup>1</sup>

The extract speaks for itself, and needs no comment, though one must not overlook the important circumstance that the plan was executed by common consent. We might, however, be tempted to give from the same record an account of how Hawkins' sailors found agreeable relief from the monotony of the voyage in the diversion of catching sharks. It would be interesting reading for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and also for those who cherish the belief that the perpetration of cruelty for cruelty's sake has always been the monopoly of Spaniards and foreigners. But our lady readers would hardly thank us, and we prefer to quote one other passage from the Sherborne statutes. It throws an interesting sidelight upon the English educational methods of the seventeenth century.

Clause xxvi. ordains that there shall be private scrutiny twice every year, on the Wednesday before Palm Sunday, and on the Wednesday before All Saints' day, or in a day or two of these times, in the manner following. "The Warden of the Schoole, with three others of the Governors of the saide Schoole, shall call before them in the Library the Master Usher and the schollars of the four highest formes, severally and apart ; from whom they shall receive private informacion from every one of all offences either against the orders of the Schoole or other misdemeanours committed by the Master Usher or schollars in relation to the Schoole, which offences so communicated to the Warden and Governours shall be exhibited to the whole assembly of the Governours of the Schoole to be judged according to the meritt of the offences being against them."<sup>2</sup>

Whatever may be said for the Præpostorial system, such a practice as is here described does not seem to us likely to lead to good results.

H. T.

<sup>1</sup> *Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins in his voyage into the South Sea*, A.D. 1593. Hakluyt Society, vol. lvii. 1878, p. 147.

<sup>2</sup> P. 95.

## Reviews.

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### I.—THE PAPAL COMMISSION AND THE PENTATEUCH.<sup>1</sup>

IN *The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch* we have a pair of letters recently interchanged between Professor Charles Briggs, of New York, and Baron Friedrich von Hügel. It was occasioned by the most recent deliverance of the Biblical Commission, on the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, regret for which is expressed by the American writer from the point of view of a non-Catholic sympathetically disposed towards the Catholic Church, and anxious that it may become a centre of reunion round which the Protestant Churches can gather; and by the Catholic writer from the point of view of one sharing entirely his friend's convictions on the critical question, and anxious to impress upon the Biblical Commission the mistakes he considers them to be making. The letters are of interest as stating compendiously what two students who have paid some attention to the details, linguistic and otherwise, regard as irresistible proofs of the modern view. For ourselves, we are by no means insensible to the weight of many of the critical arguments, but our chief criticism, which refers primarily to the Catholic writer, is that his letter is in no wise helpful. Professor Briggs has gathered from "the very highest authority" at Rome that "a reasonable amount of liberty would be given to Biblical criticism, so long as its results did not conflict with the established dogmas of the Church." Quite so, but then the question about which the Holy See, and consequently the Biblical Commission, are solicitous is just this: Does the theory of non-Mosaic authorship, in the form which the followers of Wellhausen and Kuenen give it, conflict with the dogma of Inspiration as contained in the unbroken tradition of the Church, and enunciated by the Councils of

<sup>1</sup> *The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch*. By the Rev. Charles A. Briggs and Baron Friedrich von Hügel. London: Longmans, Green and Co.

*L'Authenticité Mosaicque du Pentateuque*. Par Eugène Mangénot. Paris: Letouzey.

Trent and the Vatican? To assume that there is no difficulty whatever in giving the negative answer to this question straight off, and that it is only withheld because of the unintelligent conservatism of the theologians, would be an absurdity of which no one with any solid knowledge of the history of Catholic doctrine could be capable. There are considerable difficulties to be overcome, but if the writer of the second letters, or any one else, can indicate a really satisfactory way of overcoming them, is there any doubt but that the Holy See, speaking either through the Biblical Commission or some still more authoritative organ, would show itself not only willing but delighted to leave the critical question, within those ample limits, over to the unimpeded discussions of the critics? It is a task of this species that has been recently approached by one or two theological writers to whom Baron von Hügel refers, and it is because he does not himself contribute anything in that department that we find this volume to be not helpful—not helpful, that is, if the object is, as it clearly is, not to undermine but to sustain the claims of the Catholic Church to the adherence of mankind. For to expect her supreme authority to abandon aught of the deposit of doctrine entrusted to her by her Founder would be to expect her to violate a fundamental law of her being, and the experience of centuries has taught the world how likely she is to do that.

In *L'Authenticité Mosaïque du Pentateuque*, by M. Eugène Mangénot, we have from the pen of a Professor of the Institut Catholique de Paris, who is himself a member of the Biblical Commission, a little volume which is intended as a commentary on the late decision regarding the Pentateuch. It falls, naturally, into three parts, one on the Pentateuch and Modern Criticism, an exposition which embraces nearly two-thirds of the whole; a second on the Traditional Thesis, which contains an exposition of the arguments in support of this and an examination of the critical arguments; a third on the "theological note" of the traditional thesis as assigned by the Biblical Commission, in other words, on the quality attaching to it as of faith, or theologically certain; and a fourth on the non-Mosaic elements which the Decree permits one to recognize in the Pentateuch. M. Mangénot is clear and moderate in his style and pronouncements, has a good grasp of his subject, and his book will be of use to educated Catholics who, without being students, wish to know something of the outlines of

the controversy. At the same time, whilst recognizing the impossibility of any thorough handling of the question in so small a volume, we think he might have been a little fuller in some of his expositions. Take, for instance, the article on "Historical Arguments," those regarding Unity of Sanctuary, Sacrifices, Feasts, Priests, and Levites. These are important points in the chain of argument, and points of the kind which readers such as those just indicated are able to appreciate; but they do not get nearly sufficient help from the author to meet the demands they are sure to make if they reflect carefully.

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## 2.—PASTOR'S "HISTORY OF THE POPES."<sup>1</sup>

The long interval which has passed since the appearance of the last instalment of Dr. Pastor's great work on the history of the Papacy has only emphasized the welcome accorded to the now veteran historian on the resumption of his task after a delay of more than a dozen years. We are late in noticing the new volume, but our tardiness has at least the advantage of enabling us to bear witness to the general chorus of approval with which this conscientious study of the pontificate of Leo X. has been received. Thanks to the vogue of Roscoe's well-known biography, Leo X. is more familiar to English readers than any other of the Renaissance Popes. Hence it may be worth while to notice here that this brochure of over six hundred pages is limited to the reign of Leo (1513—1521), and consequently has a certain unity of its own. Taking the book as a whole we may say, without in the least intending any disparagement thereby, that Dr. Pastor's study of the pontificate has resulted in no startling novelty. The historian's wide acquaintance with the sources already published, and his painstaking investigation of manuscript materials have on the whole tended to confirm that impression of Leo X. and his policy which already holds the field. With regard to the Pope's personal character, Pastor, with Roscoe and Gregorovius, maintains that no moral irregularity can be proved against him. "In this respect," he writes, "he enjoyed a stainless reputation as a Cardinal, and there is no evidence that he lived otherwise as Pope." Still, it cannot be disputed that an atmosphere of luxury and laxity prevailed throughout this period at the Papal

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte der Päpste.* By Ludwig Pastor. Vol. iv. Erste Abtheilung. Freiburg: Herder. 1906.

court, and it is equally clear that a spirit of worldliness and intrigue predominated in all political negotiations. Of gross and systematic nepotism Pastor considers that Leo may be acquitted, but on the other hand it is impossible to pretend that family considerations did not influence, and greatly influence, his relations with other temporal sovereigns. Taken as a whole, the volume is depressing, though the fault is that of the subject and not Dr. Pastor's. There is hardly anything ennobling or elevating to be chronicled in the external action of Leo X. He was certainly a sincere believer, and even pious after his own peculiar fashion, while he was good-natured and easy-going in his relations with those around him, but we look for more than this in one who occupies such a station. As a patron of literature Dr. Pastor has not a very favourable judgment to pass on the Medicean Pope. His merits in this capacity seem certainly to have been exaggerated. On the other hand he shows to more advantage as a patron of the arts, and it may be said that the pages here devoted to Raphael and Michael Angelo are among the most interesting in the volume. But there are of course many different topics which have necessarily to be treated in some detail by the historian of Leo X., and we must not omit to pay a warm tribute of admiration to the two long chapters in which the author discusses the Indulgence controversy and the early developments of the Lutheran movement in Germany. We do not know any book to which we could more confidently recommend a student who wished to meet with a thoroughly straightforward statement of the beginnings of the Reformation.

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### 3.—THE HISTORY OF ETHIOPIA.<sup>1</sup>

The interest which has been taken of late years in the political relations of Abyssinia, has by no means been devoid of results of permanent and scientific importance. Less than a century ago the available information about the history, liturgy, and linguistics of these regions, might almost be said to be summed up in the various folios of Ludolfus. But in the course of the last twenty years an enormous amount of fresh material has been printed, and thus rendered accessible to scholars in all parts of the world. Thanks very largely to the

<sup>1</sup> *Rerum Æthiopicarum Scriptores Occidentales Inediti a Saeculo XVI. ad XIX.* Curante C. Beccari, S.J. Vols. iii. and iv. Rome : C. de Luigi. 1906,

munificence of Lady Meux, England is quite respectably represented in the general output, and in point, at least, of sumptuousness of reproduction, nothing can rival the magnificent volumes of the *Miracles of our Lady*, and the *Life of Takla Hāymānōt*, with their barbaric illustrations, which Dr. Budge has edited from Ethiopic manuscripts now preserved in this country. But Italy, whose political and commercial interest in Abyssinia is even more pronounced than our own, has also taken a leading part in these recent developments. The volumes now before us, which are the third and fourth of a series already noticed in these pages, are mainly historical and geographical in character; but they contain a surprising amount of information concerning the social and religious condition of Abyssinia in the latter half of the sixteenth, and the first half of the seventeenth century. Vol. III. gives the conclusion of the *Historia de Ethiopia* of Father Pedro Paez, covering the years from 1555 to 1621. Although perhaps this portion of the narrative does not contain anything which can equal in general interest the description of the liturgical usages of the Abyssinians, which is to be found in the second book of Father Paez's *History*, still as the account of a contemporary, and often an eye-witness, we must recognize that it supplies materials of the very first historical importance. The learned editor, Father Beccari, has not been sparing of his own labour to facilitate the reader's task in every possible way. The copious Latin side-notes supply an admirable and detailed summary of the text, and students less familiar with Portuguese, are thus helped pleasantly along in their investigations with much saving of time and gain of clearness. There is also an excellent index, which in its judicious use of sub-headings is quite a model of its kind. Moreover, in addition to this, there is a table of contents in which the whole of the Latin side-notes, above referred to, are, to the reader's great convenience, printed continuously in a most accessible form.

The fourth volume of the series contains three Portuguese treatises of Father Emmanuel Barradas, S.J., compiled in 1633, to which the editor has given the general title of *Tractatus Tres Historico-Geographici*. From the point of view both of the geographer and the folk-lorist it would be hard to find anything written concerning these regions in modern times which is of equal interest. Even the liturgiologist will obtain much useful information, as in the case of Father Paez's

*History*, concerning popular festivals and fasts, while the detailed description of Aden which forms the subject of the third of the three *opuscula*, ought to be specially welcome to Englishmen, if only from the appreciation which it manifests of the strategical value of this important station on the road to India. As in the preceding volumes Father Beccari has discharged his functions of editor with admirable pains and care. We regret that the limits of space inexorably curtail that fuller appreciation which these volumes deserve, but we have said sufficient, we trust, to make it clear that scholars owe a great debt of gratitude for this series in the first place to Father Beccari, who has shown such perfect competence for his laborious task, and secondly to the Italian Government, without whose financial support the work could never have been undertaken.

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#### 4.—A TREASURY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.<sup>1</sup>

No difficulty is more generally felt in Catholic and especially in convent schools than the selection of a suitable text-book for such a subject as English Literature. From this point of view we can very cordially recommend the ample collection of extracts which Miss Kate Warren has brought together in the volume before us. In idea the book was intended to serve as a companion to Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*, a manual which, though now thirty years old, still holds the field as one of the very best of its kind. It is much to say that the Treasury of extracts which Miss Warren has provided in illustration of the text is quite worthy of the original work. Good taste and common sense seem to us everywhere to have presided over the selection, and anxious Superiors need have no misgivings as to the suitability of these passages for the perusal of all classes of their students. Although the book was begun before Miss Warren joined the Catholic Church, and although there is not the slightest trace to be found in it of any form of religious bias, still the editor's Catholicism may be accepted at least as a negative guarantee that what might seem objectionable in tone has been excluded from her volume. The extracts from Anglo-Saxon literature which alone occupy more than one

<sup>1</sup> *A Treasury of English Literature* (From the Beginning to the Eighteenth Century) selected and arranged with Translations and Glossaries. By Kate M. Warren, Lecturer in English Language and Literature at Westfield College (University of London). London: Constable. 1906.



hundred pages are translated in full—the translation being printed at the foot of the page. In the case of early English writers down to the Reformation ample glossarial help is given. Considering the bulk of the work, more than 1,000 pages in all, the volume is remarkably cheap and would make an admirable prize-book. Mr. Stopford Brooke himself contributes an Introduction and his warm commendation of the judgment with which the selection has been made affords the best guarantee of its suitability for the purpose for which it was intended. We ought perhaps to mention that no dramatic extracts are included, for as Miss Warren very truly says, “it seems almost impossible from the very nature of that form of art to represent it at all justly in brief passages.”

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#### 5.—THE SINS OF SOCIETY.<sup>1</sup>

Under the name of *The Sins of Society*, Father Bernard has published the course of sermons he delivered in Farm Street Church in the early summer. The press, as we all know, was lavish in its comments, some severely condemning them as uncalled for and unfounded in their descriptions and denunciations, others highly applauding them on exactly opposite grounds. A large assortment of these press-judgments the preacher has included in an Appendix to the present volume, where they are transcribed with a faithful impartiality. Still more instructive is the analysis he gives in the same Appendix of the testimonies in support or deprecation of his words sent him by private and unknown correspondents. Any commendations or criticisms of *The Sins of Society* coming from this periodical might seem inappropriate, but we may express an opinion that the account given by the preacher of the evil ways and habits, not indeed of “Society” as a whole (he several times protests that he is not to be understood in that sense), but of a certain notorious set which is fond of calling itself the Smart Set, and is growing rather than losing in numbers and influence—that that account is not unjust, and quite needed to be given and emphasized. It is vain to say that the evils in question are as rife among the middle class and among the poor. Let them be denounced, on suitable occasions, whenever they appear, but let the offenders of rank and wealth

<sup>1</sup> *The Sins of Society.* By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. London: Kegan Paul, Trübner, and Co.

remember that the responsibility laid on them is to lead the rest by setting good example, whereas the lead given by this "Smart Set" is just in the excess and the recklessness with which they offend. It is vain, too, to plead that denunciations of prevailing vices never do good. They may not do all the good one might desire, but in calling forcible attention to an evil, they do stir some consciences, and save their owners from the destruction into which they were hurrying. Still, one voice and one utterance are not enough, and this little volume will have achieved its most valuable success, if it should induce others to take up the tale of warning and exhortation, and keep it constantly before the minds, not so much of the obdurate offenders, but of those who are not yet wholly dead to the love of nobler ideals, and, most of all, of parents, to whose neglect of parental guardianship the calamity is so largely attributable.

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#### 6.—THE LAST OF THE ROYAL STUARTS.<sup>1</sup>

"On grounds of historical accuracy as well as of romantic predilection it is . . . just to regard Henry Stuart, as a stately and pious prince of the Church, as a lonely and pathetic, yet withal, picturesque and kingly figure." Such is Mr. Vaughan's conclusion to his scholarly, well-written, and aptly-illustrated volume. We follow with interest and sympathy the story of the Cardinal Duke of York, by descent King Henry IX. of England, from his birth in Rome through the brief period of promise in Paris, and then, after his many disappointments in the French and Papal Courts, to his long, uneventful, but honourable reign as Cardinal Bishop of Frascati. Though not precisely a learned work, the author shows himself capable of handling large questions as well as small ones, and is distinctly felicitous in telling us enough, yet not too much, of the fortunes of the rest of the family, of the Pretender, and the Duchess of Albany, of the policies of France and of Rome. The fairness, moderation, and good-feeling of Mr. Vaughan's tone and judgments, and his thorough acquaintance with his subject, will rarely fail to carry his readers along with him, to their no less benefit than pleasure.

J. H. P.

<sup>1</sup> *The Last of the Royal Stuarts.* By Herbert M. Vaughan, B.A., Oxon. London: Methuen, 1906. 309 pp.

## Short Notices.

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*A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction.* Edited by the Rev. John Hagan, Vice-Rector, Irish College, Rome. (Browne and Nolan. 1s.) In this first instalment of what should prove a most useful and practical manual, is presented the Catholic doctrine concerning the sacraments in general, and Baptism in particular. According to the editor's plan three sources of information are to be incorporated. 1. A course of catechetical instruction by the Very Rev. Angelo Raineri; 2. The Catechism of the Council of Trent (new translation); 3. A Translation of the Catechism of Pius X., *i.e.*, the compendium of Christian Doctrine prescribed by the present Pope for use in the various dioceses of the Province of Rome.

*Historical Records and Studies* (United States Catholic Historical Society), vol. iv., Parts I. and II. The United States Catholic Historical Society is engaged on a larger scale in the same kind of work as our own Record Society, for besides mere Records its publications include disquisitions and fragments of history, which occasionally concern Church matters but very remotely.

In the present volume, for example, along with "A Register of the Clergy laboring in the Archdiocese of New York from early missionary times to 1885,"—"The establishment of the Capuchin Order in the United States,"—and "The History of a Parochial School" (St. Gabriel's, New York), we have "The Siege of La Paz (Bolivia), by the revolted Indians in 1780," and "The Eskimo in Greenland." A considerable proportion of the papers are contributed by the President, Dr. Herbermann, one of these, "On the early History of Peruvian Bark (Quinine) in Europe," being replete with curious and interesting information. The connection of this with Catholicism is, of course, the old name of "Jesuit's Bark," by which the drug was formerly known.

Vol. xxxiii. of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy* contains Father Cortie's report of the Stonyhurst expedition for observation of the total solar eclipse of 1905, at Vinaroz, Spain, of which mention was made in our last issue. The Academy having lent valuable instruments to the Stonyhurst observers (a coelostat and long-focus lens), to it their Report was naturally addressed, being read before it on April 23, 1906. It includes four prints from photographs which illustrate the more important features of the solar *corona* as seen on the occasion.

*An Indexed Synopsis of Newman's Grammar of Assent.* By J. J. Toohey, S.J. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 3s. 6d.) Despite its title, this is *not* a synopsis, which, following the alphabetical arrangement of an index, it could not be. But as furnishing means for finding whatever is wanted in Newman's famous essay, it will be most valuable, and, if it appears to err by excess rather than defect of information, this is at least a fault on the right side.

As a Christmas book Messrs. Burns and Oates issue Southey's well-known ballad, *The Inchcape Rock*, familiar to many generations of reciters, with an historical note by Abbot Gasquet upon John Gedy, Abbot of Aberbrothok—or Arbroath,—who placed in position the historic bell upon whose fate the story turns, a note by Mr. Everard Meynell upon the Bell Rock Lighthouse, which has replaced it, and numerous illustrations by Mr Lindsay D. Symington. The price is one shilling net.

*In the Hour of Death.* By Martin Peaks (C.T.S. 2d.). Here we have a consideration for every day of the week, from Monday to Sunday, on some feature of the final act with which all our lives must close. The author has evidently studied the works of spiritual writers who deal with the subject. Whether he has had practical experience of death-beds we cannot feel so assured.

*More Chinese Tales.* By Alice Dease (C.T.S. 1d.). These stories, simple, interesting, and edifying, form a worthy addition to those by the issue of which the Catholic Truth Society has put so many readers old and young in its debt.

*George Herbert and his Times,* by A. G. Hyde (London, Methuen, 1906). A pleasantly-written biography of the deeply religious Anglican poet, whose thought was often cast in so singularly Catholic a mould. The materials for biography are rather scanty, but the author seems to have made the most of them. They are eked out by a good selection of illustrations.

*The Register of Thomas of Brantyngham, Bishop of Exeter*, (A.D. 1370—1394), Part II., by the Rev. F. C. Hingeston-Randolph (London, George Bell, 1906). The venerable editor still pursues untiringly his task of calendaring the Episcopal Registers of the See of Exeter. This, the eighth volume which has been published, shows no sign of failing powers. Like so many of its predecessors, it presents a most interesting picture of the internal administration of a diocese ruled by an energetic prelate, who, if much occupied with matters of State, was still constantly mindful of his duties as a Bishop.

*The Political History of England*, Vol. X., *History of England from the Accession of George III. to 1801*, by Rev. William Hunt (London, Longmans, 1905). This is a most readable account of the first two-thirds of the reign of George III. Dr. Hunt's name is guarantee for a thorough and discriminating use of the best materials. To judge from the references to papers at the Record Office, original research has not been neglected. Dr. Hunt writes with impartiality, and does full justice to Pitt's able statesmanship. The utility of the volume is greatly increased by the excellent maps.

*La Théologie de St. Hippolyte*, par Adhémar d'Alès (Paris, Beauchesne, 177 Rue de Rennes, 1906). The publishers of the excellent series appearing under the general title of *Bibliothèque de Théologie Historique* are distinctly to be congratulated on the inclusion of Father A. d'Alès' study of St. Hippolytus. St. Hippolytus is especially interesting at the present day on account of the comparatively recent recovery of so many fragments of his works. Father d'Alès unhesitatingly assigns to him the authorship of the *Philosophumena* and consequently believes him to have fallen into schism under Pope Callixtus. By his martyrdom, St. Hippolytus, as he supposes, recovered his place among the ranks of the elect. The author's views in this monograph seem to us to be everywhere temperate and well reasoned.

*Formation de l'Orateur Sacré*, Méthode, par François Bouchage (Paris, Emmanuel Vitte, 1906). A thoroughly practical and sensible little treatise on preparation for the pulpit. It comes to us with the best of recommendations, and seems fully to deserve the high opinion expressed of it.

*Soeur Marie-Joseph Kumi, religieuse dominicaine* (1763—1817), by A. L. Masson (Paris, Emmanuel Vitte, 1906). Soeur Marie-Joseph was a Swiss *extatica* who bore the stigmata and

led a very wonderful interior life. M. Masson, whose biography of the Blessed Curé d'Ars is so well known, has here exhibited the same qualities of sobriety and good taste as were shown in his previous work.

*Talks with the Little Ones about the Apostles' Creed*, by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus (New York, Benziger, 1906). These talks are excellently adapted for their purpose. The large type and the attractive illustrations are likely to make them very popular.

*"I am the Way."* *A Treatise for the Followers of Christ*, Translated from the French of Father Nepveu, by the Hon. A. Wilmot, M.L.C. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster (London, Burns and Oates, 1906). Archbishop Bourne strongly commends Father Nepveu's little volume as a work which "logically, consecutively and simply unfolds the Teaching of the Gospel." The translation appears to us to run smoothly and naturally. The book is very cheap and the type, though rather small, is easy to read.

In *The Immortality of the Human Soul* (Sands and Co.), Father George Fell, S.J., expounds the philosophical arguments for that belief. This English translation is by Dom Lawrence Villing, O.S.B., but the original work was in German and the reasoning is addressed primarily to German readers. Judged from that point of view it is excellent, weaving as it does the concessions of modern German writers into the exposition of arguments which are as old as the hills. In England there are not wanting those who can appreciate abstract arguments and understand them, but the typical English reader will not look at an argument which is at all abstract in its character. To meet his requirements it is practically necessary to water down such arguments until, though they may succeed in convincing him, they lose their real conclusiveness in the process. It is unfortunate, as they are arguments which cannot be satisfactorily supplied for. Still, it is a fact, and may diminish the number of readers for this little volume. The translator is a German, and as such he does his work wonderfully well, but it is a pity he did not get a native Englishman to revise it.

Free Will and Determinism is a problem which is discussed and rediscussed in every generation, and yet without new arguments of any moment being discoverable on either side. Hume, in short, was right when he inferred from the long duration

of the controversy that it was due not so much to any radical disagreement as to the thing in question, but to some misunderstanding as to what the terms meant—though he was not equally successful in contributing to the removal of the misunderstanding. The elements in the controversy being thus unchangeable, Father Joseph Rickaby, in his *Free Will and Four English Philosophers* (Burns and Oates), was justified in basing his discussion of it on four classical English authors—Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Mill, who have the merit of saying all that there is to be said on the Determinist side, and saying it forcibly. It is a bright little book, and may be recommended to students.

*Life after Life*, by Eustace Mills (Methuen and Co.), is a defence of the theory of Re-incarnations. The author fully acknowledges that this theory can appeal to no evidence in its favour either of revelation or psychology, but only to its pragmatic value, if such it has, and he endeavours to show that it has. He is as successful as the subject admits of, which is not saying much; and in this sense he may be profitably read. But a square-headed reader should compare this book with Father Hull's *Theosophy and Christianity* (C.T.S.), and then judge if Theosophy can claim to have really solved any of the problems of life.

*By the Royal Road*, by Marie Haultmont (Sands and Co.) A story of a girl who all through her life was the victim of the misdeeds of others, but whose character was chastened and perfected under the ordeal. An edifying book for young people, but it has an unnecessarily sad end, and falls into the defect, not unusual, with Catholic lady writers, of resorting to a religious vocation as a *Deus ex machina*.

*Her Faith against the World*, by Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert (Burns and Oates). A story which originally came out in the pages of THE MONTH.

*Francis Apricot*, by David Bearne, S.J. (Washbourne). Another of Father Bearne's acceptable stories for boys. Frankie is a strong-willed little fellow who can be very naughty sometimes, but has sterling qualities in his character which eventually gain the mastery. The clogs come in for their usual tribute of praise.

## Magazines.

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### *Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

STUDIEN UND MITTHEILUNGEN. (1906, II., III.)

The History of Glanfeuil in the Ninth Century. *Franz Adlhoeh.*  
The Relics of St. Emmeram. *G. Weber.* Abbot Bernard II.  
of St. Gall. *J. Scheiwiler.* The projected Council under  
Innocent VII. and King Ruprecht of Pfalz. *Franz  
Blicmetzrieder.* The Wintenev Version of the Rule of  
St. Benedict. *O. Stark.* The Westminster Customary.  
*O. Stark.* Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (December 1 and 17.)

Christian Apologetic and Modern Culture. Heroism in Charity.  
The Treasure of the Sancta Sanctorum. The Beginnings of  
Christmas. Agriculture and the Roman Campagna before  
Pius VII. The Oratory of San Lorenzo in the ancient  
Palace of the Lateran. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (November 28.)

St. Melania and her Alms-deeds. *S. Beissel.* The falling Birth-  
rate in France. *H. Krosch.* Heathen Mysteries at the  
time of the coming of Christ. *J. Blötzer.* The Fever of  
Revolution in Southern America. *R. Schlitz.* Petrarca's  
*Canzoniere* and *Trionfo.* *A. Baumgartner.* Reviews, &c.

REVUE PRATIQUE D'APOLOGÉTIQUE. (December 1 and 15.)

The Gospel of the Infancy. *A. Durand.* The Religious Sense  
in Alfred de Musset. *P. Ponsard.* Paganism and Catholic  
Worship. *Dom F. Cabrol.* Were the Fifteenth Century  
Popes responsible for the delay of Reform? *P. Nourry.*  
Why I believe in God. *J. Guibert.* The Criteria of  
Exstasy. *A. Hamon.* Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (1906, IX.)

The Prophecy of Daniel and the year of Christ's Death.  
*J. Hontheim.* Statutes of a Rosary Confraternity of  
1481. *W. Schmitz.* Marginal Notes to the Biblical  
Question. *Dr. Selbst.* The Indissolubility of Marriage  
and the Sermon on the Mount. *C. Gspann.* Reviews, &c.

RAZON Y FE. (December.)

The Hierarchy and the Anticlerical Democracy—the Religious  
Orders. *L. Murillo.* The Proposed Associations Law.  
*P. V.* A great musical Artist—Monastério. *Saj.* Pereda  
the Novelist. *J. M. Aicardo.* One Catechism for Spain.  
*J. M. Solá.* Le Sillon. *N. Noguér.* Reviews, &c.



## *The French Persecution.*

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WE do not need to apologize for returning to the subject of the French persecution. It is the subject which is closest to our hearts just now, closer, if possible, than that of the fates in store for our Catholic schools at home, and we cannot but watch the development of the movement with the keenest interest. That the situation which has resulted since the Law of Separation came into effect is most cruel and deplorable, few will be prepared to deny, nor is it the policy of the present French Government and its supporters to deny it. On December 12th, not only did the *budget cultuel* stop, but the entire property of the Church, not merely that which it had before the Revolution, but all that it had built or acquired since that time with funds supplied by the liberality of its own children—its church buildings, its episcopal palaces and presbyteries, its seminaries, *petits et grands*, with all their appurtenances and revenues, passed—*de facto* if not *de jure*—into the possession either of the State or of the communes. The Bishops were forthwith ejected from their residences, the seminarists and their professors from their colleges—these without any conditions of retention being offered them. The local authorities were to deal with the clergy, and could allow them to remain as tenants on payment of rent, but as to pay rent would have been to acknowledge the validity of the confiscation, they have refused on principle to accept these terms, and have awaited an expulsion which in very many places has been already executed, but in others delayed either because the *Maires* shrank from the odium of such a step or the communes were Catholic in their dispositions. It was supposed at first that the churches now belonging to the Communes might be employed as the local authorities thought fit, and some of them were shut up. But the Government, evidently anxious lest the people, neglectful as they are of religious duties themselves, should be too irate if public worship were to cease altogether, suddenly discovered that, though the

propriatorship in the churches had changed, it was held under condition that the purpose of their erection should be respected ; and hence prescribed that they must still continue to be left open for Divine worship. This would seem to involve that the Catholics were free to continue their services in the ancient buildings, and that is what they have everywhere done, though on the ground not so much that this concession had been made to them, but that the churches were theirs, and they intended to cling to them till they were actually excluded. Accordingly, the services have gone on as before, and with increased rather than diminished attendances in many places, but not without serious hardships to those concerned. In some places the *Maires* have claimed to keep the keys of the churches, which means, of course, at the very least, that the Blessed Sacrament cannot be reserved in them. In others, they have claimed to fix the times and modes of service, to restrict the priest in the time to be given for preparing children for First Communion, to impose high fees payable to themselves for the religious celebration of marriages, and this in addition to fees already exacted by them for the civil ceremonies. In other cases they have presumed to stop funerals, and insist that the interments shall henceforth be civil. In one case, and that in Bossuet's native town of Dijon, the *Maire*, unasked, intruded on the rites of the catafalque, and on the mourning of the bereaved relatives, with one of those windy orations which, with the French anti-clerical, serve as substitutes for the consolations of religion. Very generally they have instituted proceedings against the priests for officiating without having first made the declaration which the Holy See has forbidden ; and so the country has seen in all its four quarters the spectacle of priests, with instructive variety, here acquitted and there fined for doing what the churches were supposed to be left open on purpose that they might do. This meant that there was uncertainty in the law, an uncertainty which by leaving its interpretation to so many local authorities led a speaker in the Chamber of Deputies to say that instead of one Separation Act there were now 36,000 in working. The Government has, however, done something for the removal of this *impasse*, and apparently by the new Law of January 2, 1907—especially if, as seems probable, it is to be supplemented by M. Flandin's still newer *projet de loi* now under discussion—it will be recognized that priest and people are free legally, apart

from any declaration whatever, to hold their usual services and sacramental administrations in their own churches. To have wrested this much of a foothold in the churches from a reluctant Government is a point gained by the steady adherence of the Catholics to their principles; but it must be remembered how much is still wanting of what is essential to the carrying on of the Church's life and work. Even this slight foothold is precarious, since it is to endure only till some *blocard* Government deems it safe to indulge its anti-clericalism to the extent of "disaffecting" the churches, which it will probably do one by one. The Catholics may also be ejected, by the advent of any suspended or apostate priest who can get a few like-minded persons to form an *Association Cultuelle*, and claim the church and its property under that title. This has actually happened at Culey, where an *Association Cultuelle* of the kind forbidden by the Pope was formed by a suspended priest, whom it appointed to the parish. The local authorities made no difficulty in entering this *Association* as valid, and the lawful priest was ejected, his flock following him. The same may soon happen in many churches at Paris, where a M. Laloy, a young commercial traveller, has got together an *Association* for which he has obtained acceptance and registration at the Prefecture. His modest intention, as announced by himself, is to acquire possession in this way, and provide priests under the control of his Associations, in all the churches of Paris. He makes a beginning with St. Louis d'Antin.<sup>1</sup> And even where the Catholics are unmolested in this way the Law of January, 1907, only allows them to be in the churches on sufferance and without the right to perform any act of administration; whilst on the other hand they are likely to be charged with the expenses of maintaining both the services and the fabrics, though forewarned that any collections made in the churches for this or other purposes will be claimed by the Communal authorities as belonging to them. And then there is the great problem how to maintain the 40,000 clergy thus suddenly bereft of their means of support, and still more how to maintain the supply of clergy, the seminaries being dispersed, and even where re-formed in new abodes confronted by the prospect of a forthcoming Law which is to restrict more than ever the right of teaching outside the State schools.

<sup>1</sup> See the *Univers* for January 22nd, where the text of his letter to the Curé of St. Louis d'Antin is given.

Such is the forlorn state to which within the period of a few short weeks the venerable Church of France has been reduced by what M. Briand has mockingly called his "blows of liberty." Still, that he is not pleased with the result is evident not merely, as we have said, by his partial efforts to relieve the situation, but by his excessive anxiety to make out that his own intentions were to give the Catholics every facility their consciences could demand, and that it is only the perversity and political egotism of the Holy See which has precipitated the catastrophe. His reasons for wishing to put this face upon the action of his party are clearly perceived by the Catholics of France. They understand their country, and perceive, and see that he perceives, that, the result of the elections notwithstanding, there is an underlying mass of Catholicism in the country which can stand a good deal, but will not stand a general closing of the churches. He felt, they see, that he must proceed craftily. Let the Catholics be made to form for themselves a system of *Associations Cultuelles* on the lines that his Law prescribed, and soon they would become involved in a variety of domestic quarrels and schisms which must hamper their action and sap their strength. Meanwhile the State schools would continue their work of dechristianizing the rising generations until in no long time Catholicism would expire of itself through the failure of its internal vitality. It is just this shrewd calculation, however, which has been falsified by the discernment of the Holy See and the Bishops who perceived the trap, and by the splendid unity of the clergy and laity who at their bidding have refused to walk into it, though at the sacrifice of all their venerable churches and institutions, and of so many cherished liberties. Let us honour them as they deserve for setting us such an example of the reality of Catholic faith and loyalty in an unbelieving and self-seeking age, and let us support them at least by our prayers and expressions of sympathy, if in our own poverty we can render them but little material help.

We are not assuming without warrant that, in conceding the *Associations Cultuelles*, and, in default of their acceptance, conceding churches confiscated but still left open for worship, M. Briand was actuated by no conciliatory spirit, but was simply pursuing his destructive aims by the methods which seemed to him best calculated to ensure ultimate success. Nor are we assuming without warrant that Pius X., in directing the

refusal of these concessions, was actuated by worthy motives and not by the unscrupulous wish to disturb a peaceful country. Both these points were sufficiently explained in our previous article, and have since then been admirably discussed by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for January.<sup>1</sup>

Nor should we return to this branch of the subject, were it not becoming to take note of the further confirmation of the justice of the Pope's action which has accumulated during the past month. In the first place we have had a wholly unexpected expression of opinion from no less a person than the original author of the Separation Law. M. Combes, writing to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, finds fault with the present Ministry for unintelligent legislation. It is not that he would, if himself in office, give the Catholics any better terms, apparently he would have given them worse. But he charges his successors with having brought the Government of the country into an impossible position through incapacity to understand the mentality of Catholics. They have been prodigal, too prodigal, he thinks, of friendly overtures and liberal concessions, and they are smitten with astonishment that the Pope, and with him the French Catholics as a united body, should have spurned the overtures and rejected the concessions. Had they taken more pains to study Catholic belief they would not have fallen into this error or felt this surprise. In thus introducing his remarks M. Combes is consistent with himself, as a bitter enemy of the religion which trained him and gave him his start in life. But what is of interest is that in sustaining his criticism of the present Ministry he affirms just the very points on which the Catholics have been insisting, and which the English Press, in its apology for M. Briand, has been denying.

A grave initial error [he writes] has been committed by the authors of the Separation Law; the source of which is in their involuntary ignorance or misconception of Catholic doctrine. Their conception is marked throughout by a respect for religious communions as laudable as it is sincere. But this very respect, in not distinguishing between

<sup>1</sup> Mention should also be made of the excellent articles in the *Saturday Review*, and of articles in the *Birmingham Daily Post* and the *Yorkshire Post*, which amidst the chorus of newspaper misrepresentation have ventured to be impartial in their judgments. The *Times'* Rome correspondent deserves also the thanks of English Catholics for correcting from authentic sources of information the vagaries of his Paris colleague.

them has tended to destroy the effect of their good intentions. In legislating for the different cults as though they were uniform, and in applying the same rules to them all, they do violence, at least in the case of one of them, to their essence. The famous theory of *Associations Cultuelles* . . . accords ill with the leading principle of Catholic belief, though it may accord well, or rather just because it accords well, with the leading principle of the Protestant and Jewish cults. The Catholic communion rests on the sovereign authority of an infallible head. From this authority alone it draws its warrant and its duration. The other two communions have for their warrant, in unequal degrees, the free adhesion of their members, and their direct participation in the administration of their cult. It is indeed stipulated by Article IV. of the Separation Law that the *Associations Cultuelles* which are allowed to benefit under the Law must be in conformity with the organization of the cult. But this concession, made originally, and without reserve, at the instance of the speakers in the Chamber on the Catholic side, was afterwards partly reconsidered, and, to tell the truth, disfigured, or nearly so, under pressure from the Radicals . . . with the result that it had lost its power to render the clause acceptable to the Church, in view of the system exacted in the formation of the *Associations Cultuelles*. . . . For, instead of providing for an initiative from above in the constitution of these associations, they look to the initiative of simple laymen, as if, in keeping with Catholic doctrine, simple laymen could substitute their initiative for that of their pastor. Instead of leaving it to the pastors, and especially to the chief pastor, to organize these associations, they subordinate the pastors to their flocks. It is the flock which is to lead its pastors through the fertile pastures, and the rich properties of their revenue. It is the flock which is to administer these goods, and hold on occasion, when the desire seizes it, the sweet morsel high up for the pastors to reach at.

And on these grounds he repudiates as childish the contention so readily accepted by the English papers, that in rejecting the Associations clause Pius X. has been actuated by motives other than purely religious.

I believe myself to have now demonstrated that the refusal of Pius X. to accept the organizations of *Associations Cultuelles* prescribed by the Law of 1905, was motivated by a consciousness of his duties to his Church. It is childish to describe it as obstinacy, or to set it down to his personal character when the man himself is dominated and controlled by a doctrine not less unchangeable than irresistible. Let me repeat it, the intransigence of the Pope is an intransigence of doctrine.

Even on the question of the comparative acceptability of

the proposed French and the German Associations M. Combes feels bound to justify Pius X. as against his critics.

The comparison [he says] is illusory. It served to furnish an argument for the tribune, but it cannot hold up against a serious examination. The German *Associations Culturelles* have not to be separated from the general organization of the Catholic religion in Germany. When some modifications of this organization were attempted by Prince Bismark the result was to provoke a most obstinate and acute conflict between the Pope and the German Empire; nor was that conflict ended until after repeated negotiations had issued in an agreement between the two Powers.<sup>1</sup>

M. Briand was naturally irritated by criticisms coming from such a quarter, and destroying all the subterfuges on which he was relying, but in his own subsequent communication to the *Neue Freie Presse*, of January 18th, he had no difficulty in showing that M. Combes' own projected law of separation was open, and still more open, to the censures he was now bestowing on others. Of the two legislators M. Briand, though harsh enough in all conscience, is probably the milder persecutor, and it is clearer than possibly M. Combes himself is aware, that his one motive in thus seeking to undermine the credit of his rivals was to pave the way for his own return to power, or at all events to pay off a grudge against those who have been preferred to him.

That, however, does not diminish the utility of his criticisms for our purpose. Though they may have no value as utterances of an honest conviction, they have an agreeable piquancy as coming from such a source. But their real value lies in this, that they show a perfect appreciation of the reasons for the Pope's rejection of the *Associations*, and of the obligation which from his standpoint these reasons must have imposed upon him; and that they testify in consequence to the injustice of the Separation Law and the unreality of M. Briand's plea that he offered the Catholics all that on the principles of their religion they could reasonably demand. For M. Briand's insidious contention, it must be remembered, is that he has treated the Catholics most generously, that he has not confiscated a single *sou* of their Church property, but has only taken over as *res nullius* property which they preferred to abandon rather than submit to the few harmless forms which the Law had provided for them.

<sup>1</sup> Translated from *La Croix* of January 14th.

It is refreshing to pass from the acknowledgments of these jealous political rivals to Pius X.'s sad but dignified reaffirmation of his own motives in his Encyclical of January 6th, an Encyclical addressed this time "to the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, *clergy and people* of France."

He begins with a moving reassurance of the fulness of his sympathy with the sufferers.

Once more the events which have been hurried on in your noble country lead Us to address a word to the Church of France to sustain her in her trials and to console her in her grief. It is when the sons are suffering that the Father's heart ought most of all to be turned towards them, and so it is most of all when We see you suffering that the floods of tenderness should burst forth copiously from the depths of Our paternal heart, and reach you overflowing with encouragement and sweetness. Those afflictions, venerable brethren and most dear sons, have at the present time a mournful echo over the whole Church Catholic, but We ourselves feel them still more keenly, and sympathize with you with a tenderness which, growing with the growth of your trials, seems to increase day by day.

He tells them of the consolation he has himself experienced at the spectacle of their fidelity to the Apostolic See and the unity with which they are acting together. He warns them, however—so far is he from anticipating any speedy end to the present persecution—that they must strive to prepare themselves by recourse to prayer for a further embitterment of their lot, since "it is not only the Christian faith which it is wished at all costs to root out of the heart of man, but every belief whatever which raises him above the horizons of this world, and bids him direct his weary glance beyond the bounds of nature to the Heaven above." And he exhorts them to bear constantly in mind that, in the long trial and increasing hardships that are probably before them, their strength will be in proportion to the closeness of their union with the Apostolic See.

Then he comes to the misrepresentation of his motives and actions under which the adversary has sought to shelter and conceal the iniquity of his own objects. It has been suggested that the Church has forced on the violent persecution in its desire to create difficulties for the State by provoking a religious agitation.

What a strange charge [he says]. The mission of the Church is one of peace, and she can never desire a religious war. Nor was it



the Church which began the strife in France, as fair-minded men, even those who are not Catholics, fully recognize. As for this war, particularly during the last twenty-five years, all that she has done has been to undergo it. That is the truth. The declarations, a thousand times repeated in the press, in the congresses, in the masonic conventions, in Parliament itself, prove it to be so, as do the progressive and methodical attacks which are made upon her.

Nor does she desire violent persecutions. She has had experience of them, and does not fear them. But they are an evil in themselves, and she cannot wish for them; moreover, they inflict suffering on her sons, and this cannot but wound her maternal love.

Coming at length to M. Briand's extraordinary sophism—by which he has tried to justify his ruthless act of confiscation on the plea that he was merely using the State's right to take over abandoned property—the Pope disposes of it with irresistible logic.

As regards the ecclesiastical property which We are accused of having abandoned, it must be remembered that this property was in part the patrimony of the poor, and the still more sacred patrimony of the dead. It was not lawful, therefore, for the Church to abandon it, or consign it away; she could only submit to its being taken out of her hands by violence. Moreover, no one will believe that she has deliberately abandoned, except under pressure of reasons the most imperious, what had been thus confided to her, and was so necessary to her, for the carrying on of worship, for the maintenance of the sacred edifices, for the formation of her clerics, and the sustentation of her ministers. It was because she was perfidiously placed in the position of having to choose between suffering material ruin and giving her consent to a violation of her constitution, which is of Divine origin, that she refused, even at the cost of poverty, to allow the work of God to be touched in her. Her property, then, has been taken from her, she has not abandoned it. And it follows that to declare her ecclesiastical property to have become vacant at an assigned date, if by that date the Church has not created within herself a new organization; to subject this creation to conditions manifestly incompatible with the Divine constitution of this Church, which was thereby placed under the necessity of rejecting them, and then to assign this property to a third party, as property which was now without an owner; and finally to affirm that in so doing they were not despoiling the Church but only disposing of property which she had abandoned; this was not merely to reason like sophists but to add insult to the cruellest of spoliations. For spoliation it undeniably is, and such as it is vain to seek to palliate by affirming that there was no moral person

to whom this property could be assigned. For the State has the power to confer civil personality on whomsoever the public good requires that it should be conferred, on Catholic institutions as well as others, and in any case it would have been easy for it not to subject the formation of *Associations Cultuelles* to conditions in direct opposition to the Divine constitution of the Church they were supposed to serve.

In the remainder of this striking Encyclical, Pius X. reiterates the objections already sufficiently known, to the formation of *Associations Cultuelles*, and to the annual *declarations* which were subsequently offered as a substitute (which he says might have been tolerated, if the priest could have acquired by them the recognition of a juridical title to use and administer the churches); and he further condemns the new Law of January the 3rd, as even extending and completing the work of spoliation, whilst still conceding to the clergy only the bare use of their churches under conditions rendering their due administration uncertain and imperfect, and yet imposing on them an enormous expense without allowing them the means of collecting funds to meet it. Finally, in words of impressive solemnity he appeals from the pronouncements of contemporary passion and prejudice to the calm verdict of history, which will recognize that in the course he is taking he is only doing what any other Pope must and would have done in like circumstances, and that, he has "not wished to humiliate the civil power, or to combat a form of government, but to guard the inviolable work of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ."

It was not to be expected that this third Encyclical would avail to stem the torrent of a misrepresentation so necessary to the persecuting Government if it would save its face. But it has made its mark, and will render the task of the calumniators more difficult than it was, especially as the number of copies distributed through France is already to be counted by millions. Not only the Catholic papers, but even what are called the moderate papers—indeed, in some cases, even the hostile papers—have felt constrained to recognize that its grave and lucid expositions carry conviction, at least as to the motives of the Pontiff's action, and the inadmissibility of the *Associations Cultuelles* from a Catholic standpoint. The one criticism which a paper like the *Journal des Débats* has to make is that the Encyclical indicates no way out of the *impasse* into which the French Church has been brought. But that is like reproaching a prisoner held captive by strong walls and triple locks for

not devising a satisfactory means of regaining his freedom. There can be no solution of the present difficulty, no way of egress from the present *impasse*, until the rulers of the country are moved to offer one which the Church can accept. Till then, her only course is to submit to the disabilities and the utter destitution inflicted on her, and strive to carry on her saving work as best she can under these restrictions. And that is what she is preparing to do, in the most generous and courageous spirit, under the wise guidance of her Bishops.

*Cette éternelle recommenceuse* (this Church which is everlastingly recommencing), M. Jules Ferry is reported to have said of her—in irritation, no doubt, but with a correct appreciation of the law of her being. Nature, when some of her fairest scenes are stripped by hurricane or scorched by fire, begins at once to re clothe them first with a few humble shoots or grasses, presently with a richer vestment of shrubs and saplings, and at length with such a profusion of spreading trees and flowery banks as restores to them all their former beauty. And so the Church of God, when some social convulsion or fiery persecution has stripped her of her fair shrines of worship, destroyed her institutions, and broken up her organizations, never abandons as hopeless the sacred task for which she was placed on earth, but patiently sets to work to build up and re-form afresh; and never loses heart, even when the prospect of further and worse disasters is looming in front of her, but, trusting in the Providence of her Divine Head, is assured that in one way or another, according as it shall please Him, she will be enabled to maintain her life, and carry on her ministrations—even into centuries when her persecutors of the moment, like those of former generations, with all their hostile schemes and institutions, shall have passed out of existence and perhaps out of memory. And it is just through this indefectibility of her life, which is most conspicuous in the times of her sharpest trials, that in spite of misconception, in spite of misrepresentation, in spite of the scandals in which her unworthy sons involve her, she succeeds in convincing so many serious minds that the stamp of eternity is upon her, and she is not of this world. *Cette éternelle recommenceuse !*

S. F. S.

## *Notre-Dame de Lourdes.*

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Jesus is in Agony till the End of the World.

(Pascal, *Mystère de Jésus.*)

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As the train rattled towards Lourdes, the feelings of the three travellers became always more markedly differentiated.

At the very outset that day there had been a *contretemps*. They had made a loop in their journey and come by Pau, and as Arthur, that morning, had stepped into the station omnibus, the proprietress of the hotel had wished him God-speed and a perfect cure. And no wonder, so haggard was he still, in spite of that Italian convalescence, after the wrecking weeks spent in Paris, and the mental tempests which had succeeded to them. But to be pitied, to be commented on, was to him a pure exasperation; and now, in the reaction, he sat apathetic and unapproachable in his corner, Hugh opposite him, and Jean at his left. Only when he realized that this river, impetuously flinging itself forward on his right to meet him, was that very Gave on which Lourdes was built, did a momentary wave of excitement pass over him; for, with what was all but the cold superstition of despair, he had fastened his hopes of any sort of salvation, moral, mental, physical even, on what was to happen to him in that town: superstition it was, he frankly told himself, since the whole organization of the shrine had after all been built up over a story which he disbelieved; a cold superstition, for that since leaving Italy the old torpor had fastened on his brain; and, in the ever-growing fatigue of the railway journey he found himself once more, as a rule, indifferent whether he achieved his faith or not. Only, for this one moment, the nearness of the goal caught at his heart, which beat hard; and he wondered, at each turn of the valley, whether at last the well-known picture of the piled churches crowning and flanking the grotto, the hills and town and mountains would be shown. He was just hoping that here, where life, in its religious function, would be found working at highest pressure, it might at

length generate the divine impulse which should set going the complicated machinery of his own soul, dead and meaningless now for lack of a dynamic.

Hugh also was growing restless as the time advanced. He had been reading Dr. Boissarie's masterly account of certain Lourdes miracles, to which he had turned gratefully after the idyllic pages of Lasserre, the first literary apostle of the shrine. He felt, as he did so, that he left fairy-land for a far more true romance, for the drama of God's mysterious action, where man was His instrument, and man again the material on which He worked ; so that the whole result was almost painfully human in its structure, its movement, still more in its physiognomy, and yet was instinct with a divine life so communicative as to make Lourdes one of the greatest religious facts in the world to-day. "Fool," thought Hugh, "who should try to regard as divine the very stuff, the brute matter of this great dynamo ; who should fancy its showy trappings to be of its essence, and from God ; but proud, and doubly therefore fool, who cannot own to the power, the expressed will electrically acting through it, renewing the vital current of humanity where contact was established." But philosophy was quickly giving way to sheer devotion, which set up a kind of tremor within him ; and he found it hard to keep a perfect grip upon himself, and to prevent emotion bewildering his senses till he should be incapable of appreciating what they presented to him. All alike would suffer, prayer, faith itself, if once he passed into the hallucination of a devotee, where the stage-setting of the vital drama acts more powerfully than the reality which it supports.

Jean, of the three, was the most self-possessed. She was trying to "recollect" herself before arriving at the favoured town, and was saying her beads for the success of the intentions of all of them. Her own she had written down, and proposed to leave in the hollow within the grotto popularly known as Our Lady's Letter-Box. There the paper would stay till the cleft was full, when it would be removed and burnt unread. She also wondered whether their rooms would be suitable, and if the hotel was really, as it professed itself, the nearest to the churches.

Arthur gave an exclamation.

The train, whistling as it approached Lourdes, steamed rapidly past the shrine situated on the opposite bank of the

river. Yet the scene was grasped in its details, looking, as it struck all three travellers, distressingly like its own pictures. Perhaps the stiff line of the embankment above the turbulent river, alone alive, made too much of a frame for the wooded hill and the church, white and grey in stripes and chequers, perched uneasily like a profile cut in cardboard above the rocks. Trees hid most of the lower buildings; and the double distance of hills, then mountains, was too expected to impress one by its magnificence. Only the black, dimly-stirring crowd before the grotto—which from the train looked but a shallow recess scooped on the rock-face,—seemed living, and, in consequence, unnatural; and as displeasing as struggling flies glued to a photograph. Yet to this cliff-foot surged how huge a tide of hopes and prayers and agony from half the world; and, there breaking, made rainbows with the spray that fell back, full of virtue, over God's people!

The scene was quickly forgotten in the confusion of disembarkation. Arthur noted, with irritation, the wide French station, with low platforms barely distinguishable between the lines of rails. A sick person, in her little carriage, was in one place stationed full on the permanent way. Omnibuses, the most sacred names advertising their hotels, and manned by shrieking touts, lined the yard. The three travellers jolted down into the new, and then through the old town, towards the Hôtel de la Source. A certain discomfort made itself felt by all of them, as they marked the splendid Parisian shops, filled with all manner of luxuries and worldly nick-nacks, kept there during the season, and all alike, from hair-brushes to betting-books, sanctified by the magic initials, N.D.L. On their left lay the long line of wooden shanties where, in endless graduated rows, stood the statues of Notre Dame de Lourdes, her white and blue plaster draperies rigid and only diversified by way of trade-mark, and where rosaries, medals, tin pots for the miraculous water, and innumerable devout trinkets were exhibited. Sweets were for sale, "guaranteed made with water from the grotto."

During the days that followed Hugh was very happy. The exquisite air and scenery playing their part together with his very genuine faculty for devotion, made the unusual life of many prayers and active religious exercise quite easy. Then Jean was more intimately with him, perhaps, than she had ever been, for Arthur, wholly absorbed in attending to sick persons,

was barely visible save at meals. So, alone with his wife in this atmosphere of tender and devout traditions, Hugh felt a new consecration promised to his future life. Always the memory of those daily Communions made side by side at the grotto would insinuate an element, as it were, of the supernatural into impressions however worldly and hard. In fact, this present consciousness of the supernatural saved him from countless annoyances to which he would else have been a prey. He was aware of this ; had noticed it, in fact, in French shrines before now ; thus, at Notre Dame des Victoires, at Paris, the imperative prayerfulness of the place had always, he had found, held brain and nerves in absolute quiet, despite the crowd of devotees kicking his ankles as he knelt, jostling him suddenly in the back, upsetting his hat, anxious to get near the altar above which stood the white statue so French in attitude, with its poised hip and bared throat. Here, though the numbers were certainly greater than usual at this extreme of the pilgrimage season, he suffered nothing from them. Lourdes was large, and people scattered among the three churches, the wide Place before them, and the hill of Mount Calvary ; and they were not always numerous even before the grotto itself. And hundreds were always engaged in making the devout purchases on which the town thrived.

Afterwards, Hugh saw clearly that he had gained more from these very crowds than mere allies in prayer, or the human element which kept his mind from the unpleasing mechanism and staging of the place. Of course he noticed, to dislike it, the anæmic Basilica, huddling its shoulders into the attenuated spire ; and, below, the ponderous masonry of the Church of the Rosary, from the roof of which flagged ramps, carried downwards over huge arcades, flung themselves out and round like the claws of a gigantic crab. He noticed, and might well have been worried by the smart traffic in tapers and water-pots that disfigured the grotto ; the unfailing rudeness of the employés ; the statue with staring eyes and heavy bluish sash, standing in a niche above his head as he knelt. The cheap artificiality in the churches ; the nauseating smell of old garments, vulgar foods, and, in the Piscina, of the stale water ; the untidy scraps of newspaper, the confused noise of prayers, directions, conversation, and small quarrelling, might well have accumulated sensations sufficiently disagreeable to extinguish higher feeling. Certainly they rendered absolutely impossible all heroics, all

mystic exaltation and suggestioning, all the religious hypnotism of which rationalist journalism makes easy capital.

The really powerful impression came to him from a triple source. There was always the sheer pathos of the Shrine's history, which he knew well, and which animated for him every feature, natural or artificial, of the scene. Bernadette, and those simple Pyrenean peasants of the first days, the wild scenery of the early grotto, were potent memories which charged with profound emotion the modern actualities of the Shrine. Then the sudden apparition of a really sick person, lying in his little car, or strapped to a litter, or led staggering to tap or bath, thrust upon Hugh the recognition of great agonies, of really mastering hopes and courage, of superb risks of faith, and an infinite variety of sacrifice and love. But most of all, it was the crowd as a whole that completed, now, his education which had been so long progressing towards the realization of his solidarity with mankind in Christ, the truer unity in which he was to constitute his own. He found this conviction at once mystical and sobering. Watching the crowd from his place above the Rosary Church, as it awaited the arrival of the afternoon procession of the Blessed Sacrament, he knew that to the vast majority of course, the great mysteries implied in the Christian doctrine of unity, of charity, of religious effort towards perfection presented themselves simply as matters of practical conduct: one must go to one's Sunday Mass, one's periodical Communion; one must keep the Commandments and help one's "even Christian." Here at Lourdes, no doubt, all must be intensified; the Communions more frequent, the active service more rich in self-sacrifice. And Hugh, looking over the parapet, could see the volunteer ambulance-men, and Arthur with them, lifting up the sick, as they lay there on mattresses or litters beneath the afternoon sun, that they might touch the monstrance as it passed to and fro among them. "Lord, heal our sick," was the reiterated cry: "Lord, that I may see; that I may walk." And again, "Lord, heal our sick, heal our sick." Even in this month of small pilgrimages, the scene was deeply moving: when the sick lay there in hundreds, in the summer, and wonderful things took place to right and left, the whole atmosphere became instinct with the miraculous. But it was the intense strain here testified to, the agony of Christ Himself, till He should have made all one in the ultimate marriage of the Incarnate Word with dismembered humanity, which



obsessed Hugh. Once he had grasped that the final unity was to be other and far *more* real than that of the individual as now he beheld it ; that to postulate that final unification was in no sense to deny the unity of personality now possessed by himself and his like, but to assert its transubstantiation into a still better state, he found no temptation to use the language which hastily wishes to express what thought itself even cannot grasp as yet, and to state the consummate whole in language identical with what describes the unities of which sense is cognizant ; the language of a Pantheism which made of prayer a mere "talking to one's self," and of any resistance to temptation, an attempted suicide which must convict God no less of sin than of stupidity. Nor, however, would he quarrel with those who, in sublime language (recognized as analogical, as almost less representative, at times, than solemn music, perhaps, or aspiring architecture) should strive to picture the progressive summing up of all things into Christ, the evolution of the Omega which should include not only the Alpha, but the linking letters of the divine alphabet that formed all words ; the construction of the one divine person, the "making up" in a mysterious way, of "what was wanting" in the fulness of the God-Man, to whom was already wedded the woman here worshipped as Immaculate in the very roots of her personality, and who, by a rich mystery, was His child and Mother too. At the same time, Hugh recognized, very justly, that he was not to find habitual succour in vivid appreciation of any such splendours. A man could not always be having spiritual crises. Digestion, assimilation, as well as the actual feeding on new truths, were necessary. The very food must usually be the normal bread of Christians, not the tonics and stimulants needed for the essentially weak, or at certain critical moments of development. No lungs would thrive purely upon oxygen. So, this visit to Lourdes was also a steadying influence which modified all his life. It fostered in him an habitual recognition of the supernatural basis of all religious life : the absolute need of divine grace, as a substantial reality acting on the soul, lifting it to its new condition and obtainable by careful and deliberate Communion, by prayer and care for others, by a particular recollection of the power and presence of the Holy Spirit. And indeed he came to find, precisely in this training of his will to the life of faith, the joys of the days of early illuminations ; joy less sensible than intellectual, no doubt, or rather more wholly

personal, since the reasoning intellect after all played a small enough part in the totality of his spiritual life. Partly it was that this knowledge of the solidarity of the Christian race freed him of all anxiety as to his position. That he had no "vocation" to the religious life was to him no humiliation. He was never other than grateful for his marriage. The perfection set before him, as before any monk or nun or priest, was that of the perfect Christ, to be reached by one in one way, by another in another, the paths thereto being evaluated less for what they were in themselves, than because not all alike were God's will for each; and his condition when the goal was reached (assuming always that he did win to his perfection) was to be judged less by what he was in himself, than what he was as a member of the universal Christ; and since that Christ was one, each part in the *living* organism was to have, in some sense, the value of the whole. And he had come back to the old thought: not only was each to be found in the whole, but the whole, in a sense outstripping his reasoned statement, was to be realized in each.

Lourdes therefore placed the colon to one clause of his life; a clause he would never regret—nay, he pitied men who could move through their history exempt from all spiritual events, hazards, peripeties—especially, he reflected, if ever they were to come to close quarters with souls. To have known but one set of experiences, and yet to hope for full understanding, was to beg for psychological miracles. That generated not peace (the consummation, no doubt, and even the subconscious possession of the agony involved in the development of a soul), but the rather stagnant repose of an absolutely sheltered pool, on the surface of which even relatively great changes were those of trivial lights and shadows, or the passing of an insignificant breeze. He was always grateful for certain boyish visits of his to an operating theatre—a cancer hospital—no less than to the places of so-called amusement popular with certain minds; vistas had been opened out, through which he had seen glimpses of the really great pains, the nature, too, of the *actual* pleasures existing in his world. And within his own soul, he would never be sorry for having "seen ghosts," as Newman—himself, through suffering, grown into a hero—had written. Even so, his history had been peace compared to Arthur's! That very morning, he remembered, he had seen the poor fellow at grips with one of those abrupt realizations which brought, as a rule, reaction and apathy in their train.

Arthur, more cheerful than usual, had just come in to breakfast, after an hour spent in the hospital, and another with the sick at the grotto, and was eating his melon with a quite worldly appetite.

"I am going to become a Franciscan," he declared.

"You've got to become a Christian first," said Hugh.

"Dear me, so I have," had answered Arthur in a rather bored voice.

But Hugh, looking up, noticed that Arthur had turned quite white. Himself, he was rather tired, and his slight bantering had perhaps been not devoid of sharpness. If *he* was fatigued by the morning's devotions, what right had Arthur to be exhausting himself with so much heavy work with sick folk, lifting weights, haunting the wards and the Piscina, with their sickly smell and their cold? Only yesterday he had seen him, wedged in a crowd of poor people, turn sick and faint from the overpowering odour of old clothes and uncleaned flesh. And why did he not pray more? Why did he eat such excellent meals; and, with the exception of his self-sacrifice among the sick, which was absolute, why was he rather scandalously careful of his own comfort? That was not the way to win conversion! But Hugh checked himself, wisely. He guessed enough of the hasty nature of convert-zeal to be awake to its possibility in himself. He was not going to "run" Arthur's soul for him; to hasten, check, direct, his course. And he turned his mind to that Holy Spirit whose function he was always more vividly appreciating; and, knowing that He was surely situate in the secret places of Arthur's spirit, prayed that He would, by an always increasing energy outwards, modify the foundations, and then the consciousness, of Arthur's life, until of itself, seemingly, it should flower into the full vitality of a Christian.

And his reward had already been given him, though he did not know it, nor needed to, content as he was that through him God's work should *factually* be done, through him though unaware.

For the question was now clearly made for the first time to Arthur's will, whether he would accept or reject the proffered gift of faith. He had understood this a few moments after Hugh's careless, rather testy remark at breakfast. The shock had been sharp, but had passed away immediately. All the time he had been at Lourdes, he had felt thus irresponsive to impressions. He had made his days very full with attending to the sick, and even the externals of the place had failed to strike him; the soul of it had certainly never revealed itself.

But he had had no doubt that his best plan was to join in the hard work of this great centre of spiritual activity, in the hopes of putting himself in touch with the supreme motive power. That the days were slipping by without felt result seemed (though he wondered slightly at it) not to trouble him.

But now a very definite occurrence had to be reckoned with. He knew that it depended now on himself whether he would believe henceforward, or make himself incapable of believing, probably for ever.

That afternoon he took an entire holiday, and drove with Jean to Betharram. Jean found him a pleasant companion, but a stranger. He seemed to have moved into another world, in which for the first time she made his acquaintance. This occasioned a certain stiffness between the two, as though they had but met for the space of some short social function, and Jean found herself, on their return to the hotel, on the point of bidding him good-bye.

Arthur had rested that day, for he intended to spend the whole night in the grotto. He had sat much there, but had not been able to pray. Now he felt that, in the silence and loneliness, the decisive colloquy might be made with God.

Only at the back, and to the left, was the cave of any depth; and there the rock hung so low as to make it almost impossible to stand upright. From that corner Arthur could see nothing but the little altar, muffled in grey wrappings, in the centre; the huge pyramid of tapers, flaring night and day, and all the year, prevented one's looking out into the dark air which filled the grotto's mouth. Another row of candles, huge many of them as organ pipes, stood at the back; and this made an equable tepid temperature in it, the very rock, blackened and baked, softening the crispness of the autumn night. Wax dropped ceaselessly in white flakes, and the smell of its burning hung heavy. The glare of this conflagration shone out across the paved esplanade, and, leaping the river rushing wide and tumultuous below the steep embankment-wall, glowed on the further shore, and illuminated with a doubtful whiteness (to one outside the cave), facades of orphanages and convents. Save for the dull roar of the river, the falling of the wax-flakes, and the just discernible murmur of the source, padlocked beneath its metal roof, nothing was audible all through the night, save when the Basilica clock chimed rather sharp the first notes of the *Parce Domine* at the quarters.

Arthur sat on a wooden bench, well wrapped up, and trying

to see himself as he was, there at the miraculous shrine. He travelled over every detail of it, the machinery by which miracle reached men. Outside the grotto grating, to his right as he faced the river, stood the metal fountain, water running from its three taps into a trough. Then the little shop where candles and water tins were sold at a pretty profit, and the low wall, with more taps ; then, shielded with plane trees, a space for the sick roped off before them, the Piscina, with their nine icy baths of soiled water, their floating holland curtains, and their greenish light. And then the churches, the Basilica above, all glittering with votive hearts and lamps, tapestried with banners, a vision of colour and gold : the crypt with its confessionals ; the Rosary, heavy and dark, and the scene of all great ceremonies. Before it lay the wide Place, and the gardens ; the sloping arcades, the sun-bleached statue in the centre ; to the right the printing press and the hotels ; more hotels, and above them the castle on its crag, in the centre ; to the left, once more, the river and the pilgrims' shelter. Almost every spot had its particular claim on his remembrance ; the incident, two days ago, at the Piscina, when a fashionably dressed woman, who had driven over to "see a miracle," turned petulantly away. "*Bah, il n'y aura jamais de miracle,*" she had pouted : "*que c'est sot, tout ça.*" And with her friend, she moved away to the motor-car. Herod was still ready, Arthur reflected, to "set at nought" the divine silence. And then the picture of an English family he had met came back to him. The husband and wife and their two children were watching the four o'clock procession, when a bed-ridden invalid had started, swathed in his coverlet, to walk unsteadily towards the church. "*Magnificat,*" had cried the crowd, and that evening a case had been registered at the Bureau. But on the English folk the impression had been unequal. The son had altogether failed to understand what was happening : the girl, vaguely excited, had begun to cry, and never quite forgot the scene : the mother, partly scandalized, partly anxious for the sick man's sake, thought that such things ought never to be allowed : he might kill himself with the exposure : and then, it was all scarcely proper and very French. . . Her husband was quite unaware of the incident. His hotel, he had just noticed, was clearly visible from the steps, and only that morning he had been told that it had no drains. It was a crying disgrace. What was his duty to the public ? Dazed by his recollections, Arthur found it impossible to fix his thoughts or to pray. He said mechanically a few *Aves*, and slept a little.

Only once his thoughts moved easily, and then to his discomfort. All this trouble about religion, this craving of conscience, this restless preoccupation which prevented his easy living of a normal life, how could he tell it was not all a disease? A microbe to which the years of adolescence were perhaps most susceptible, fastening on the brain, physically irritating it, tormenting it perhaps towards ultimate madness, or possibly itself perishing, and leaving the organism free of this itch for religious activities? All his life religion had interested him, more even than it had interested Hugh. Usually, no doubt, that interest had been speculative; his mind was of the Greek cast, and could occupy itself for hours with theories concerning practical questions without in the least acknowledging consequent *duties* incumbent on his "self"—that self which after all was a so much fuller unity than the mere arguing mind. Yet there had been times, even in boyhood, where that self had asserted its own claims, its *right* to have duties, as if duty were in itself a privilege possible only at a high level of life; as if not until duty were vigorously faced and obeyed would any complete mastery of an ideal, unrealized Self be achieved. And this claim of fundamental conscience was a sound argument, he told himself, for the obedience of his intellect and will and conduct. "You are wrong," some one had said to him, "to trust so much to what you call Conscience. It is 'Arthur Trenacre's conscience' that you mean: all that your condition proves is that *your* sentimentality is pleasingly affected by the Christian reading of facts." He had consented, at the time, to this argument, but had then felt that could he only master the evidence, *all* conscience would everywhere be found to exact the same religious data for itself to act upon, if only it was healthy and if its legitimate demands were listened to. . . .

Suddenly he was aware that the mouth of the grotto had become visible, and soon the grille, the pulpit, and then the hills beyond the river showed faintly in the cold light. The candle flames fluttered anxiously in the early breeze off the water, and looked sickly enough, except in the back of the grotto where they still made the rock glow ruddy, and the few tendrils of creeper take on vivid green reflections.

In this hour of low vitality Arthur felt indescribably depressed.

Yet the night had been eventful, and he recognized that amid the incoherent thoughts, and unfinished argument, and dull prayers, the question had somehow answered itself, that

he had—at what point, or why, he could not tell—assented to the proposal that he should be a Christian. And from that moment he *was* a Christian, not so much with an acknowledgment of head, or heart, or with any definite organ of assent to a fact superadded to himself, as with a new way of living, as a man might suddenly wake to find himself an Englishman after dreaming all his life he was a mule. “But the difference is that I *was* the mule,” thought Arthur, too low and sleepy to object to the absurdity of his terms of comparison: “and now I *am* the other thing. I suppose I believe it: it’s truer to say I *am* it.” Later, when he was trying to explain his mind to the rather puzzled priest who reconciled him with the Church, “I was just one running sore,” said he (and the priest nodded approvingly at the orthodox metaphor), “and when I gave up putting in pepper and vinegar I tried to get things right by putting on bandages; but nothing was any use till I grew a skin. Only to do that I had to get a new kind of germ of life in my constitution, and that made me healthy from within outwards.” “This is a very unpleasant way of putting it,” thought the Father; “but I think I see what he means; but his language is certainly coarse and rather risky.” “The wind bloweth whither it listeth,” he said out loud, “and God gives His grace to whom He wills, without any merit of ours.”

Aching and stiff, Arthur left the miraculous grotto, and two days afterwards the party returned to Italy. For the life of him Arthur could experience no interest in himself, no conscious relief, or gratitude, or curiosity, or resolve about the future. Three facts, however, became patent to him. He had erred, first and fatally, by trusting to the reasoning intellect as alone adequate, and then rejecting in despair the two ultimate positions which in every inquiry it offered but could not correlate. Seeking next his satisfaction from experience, he had erred in rejecting the vetos set by conscience on some forms of experience merely because reason (reason which he had just rejected as a sound criterion), could not wholly account for conscience. And in sheer consistency had he failed. Was not conscience *itself* a fact of experience? On what grounds then had he refused at least to test it? He smiled a little bitterly . . . if only actual living had in it this text-book clarity! So weary was he that even Jean and Hugh could feel only a rather bewildered gladness when he told them at last that he was determined to ask for instruction and join the Catholic Church.

JAN DE GEOLLAC.

## *The Society of Jesus and Education.*

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[The series of papers of which the following is the fourth was originally delivered to an audience of Jesuit scholastics at Stonyhurst. This will explain and must excuse their exhortatory tone. They are made public in the feeling that they contain matter which may be of interest to a wider circle of Catholic teachers.—ED.]

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### IV. THE MAKING OF THE MASTER.

IN the preceding papers an attempt has been made to get at the motive and to describe the spirit which inspired the Society of Jesus to adopt education as one of its chief works. Education in itself, and as such, was secondary; it became of first importance only because it was the most effectual weapon with which to counteract the irreligious spirit of the age. To speak of the Society as essentially an Order instituted for the work of education is to rob it of its greatest glory. Among its thirteen canonized saints there are apostles, students, lay-brothers, martyrs, but there is not one who has been raised to the honours of the altar because of his work in the field of education. On the other hand, it is no less true that once education was adopted, it took rank among the objects of the Society's Institute second to no other; and history has proved the wisdom of the choice of St. Ignatius when he altered his Constitutions in its favour.

We pass now to something more detailed and technical. Becoming more detailed, it would here seem most in place to discuss that great monument of the Society's educational system, the *Ratio Studiorum*. Nevertheless, we do not propose to say very much about it. It has been remarked by students of the *Ratio*—the fact was noticed by the Society of Jesus itself more than two hundred years ago—that the directions it contains say much in regard to school method and curriculum, but little on the actual manner of teaching. It has been further noticed as a curious fact that whereas the Society of Jesus has been for



centuries a leader in education, and whereas, in other respects, its literary output has been considerable, it has, nevertheless, produced little or nothing that can be classed as pædagogic literature. The suspicion has in consequence arisen that its teachers, as such, have been given little training; that they have been suffered to take their turn at the wheel without any previous preparation. But this conclusion can scarcely be defended. There, as in so many other instances, the argument from silence is fallacious. Though books on education and on educational methods were not written by the early Fathers, there is evidence enough that training of some kind was a recognized institution; it would almost seem that they were too much engaged in practical work to devote much time to propounding theories. From the beginning Ledesma pointed out the necessity of regular training of teachers, above all for such a body as the Society, working upon a common system, and teaching with a common end. At the close of a paper written as a member of a kind of Commission on Education, he speaks as follows:

It is not enough to say to our masters: "Let them be diligent in declining and conjugating, let them be faithful in repeating, let them turn over their lesson beforehand, let them give verbal explanation, let them do their composition with elegance," &c.; but we ought in detail, and class by class, to prescribe what is suited to each one in each of its subjects, as, for instance: "Let the following method of declining be observed, the following way of conjugating, of teaching, of examining," &c., prescribing in each case that which honestly seems to be the best. For of a certainty, though everything else were made perfect, if this one factor be wanting, much of the fruit of our system will perish, and we shall never make sure of that which we look for, but, instead, shall be for ever in a state of labour and experiment. I quite allow that definitely to prescribe anything of the kind is by no means an easy matter, and that it can be done only by a man of wide experience, one who has given every practical method serious consideration; still, the suggestion does not seem wholly deserving of condemnation as altogether useless and impracticable.

This shows the direction the mind of Ledesma was taking; and the mind of Ledesma was the ruling spirit of the Society's first experiments. A little later in the same paper he speaks still more to our purpose.

Nor is it [he says] enough to suppose that if a master or a prefect of studies is a learned man, he will therefore understand by intuition and observe these matters [that is, the most fruitful methods of teaching]. In matter of fact it is otherwise, as daily experience shows. Rather,

the more learned our masters are, the greater may be the danger of failure; for they then incline to depart from the accepted custom, invent a new method of their own, in appearance possibly a success, but more often than not in the end a failure; and the more they are criticized the more tenacious they are apt to become of their own pet theories. But quite apart from that, in all our colleges put together, we have not so many learned men who are able of themselves to penetrate the problems of teaching, understand them and observe them aright.

There can be little doubt that this expression of his view by Ledesma found favour among his fellow-commissioners; indeed, it strikes the keynote of all the Society's subsequent legislation. Elsewhere we find hints that the training of teachers was being carried into effect. In the notes of the visitation of the College of Ingolstadt in 1563,—a College which up to that time, in spite of the influence of men like Canisius, had produced somewhat doubtful results—we find the following injunction:

Those who are to be set aside to take up the management of a class ought to give proof of their method of teaching in the refectory; not so those who already have classes in which they actually teach.

Now it was, and is, of the essence of such visitation injunctions that they should inculcate nothing new, but as far as possible preserve uniformity in all the houses of the Society. It may then be presumed that the Visitor, who in this case was no other than Nadal, here enjoins for Ingolstadt what was already a custom elsewhere. A similar injunction is given to a still more important centre, the College of Paris. Among the notes left behind him by the Visitor sent to inspect it by the General, Father Claudius Aquaviva, occurs the following:

About the feast of St. John the Baptist, let the training of the masters be begun, that is, the course in which those who are destined to teach may be instructed in the method of teaching; and let them themselves give specimen lectures in the refectory. These will be either Rhetoricians [he means of course the "Second Rhetoricians," or Juniors, as now understood in the Society], or those who have finished their course of philosophy.

Nor is this an isolated reference. The same is found in another document of instructions which, though written in Spanish, bears a Latin title, and speaks of itself as referring to all the colleges of the Society. It may, then, be concluded that the training of teachers was by no means neglected from the

earliest days of the Society's career ; and though the *Ratio Studiorum* makes no provision for it, yet the very elaborate machinery it contains seems to presuppose a technical training in order that it may be handled aright. In what that training consisted it is difficult to say ; but that matters little for our purpose. It concerns us more to understand the status and quality of the master after he had been made ; for it is by comparing their results with our own that we hope to learn our chief lessons. Fortunately for this we have material in abundance.

It is of importance to realize that the status of the master in our colleges to-day is a very different thing from that of his predecessors. Now-a-days, his influence is a much more limited and circumscribed affair ; to which result many causes have in course of time contributed. In the first place it is a curious fact, but none the less is it true, that the very element in Jesuit education which to-day seems to meet with most criticism from outsiders, was all but unknown, indeed, was quite unknown in its existing form, to the Society's first schools and colleges. I mean, of course, the prefecting system. At one time, not only did no Jesuit prefects, as we understand them, exist, but they were, moreover, explicitly forbidden. The very name with its modern meaning was unknown. When it was used it invariably referred to the prefect of studies. In him was vested the supreme control, not only of studies, but of discipline as well ; in one instance, where the duties of his office are enumerated, he is made responsible even for the college choir. Instead of prefects, as we know them, were employed what were called *Correctores*. These in every case were not of the Society, and their functions were strictly limited to keeping order outside school hours, and to inflicting the punishments ordered by the masters. Personal authority, beyond that of the policeman, they had none. They were superior servants, and very little more. Even the degree to which punishment was to be inflicted depended on the will, not of the "*Corrector*," but of the master ; the latter decided both the number of strokes to be given, and the severity to be shown in giving them. Of the very name of these *Correctores* the early Fathers seem to have been jealous. In his visitation of the College of Paris, Maldonatus reports to the General that the custom had been there introduced, in imitation of other colleges of the university, of calling the Corrector *Praeses* ; he condemns the custom as an abuse, and directs that, if possible, the name should be abolished.

The first sign of the present *régime* made its appearance in Germany. Here, in some parts, owing to the disturbances, religious and political, in the country, it seems to have been difficult to secure outside *Correctores* of the required quality. A *Postulatum* was accordingly sent up to the first General Congregation asking that Jesuit Fathers and scholastics might be used for the purpose. The wording of the *Postulatum* tells its own tale :

Seeing [it says] that in many places *Correctores* cannot be found, and in others cannot be supported, or else that our students decline to be corrected by them, it is asked : Whether the Constitutions, p. 4, c. 16, relating to the correction of extern students ought by any declaration to be altered, or whether the Constitution ought rather to remain as it stands, dispensation being granted in places where the nature of things may require it.

The passage in the Constitutions to which reference is here made runs as follows :

For the sake of those who offend either in want of diligence in studies or in those things which appertain to morals, and for whom mere words and exhortations are not enough, let a Corrector be appointed, *who shall not be a member of the Society*. His duty shall be to restrain the boys by fear and to punish such as shall need it, and shall be capable of enduring punishment.

The answer to the *Postulatum* was returned by the General Congregation : That the Constitution as it stands be retained and observed, but that if anywhere there arise any need for it, the General may grant a dispensation. From this beginning it has come about that while the words of St. Ignatius, " Let a Corrector be appointed who shall not be a member of the Society," still express the letter of the law, prefects as we know them exist, by special and grudging dispensation, in, I suppose, every college of the Society in the world.

The establishment of boarding-schools made the institution of prefects virtually inevitable. These, in the first instance, were almost all ecclesiastical seminaries, the German College in Rome being the first of its kind. Thence they quickly and naturally spread. We find the system of the German College adopted almost entirely at the founding of the English College, and by 1587 the word " Prefect " has found its way into the College of Paris, as applied to others than the Prefect of Studies. In that year, certain rules were written for the " Room-prefects " (*Praefecti*

*cubiculorum*). These rules, from internal evidence, obviously suppose the Prefects to be members of the Society ; but it is no less obvious that both the men and the office they held were very different from those of the Prefect of to-day. In the first place, they were themselves no more than students—Jesuit scholastics, occupying the same rooms, and pursuing the same or similar studies, with the boys who lived with them. Sometimes, even, they were attending the same classes ; for instance, in more than one place it is pointed out that when they are at class with their subjects—*Dum in eadem classe praecepti cum convictoribus versantur*—their authority in the schoolroom ceases ; the master then superintends them all. In the second place, the existence of this “Prefect” by no means interfered with the “Corrector.” He still existed, maintaining discipline out of doors, inflicting corporal punishments, and generally helping to keep order when and where required. The authority of the “Prefect” was confined to his room, and there was of a very restricted kind. It would appear, then, that he was little more than what is understood by a Monitor or Captain in our time ; the little more that he might possess accruing to him from the fact that he was a Religious, and presumably, older than the boys he had around him.

Almost at the very beginning of the colleges, along with the rules for the students, rules for the *Correctores* were also written. The following are, perhaps, the earliest that are extant ; they will let us see better than anything else the position the Corrector occupied :

1. Let him obey the Rector of the College, the Prefect of Studies, and the masters ; and let him carry out their orders with diligence, when he shall be sent to the homes of the students, to learn from those under whose care they are why they have been absent from class.

2. The Corrector will punish no one of his own accord, but only those, and that with due moderation, whom the Rector or the master of each class shall order to be punished.

3. He will be on duty at the schoolrooms, not only at the hour when class begins, but as often as the students are expected to assemble, whether for Mass, or for examinations (*conclusiones* ?), or for any other literary exercises, in which his assistance can be of any use.

4. Let him accept no present whatever from any student, nor let him show himself particularly familiar with any one, lest he lose thereby any of that independence which is necessary to his office : rather let him display a moderate severity.

5. In uprightness of life and morals let him study to be an example

to all; let him purify his conscience at least once a month by the sacraments of Confession and Communion; finally, let the Corrector understand that all those matters which are recommended by us to our students in their rules concerning the practice of religion and good behaviour, have no less application to him.

These rules were written for the Corrector in the Province of Italy. Here is another set, still more striking, written for the Province of Portugal :

1. Let the Corrector punish the students, not according to his own will and judgment; but only at the bidding of the master of each class, or of the Rector, or of the Prefect General (*Prefecto para todos*).

2. The ferulas (*açotes*) for ordinary faults should be six, and should not exceed eight. Extraordinary delinquencies should be punished according to the judgment of the master or Rector.

3. Let him be at hand, not only at the hour for class, but also at the time for Mass, for sermons, and, in short, for all gatherings of the students that may be held; and let him be obliged to be present well before the school-hour, at the time when the students are accustomed to begin to congregate at the schoolrooms, in order to keep them in order.

4. Let him observe due gravity with all.

5. Let him not receive presents from the students, nor deal familiarly with them, and in a manner that might hamper the liberty which one who maintains order requires. Let him observe obedience to the masters and the Rector, taking in good part all they may command in regard to his office. Let him be a man of upright behaviour and good example.

Rules such as these leave no doubt whatever that the Corrector was looked upon as no more than a sort of superior hired servant. As to the kind of man who might be chosen for Corrector, one may recall the fact that St. Francis Jerome, who had before been one of our boys, after his ordination as a secular priest, was for some time Corrector in the Collegio dei Nobili in Naples, before his admission into the Society. Or again, in a paper written for the guidance of the Rector of the College at Monaco, Father Nadal writes :

For the correction of the boys it may be so arranged that either an extern (*i.e.*, one not a member of the Society) may suffice, or a novice, *doing the work in place of his noviceship*; but while he holds this office he must live [not with the community, but] amongst the boys.

Besides the prefect, there is another office which we are accustomed to consider a necessary adjunct in our colleges, but

which, nevertheless, seems to have been unknown, in the day-schools, at least, of the early Society, and which even to-day is by no means universal. That is the post of Spiritual Father to the boys as such. There is no trace of him in the Constitutions; in the *Monumenta Paedagogica*, or in any other collection of early documents, his name but casually occurs; in the *Ratio Studiorum* itself, even in the latest revision, though rules are given for every other member of the college staff, from the Rector downwards, for the Spiritual Father, along with the prefects, there are none. On the contrary, the ordinations for the masters of the classes seem almost to presuppose his non-existence; for many a duty is imposed upon them which we now-a-days consider to pertain essentially to the Spiritual Father.

It would be an interesting study to trace how this office has come into being. No doubt its beginning is obvious. When our boys began to live under the same roof with their masters, it was natural that they should be permitted to share in many of their spiritual privileges. Among these would be the care of the Spiritual Father; indeed, it is possible that many a scholastic might deem his boys more in need of this protection than himself. The growth of sodalities would foster the movement. These in the first instance were in the hands of the masters, and even to-day a master is usually their nominal director; but for obvious reasons the further assistance of a priest was indispensable. Thirdly, there would be the ever-present necessity in intern colleges of a fixed confessor for the boys. These and other cognate duties, not least that of exponent of Christian doctrine, would naturally gather round one and the same individual; and the growth of the modern curriculum, demanding as it does the master's whole energies, has, no doubt, helped to further the change.

Under the circumstances in which the Society has been compelled to do its work, the development of these two offices, the prefect and the Spiritual Father, has been a matter of necessity; and there can be no question that both the one and the other have made and still make for good. At the same time it must be confessed that their institution has produced a material difference in the status of the Jesuit master. At one time he was, and he was trained to be, everything almost to his boys. He was not only their teacher, but, as far as possible, their moral guide as well, their prefect and their Spiritual Father; and as such was made to feel all the more the responsibility of

his position. On this account he was given full control of all that pertained to his province; even the Rector was advised to be influenced by his opinion. In a list of recommendations sent up by a joint board of inquiry into ways and means for the furtherance of studies, just before the *Ratio Studiorum* was written, occurs the following:

Let the counsel of the masters be taken, and let the fullest consideration be paid to them in all that concerns their work and office, for instance, in regard to all public displays, speech-days, and the like.

Even the Prefect of Studies, as much as was possible, was understood to keep aloof from the direct control of the boys. He held the reins in secret; outside the schoolroom the master was entirely his subject; but before the boys it was the master who chiefly commanded obedience. In the visitation of one college Father Nadal notices as a custom, "which seems to exist nowhere else," that "the boys of the lower classes"—and by this he means all up to rhetoric—"ask leave of absence from school, not from their respective masters, but from the prefect [of studies]." The master's very time was sacred. Not only was he to have it safeguarded, not only was he discouraged from undertaking work which distracted him from that of his office, but even side-issues connected with his duty were, if possible, to be entrusted to others. Thus, among the Provincial's admonitions to the College of Paris in 1585, it is ordered:

That the compositions of the boys written for public exhibitions be corrected by the masters of their respective classes: but that the boys themselves who are to deliver them be trained in elocution by some other appointed by the Rector, . . . lest the master's time for study be too much interrupted.

Now-a-days, thanks to our circumstances, and through the fault of no one at all, things are very different. The prefect, on the one hand, and the Spiritual Father on the other, with all their influence for good, have materially affected for the worse the status of the master. He is no longer the responsible man he was; his sphere of influence is indefinitely limited. The tendency within him is to look upon himself, and for boys to look upon him also, as a schoolroom teacher and no more. Hence, a certain loss on the one side of authority, and of a sense of interest on the other. The boy is led to look upon his master as deserving but a part of his allegiance; and it



needs a strong, steady, and whole-hearted personality to make the conquest of him complete. On the other hand, the master is induced to consider himself free from all responsibility in regard to the moral and religious training of his boys. His business is, so he tells himself, to keep external order when on duty, and to teach what he can of Latin, Greek, or mathematics; the rest is the concern of the Spiritual Father, of the prefect, of the Rector, of anybody but himself. Nevertheless, it is quite certain that such a state of mind is absolutely different from that inculcated by the early Society on its masters. For instance, the following, taken from a letter of Father General Mutius Vitelleschi, is of itself sufficiently significant. Writing in 1639, he says :

It will be very useful if from time to time the masters treat with their auditors, and converse with them, not about vain rumours and other affairs that are not to the purpose, but about things which appertain in particular to their well-being and education; going down to details that seem most to meet their wants; and showing them in some familiar way how they should conduct themselves in studies and in religious practice. Let the masters be persuaded that a single talk in private, animated with true zeal and prudence on their part, will penetrate the heart more deeply and work more powerfully than many lectures and sermons given to a general body.

This digression has seemed necessary, both as an explanation of what may be otherwise unintelligible in much that has been already said, and as a preparation for what is yet to come. We pass now to a matter of more practical importance. Having seen the status of the master, let us examine if we can what kind of personality the Society expected him to be. If we were to be asked to express it in a word we should say that it looked for a man, not so much learned, nor experienced, nor knowing, but one who, for the work he had in hand, was eminently efficient. It expected him to be efficient at the outset; it instituted means to keep him efficient during the years of his teaching.

In this way more than in any other the *Ratio* affected the master. And any one who has had any experience of teaching whatsoever will understand the wisdom of this. With all of us, but especially, perhaps, with teachers, the tendency of human nature to get used to its work, and then to substitute show for efficiency is only too apparent. A master begins his career

in earnest, and at first his work is thorough, both in its preparation and in its product. But very soon indeed he learns subterfuges; his circumstances teach them to him, even if he is slow to discover them for himself. In a moment of weariness and over-pressure he finds that a long and careful preparation of his work is not needed. In a narrow-minded moment in the schoolroom he will tell himself that to know too much, and to give his boys more than is prescribed, is a distraction to them in their work, and a positive preventive to good teaching. Or again, he will maintain to himself, especially if he be one to whom keeping discipline is an easy matter, that the boys should be made to do the work and not the master; that the master's first duty is to keep himself fresh, and not to wear himself to death. Hence, under one pretext or another—pretexts, be it noticed, in themselves sound enough,—the liability is for a master who has grown accustomed to the saddle, to substitute the work of his boys for his own, and to be satisfied with the situation. The work of preparation is neglected; what is even worse, he forgets the work of his own improvement. Many a master will, if he is not careful, go through a whole year, and even many a year of teaching, without doing anything for himself, without any work of an honestly intellectual kind of his own. Gradually he slips into a state of superintending and no more; from a living teacher he sterilizes into a school-policeman; if he has secured that his boys have "learnt" what has been appointed to be learnt, he is satisfied that he has done his duty. The evil of the fallacy may not be at once apparent; work may be done, results may be produced, and the master himself may be commended for his capacity for keeping order. Nevertheless it is the universal opinion of all who have thought on education that a really able master can never himself stand still. In himself he must be continually learning, continually in some efficient way producing; if he is not his mind becomes cramped and dulled, his teaching stale and stereotyped, his interest callous and rigid, and he loses that power of offering side attractions to the wide-awake but scatter-brained schoolboy which is often a good master's most valuable talent.

Against this danger the old Society was particularly on its guard. Not only, as we have seen, did it put upon the master much more responsibility than is put upon him among ourselves, and thereby compel him to take himself and his work with the

greater seriousness ; but it provided at the same time sufficient guarantee that his mind was not inactive. On one plea or another it was for ever exacting from him proofs of his being wide awake. The *Praelectio* itself, as it was required by the *Ratio*, alone put a master on his mettle ; every day of his life it made him give proof to his boys that he knew what he had to teach, and more. The Repetitions, again, and the weekly Academy meetings, could not be conducted as the *Ratio* demanded if the master were not on the alert. But these ordinary matters of every-day routine were by no means all it set before him. On all kinds of occasions, outside the mere schoolroom, a master was called upon, to show what he could do. Take for instance the following directions from the *Ratio discendi et docendi* of Juvencius. The book comes to us with a semi-official authority ; it was written for the guidance of masters, at the express desire of one of the General Congregations. The writer is giving no new regulations. As he himself declares he is merely setting down, fixing as far as possible as a custom, what was already the ordinary practice. In the hints to a master on his own private studies he writes :

During his first year of teaching let every master deliver a sermon in the refectory in his own native tongue, on whatever day shall seem good to the Rector. But in the preparation of it let him be allowed not more than a single week. In his second year let him write a Latin oration, which he will also deliver in the refectory ; the same he will do in the third. In the fourth year let him write a Latin poem, likewise to be recited in the refectory.

Moreover, let the masters, in the second year after they have begun to teach, and again in the third and fourth, deliver a Latin address at the opening of the school-year, each in his own schoolroom ; that of the Master of Rhetoric will be a public and solemn affair, and will be delivered in the hall. At the same opening of schools it will be the regular thing for the Master of Poetry to produce a poem, whether in heroics or in any other standard form of verse. In the classes of Rhetoric and Poetry, between December and Easter, two addresses at least every month will be made for the space of half an hour each, one by the Master of Rhetoric, the other by the Master of Poetry. The auditors shall be the members of both classes, if the room is large enough to contain them [let it be remembered that a Rhetoric of fifty was by no means an unknown thing], if not, by picked members from each class. At the end of the year the Master of Rhetoric will produce a longer tragedy ; the Master of Poetry a smaller one, consisting, that is, of three acts. If he wishes to produce one in five acts he may do so, provided his schools do not suffer on its account.

Lastly, a proficient master will allow no occasion to go by unheeded of producing some elegant literary work, and of giving proof of his power for the greater glory of God [the wording of this last remark is most significant for our present purpose], nay more, he will seize opportunities eagerly, and will even make them, if they do not present themselves of their own accord. For example, whenever a new governor is appointed to a city, or a new bishop is elected to a diocese ; when peace has been publicly declared, or when a signal victory has been gained ; when a saint has been recently raised to the honours of the altar ; when a king has been restored to health ; when the obsequies of some notable personage are to be performed ; on all such occasions let the schools resound with the music of the muses, joyful or mournful as the subject may require ; and let it not be counted money wasted which is spent in printing and making public any good pieces written on such occasions.

Whatever we may think of the intrinsic value of the literary work here recommended, it must be confessed on the one hand, that the standard set before the masters was a high one indeed ; and, on the other, that under this *régime* a master was likely to be given an opportunity of displaying the mettle of which he was made. That, in matter of fact, the results were worthy of the men we have abundant printed proofs to testify ; for it was in consequence of these occasions that the Fathers produced those volumes of verse and prose which rank high among the best modern imitations of the Latin and Greek classics. Let it not be forgotten, moreover, that Racine and Corneille, and Molière and Voltaire, and indeed the whole of French classical literature, are the fruit of the training and example given by their Jesuit schoolmasters.

But here I must add a word of warning. From this high-sounding exposition of the master's private programme of work, and, indeed, from a general study of the *Ratio Studiorum* itself, one might suppose that the master of the Old Society was a very superior person ; something very different from the plodding teacher as we know him among ourselves to-day. But we need not be so hasty in crying ourselves down. Human nature has always been the same ; there were half-hearted masters then as now ; and in their age as much as in our own it was true that there was no profession so surrounded with temptations to weariness and discouragement as teaching. Rectors had at times to deal with masters who were scarcely equal to their work ; more than once, among the hints sent in before the *Ratio* was written, a Superior remarks, as speaking from bitter experience,

on the evil of accepting an incompetent teacher, no matter how otherwise deserving he may be. And there were many more who, from one reason or another, turned out disappointments; many who, from routine or loss of interest, slackened in their efforts as the years went on. The mission fever, as we sometimes hear it called, is by no means a product only of the nineteenth century. It raged in the days of St. Ignatius and Acquaviva more, it would seem, than in our own; so much so that General Congregations, and even the Apostolic See itself, had to legislate against it. Of all these human weaknesses there are abundant hints written between the lines of many of the earliest exhortations and regulations, and of decrees of General Congregations; but perhaps nothing is so significant, so proves the master of old to have been after all very like ourselves, as a page in Juvencius, the author whose ideal has just been quoted. In his little book he has a section entitled: "Of the more common deficiencies of masters." It might have been written for to-day, expressing as it does the very faults which are sometimes to be found among ourselves, and which we are inclined to look upon as the fruit, more or less, of our present hand-to-mouth circumstances. The section is as follows:

The work of otherwise efficient men is usually tried and hampered by neglect, by studies other than those belonging to their office, by too much intercourse with boys, by an insufficiently even manner of dealing with the same, and finally by weariness and fatigue.

In these few words he sums up the dangers that may spoil an able master, of whatever generation he may be, and under whatever conditions he may be working. He then takes each of these headings in detail, and proceeds:

I. By neglect, when the master grows disgusted with his work: whence it comes about that he applies himself with slackness to learning, and in consequence becomes less skilled and happy in explaining what he himself has not fully mastered. Again, when he becomes less careful about insisting on that programme of work which the lessons to be done in his class and the regulations of the school may require. For nothing so subdues the nature of a boy, which is always inclined to look for liberty, as the business-like keenness of a master who is ever on the watch, ever wide awake, and who keeps his eye on small details.

II. They sin grievously [*peccant graviter* are his exact words] who in private spend their time on foreign or desultory pursuits to such a degree as to take no care, or very little, of the class entrusted to them.

One man will devote all his energies to collecting material for future sermons. Another will pour out verses in his own native tongue, ignoring utterly Latin or Greek poetry, although all the time, if he were true to his duty, he ought to be teaching both of these.

III. Some are more familiar than is right with their boys, not without danger to themselves, and detriment to those who are entrusted to them. For how much precious time is thereby wasted in conversations more useless than the idlest prattle (*gerris sicutis inaniora*)! In childish quarrelling, of which the masters themselves are often the beginners and abettors! It is quite right that a master should become, as it were, a boy again among his boys; but it is not right that he should do so after a boyish fashion. Let him bear in mind that he is, in some sense, the parent of his children, not their ape and their mimic; let him often reflect that those who now are boys will very soon be men; nay, more, even now they are not so young, but that they are able clearly to distinguish what is right from what is wrong in a master's behaviour.

IV. Very many masters fail to preserve the same method of dealing with their boys. To-day they are grave and serious, to-morrow they will be lively and lax; at one time severe and exacting, at another tolerating anything for peace and a quiet life. Utter unevenness of this kind spoils all other good efforts; and affords every scope for demoralizing boys and for developing every kind of unruliness.

V. Lastly, the mere act of teaching boys of itself brings on lethargy and weariness; especially if continued for any length of time; if the master is at all advanced in years; if he has to contend with ungovernable and troublesome characters; if he makes little account of his work; or if his health is little suited to the task imposed upon him.

Some, to relieve this monotony of teaching, look not to what is useful to the boys, but to that which gives least trouble to themselves. In consequence they become irregular in explaining the author; they dictate their themes from some stock book of exercises, careless whether they are suited to the capacity of the boys or not; they have some single lesson dragged on throughout the whole of schools, or get some useless book read; so they play out time until, at the end of one or at most two years, they shake off this nuisance and drudgery of teaching.

It is instructive, perhaps, too, it is encouraging, to realize that this was written soon after the General Congregation of 1696, at a time when the Society's influence in education may be said to have been at its height. But we must reserve what more we have to say on this subject for another occasion. At present it must be enough to have seen, as it were, the master of the Old Society at the two extremes, at his best and at his worst, the ideal and the plain human being.

ALBAN GOODIER.

## *Of a Bull and a Comet.*

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN, soon after he entered upon office, being urged by impatient liberationists at once to proclaim the abolition of slavery, made reply that he was not disposed to issue a document the futility of which would be patent to all the world, "like the Pope's Bull against the comet."

That a Pope did once solemnly ban and anathematize a comet, bidding it begone from the sky, is an old story, much in favour with certain writers who love to descant upon the ignorance and ineptitude of our pre-scientific ancestors, as contrasted with our own enlightened age, when no one speaks of what he does not know, or makes statements which he is not ready to support by conclusive evidence.

The Pope in question was Calixtus III., who ascended the Papal chair when the recent capture of Constantinople by the Turks (1452) threatened the submersion of Christendom in the tide of Moslem invasion. His brief Pontificate (1455—58) was occupied in desperate but fruitless attempts to induce the Sovereigns of Europe to lay aside their intestine quarrels and combine against the common foe, and there can be little doubt that the fiery energy which he himself threw into the work, coupled with chagrin at the selfishness and apathy with which his exhortations were met, hastened the demise of the old man who was already seventy-nine when he mounted the throne.

The comet was that now known as "Halley's," which, in 1456, made a notable appearance, extending at one time over 60° of the heavens, this being the first occasion upon which any comet was observed with accuracy sufficient to supply data for calculating its path.<sup>1</sup>

Such apparitions had, throughout human history, been regarded as harbingers of woe, and coming as this did when overwhelming danger appeared imminent, it was natural that

<sup>1</sup> The contemporary observations of Toscanelli are discussed by M. Celoria, *Rendic. del R. Ist. Lomb.*, Serie ii. t. xviii.

the peoples of Christendom should be terror-stricken at such a portent.

That the Pope in particular was thus affected has become a commonplace with many scientific writers, who alone amongst historians appear to record this feature of the case; but they tell the story—though with variations—in very categorical terms. Thus, for example, Professor Draper: <sup>1</sup>

When Halley's comet came in 1456, so tremendous was its apparition that it was necessary for the Pope himself to interfere. He exorcised and expelled it from the skies. It shrank away into the abysses of space, terror-stricken by the maledictions of Calixtus III., and did not venture back for seventy-five years! . . . By order of the Pope, all the church-bells in Europe were rung to scare it away, the faithful were commanded to add each day another prayer: and as their prayers had often in so marked a manner been answered in eclipses and droughts and rains, so on this occasion it was declared that a victory over the comet had been vouchsafed to the Pope.

M. Arago: <sup>2</sup>

When in 1456 Halley's comet appeared, Pope Calixtus was so terrified by it that he ordered public prayers to be offered up in all the churches, and in the middle of each day, the comet and the Turk were excommunicated.

Hoefer: <sup>3</sup>

Pope Calixtus III. especially was so terrified that he instituted the *Angelus*, and ordered public prayers to conjure away both the comet and the Turks.

Babinet, <sup>4</sup> whose account is adopted bodily by Guillemin: <sup>5</sup>

Pope Calixtus III. himself, struck with the general terror, ordered public prayers to be offered up, and launched a timid anathema against the comet and the enemies of Christianity. He instituted the *Angelus de Midi*, the use of which still survives.

In the article "Comets," in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, we are informed that

To the *Ave Maria* was added the prayer, "Lord save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet."

<sup>1</sup> *Conflict of Religion and Science*, pp. 269 and 320. This extravagant work has been thought worthy of a place in the *International Scientific Series* (No. 13).

<sup>2</sup> *Annuaire du bureau des longitudes*, 1832; *On Comets*, translated by John Farrar, Boston, 1832, p. 60.

<sup>3</sup> *Histoire d'Astronomie*, p. 590.

<sup>4</sup> *Études et lectures sur les sciences d'observation*, vol. i. p. 34

<sup>5</sup> *The World of Comets*, translated by Glaisher, p. 23.



So far, our witnesses have thrown no light on the source whence their information is derived, while the curious variations in the tale they tell suggest the idea that they have severally expanded it from some simple and primitive original. This defect is, in some measure, supplied by Dr. Andrew Dickson White, President of Cornell University, U.S.A., whose *History of the Warfare between Science and Theology in Christendom* (1896), when at an earlier date (1877) it appeared in an inchoate form, was honoured by a Preface from the pen of Professor Tyndall, who commended it to English and Irish Catholics as well calculated to show how much more worthy of acceptance were the teachings of science than those of their Church.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. White acknowledges that, in spite of the number of astronomical historians who have repeated the story, no evidence is discoverable for its most sensational features.

No such Bull [he writes] is to be found in the published *Bullaria*, and that establishing the *Angelus* (as given by Raynaldus), contains no mention of the comet.

Nevertheless he is satisfied that the tale is substantially true, and tells it in this form.

Then, too, was incorporated into a litany the plea "From the Turk and the comet, good Lord deliver us." Never was Papal intercession less effective: for the Turk has held Constantinople from that day to this, while the obstinate comet, being that now known under the name of Halley, has returned imperturbably at short intervals ever since.<sup>2</sup>

That this account is true, Dr. White feels assured on the evidence of Platina—so sure indeed as to charge with suppression of truth such an historian as Dr. Pastor, writing thus:<sup>3</sup>

The authority of Platina [in his *Vitae Pontificum*, Venice, 1479], who was not only in Rome at the time, but when he wrote his history archivist of the Vatican, is final as to the Pope's attitude. The recent attempt of Pastor to pooh-pooh down the whole matter is too evident

<sup>1</sup> "In our day the Roman Church, above all others, aims at the revival and perpetuation of an ancient wrong,—striving after a domination which she never fitted herself to exercise, and which if exercised could only bring calamity to the human race." (*Tyndall's Preface*.)

This same Preface begins by recommending Dr. White's book to the religious-minded, on the score of its unaggressive and uncontroversial character.

<sup>2</sup> Viz., in 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759, 1835. Its next visit is announced for 1910.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. I. p. 177.

an evasion to carry weight with those who know how the most careful histories have to be modified to suit the views of the censorship at Rome.

Pastor, on his part curtly observes in a note :<sup>1</sup>

The silly story, repeated by Draper and Arago, that Calixtus caused bells to be rung against the comet, and excommunicated it, does not merit refutation.

His own account of what took place is as follows. Having said that the Pope prescribed certain religious observances to avert the Turkish peril, and granted Indulgences to those who took part in them, he thus continues :<sup>2</sup>

That the whole community might have its share in these prayers and indulgences, one or more bells were to be rung between None and Vespers in all churches, as for the *Angelus*, and three *Paters* and *Aves* to be said. For this too an Indulgence was granted.

It remains to consider the evidence of Platina, the only contemporary witness whom we have heard cited. He writes :

A hairy and fiery comet having then made its appearance for several days, as the mathematicians declared that there would follow a grievous pestilence, dearth, and some great calamity, Calixtus—to avert the wrath of God—ordered supplications, that if evils were impending for the human race, He would turn all upon the Turks, the enemies of the Christian name. He likewise ordered, to move God by continual entreaty, that notice should be given by the bells to all the faithful, at mid-day, to aid by their prayers those engaged in battle with the Turk.

Here we have what seems to be the germ from which, by scientific use of the imagination, the accounts we have considered have been evolved. There is nothing, to be sure, about a Bull, an exorcism, an excommunication, or an imprecation against the comet conjointly with the Turk,—but we have the ringing of bells, and a prayer to be recited at noon,—whether *Ave*, Litany or *Angelus*,<sup>3</sup> though neither does this seem to have made any

<sup>1</sup> *Gesch. der Päpste* (3rd Edit.) i. 700.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> The evening and morning *Angelus* must undoubtedly be dated before this period. That at noon was certainly introduced later than the others, and some have regarded this ordinance of Pope Calixtus as introducing it. It seems, however, more true to say that the Pope's action may probably have accelerated this extension of the devotion, but did not actually effect it. (See *THE MONTH*, May, 1902, "Our Popular Devotions—the *Angelus*," by Rev. H. Thurston.)

mention of the portent in the skies. It must also be noted that the Pope's actual words, as given by Raynaldus in the only document we have, do not support Platina's account, for nothing whatever is said either about the comet, or the evils which its apparition might be supposed to presage, or the devolution of these upon the infidels. It is not even stated that the Pope himself was convinced by the "mathematicians," of the evils they prophesied, for he is represented as treating their prognostications as merely hypothetical. Yet the best representatives of science then existing agreed in predicting calamity, as for example, Toscanelli, who with no better instrument than the naked eye, made the thoroughly scientific observations of this very comet which are still preserved.

Another contemporary witness, St. Antoninus,<sup>1</sup> supplies evidence of singular interest, for, as Archbishop of Florence, he may be supposed to have been almost as benighted as the Pope himself. Having recorded<sup>2</sup> that various comets appeared at this period, he proceeds to discuss the nature and character of these bodies, and, following Albertus Magnus, he supposes them to be formed of earthly vapours. This view, however erroneous, was of course quite in accordance with the most advanced science of the time, and although Tycho Brahé, a century after, in 1557, showed comets to be celestial bodies beyond our atmosphere, a theory substantially the same as that of Albertus was countenanced half a century later than this, by no less personages than Galileo<sup>3</sup> and Kepler.

St. Antoninus goes on to discuss the question whether comets presage coming evils, a supposition which he dismisses on the ground that they are proved to have a merely natural origin.<sup>4</sup> This is common sense and sound science, and for all we are told may very probably have been the view of Calixtus himself, yet it was long before the immemorial belief in cometary influence was extinguished, if indeed it can be said to be yet extinct,—for do we not still hear of "comet wines"?

As to what the Pope ordered—which he does not connect in any way with the comet—St. Antoninus writes : <sup>5</sup>

The same pontiff, in the second year of his pontificate, ordered by a solemn epistle that all over the Christian world, daily between None and

<sup>1</sup> 1389—1459.

<sup>2</sup> *Summa Historialis*, Tit. xxii. c. 15.

<sup>3</sup> In his *Saggiatore*.

<sup>4</sup> *Constat quod cometes habent causam naturalem.*

<sup>5</sup> C. 13.

Vespers, the bell should ring in all churches for the *Ave Maria*, and those who during its ringing should on their knees recite three *Aves* and three *Paters*, should gain an Indulgence of three years and as many quarantines.

It will doubtless be said by such critics as we have to do with that here is evidence of gross superstition; but at present we are concerned only with the question as to what justification is afforded for the cock-and-bull story to which we have listened.

There can indeed be little doubt that those who tell this tale, though intent on glorifying science, do the very thing which they accuse their unscientific adversaries of doing, and start from an *à priori* assumption which, as they think, absolves them from the examination of facts. They believe that during what Mr. Lowes Dickinson styles "the delirium of the Middle Ages," our ancestors were so besotted a race as certainly to be guilty of every possible folly, at least where "science" was concerned; which being established to their satisfaction, they feel assured that the more absurdities they attribute to mediæval folk the surer they are to be right.

According to Draper, for instance—as we have seen—Pope Calixtus and those of his time believed that the comet could be scared away by the clangour of bells, and regarded eclipses as do the Hottentots, who imagine that some danger threatens the sun with extinction, which can be averted by the beating of tom-toms and blowing of horns. This would evidently mean that the nature of eclipses was unknown, and that such occurrences could not in those days be foreseen and foretold. It is difficult, however, to credit a University professor with ignorance so preposterous, for it is well known that, at least from the time of Ptolemy, the cause of these phenomena was perfectly well understood, and that in the darkest of the Dark Ages, men knew when to expect them. For more than a century before the time of Calixtus III. almanacks were prepared, predicting eclipses of sun and moon for terms of years, with diagrams showing their extent, and calculations of the time when they were due, not only by days, but by hours, minutes, and seconds.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For instance, to name but some, among the MSS. of the British Museum, there are,

(a) A Calendar drawn up in 1327 with prediction of eclipses, solar and lunar, to 1386. (*Sloane*, 286.)

On the whole, therefore, it can hardly be said that in regard of the famous legend of the Bull and the Comet the vaunted excellence of scientific training, as securing accuracy and caution in adopting conclusions, is very conspicuous. It would rather appear that when dealing with certain subjects, men of science can be no safer guides than any others.

As to the prepossession which makes such writers start with the assurance that the Church must always have been the true cause why men in the "Ages of Faith" were so far behind us in respect of natural knowledge, we may profitably consider the words of a French scientific writer, and with them conclude :

It was usually [says M. Joseph Bonnel<sup>1</sup>] Bishops, priests, clerics, or simple monks, who [during the Middle Ages] followed one another, making no fuss, in scientific work, and who, whilst devoting themselves to the study of the heavens, never lost sight of the divine institution to which they were attached by the bond of Faith.

J. G.

(b) An almanack with eclipses of the sun, 1380—1462, calculated for the meridian of Oxford. Composed for Johanna, mother of Richard II., by John Somar, a Franciscan. (*Sloane*, 282.)

(c) An almanack, with eclipses, 1387—1462. (*Arundell*, 207.)

(d) An almanack, including eclipses of the sun from 1431 to 1462. (*Additional*, 17358.)

(e) Almanack for 1431, with eclipses to 1462, and a suitable tract concerning the rules for their computation. This is arranged to hang for reference at the girdle. (*Harley*, 937.)

Tested by modern tables, the forecasts were quite correct.

<sup>1</sup> *Étude sur l'histoire de l'astronomie du Moyen-Age*. (Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences, &c., de Lyon : Classe des Sciences, xxiii. 275. 1879.)

## *Titian.*

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THE Venetian school of painting is represented in the history of art by the glorious names of Giorgione, Titian, and Paul Veronese. Posterity has, however, chosen to honour in a special manner one name among the trio, and the choice has fallen on Titian.

The date of this great artist's birth is not without a certain significance in view of the works which issued from his hand. He was born in 1477, precisely three years after Michael Angelo, six years before Raphael, thirty years before Correggio, five years after Leonardo da Vinci. The proximity of these dates suffices to show that the chief artist, or in other words, the founder of the Venetian school, was placed amid surroundings where his talent received valuable assistance, and as his life was prolonged until 1576, he was enabled during a period of ninety-nine years to profit by the teaching of masters younger than himself, as well as by the lessons of those who had preceded him in his career. The works signed with Titian's name show, however, that he only profited up to a certain point by the science acquired by those who lived in his own period. Such of our readers as are familiar with the biography of Titian will have noticed that he had already reached an advanced age before studying the masters whose names we have already mentioned. He had lived too long and profited too fully by the lessons of his earlier teachers to be able to change or reform the expression of his own inherent genius. The knowledge of these facts is indispensable in order to arrive at a just estimate of Titian's talent, and accord him his due rank in the history of painting. He who ignores these facts, however gifted with discernment, runs the risk of criticizing too severely a hard-working artist who, endowed with strong inventive faculties, introduced new methods into the practice of his art, and produced works which will for all time evoke the admiration of every connoisseur in painting.

Venice was unable to reveal to Titian the manner in which ancient art had received and expressed beauty. We must not therefore judge him as we should Leonardo and Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Allegri, who from their youth were familiar with the rarest and most precious relics of antiquity. Titian had not at his disposal the resources which Rome and Florence lavished on his illustrious contemporaries. His first master, according to the testimony of his biographers, was Sebastian Zuccato, to whom we are indebted for certain mosaics in the Church of St. Mark at Venice. It is in studying Zuccato that we shall find the explanation of Titian's art. The mosaics we allude to are those which decorate the interior of the church, those figures of prophets and evangelists which are characterized by an aspect of such imposing grandeur. Here, as in all mosaic work dating from the time of Cavallini, who illustrated the Life of the Virgin behind the high altar of Santa Maria in Trastevere in Rome, to the epoch of the Venetian mosaics, and later to those which adorn the Basilica of St. Paul's without the Walls, we find nowhere an indication of any desire or attempt on the part of an artist to model the symmetry of the human form so as to compete in the slightest way with the style or progress of oil paintings. The splendour and harmony of Zuccato's admirable works are to be seen reproduced on the canvas of Titian. The art of modelling the contours of the human frame, which is lacking in the radiant mosaics we have mentioned, is also too often wanting in the most beautiful conceptions and productions of the Venetian master.

From the studio of Zuccato, Titian passed to that of Giovanni Bellini, who at first did not fully understand the talent of his young pupil, whose independence annoyed him.

Full of confidence in the methods which had won for him the applause of Venice, Bellini is said to have declared that Titian would never rise to fame. However, it is certain that there are pictures painted by Bellini still to be seen in the churches at Venice which reveal a genuine desire and sincere hope of imitating the genius of the most illustrious of his pupils.

We know that Titian, having refused the invitation of Pope Leo X. to visit Rome, did not make the journey until during the reign of Paul III. Some writers contend that the reason of his refusal arose from the fear of seeing his works unfavourably compared with those of Raphael and Michael Angelo, but

more probably he deemed it wiser to hold the rank of foremost painter in Venice to that of second or third in Rome. Later on when, during the Pontificate of Paul III., he visited the Eternal City, having then attained the age of seventy, he might truly be of the opinion that his fame had nothing to fear from Raphael, who had died twenty-five years previously, nor from Michael Angelo, who, however, in his robust old age retained all the vigour and virility of earlier days.

It is said that the old Florentine, while listening to the praises showered on the venerable Venetian, could not refrain from uttering this exclamation of regret: "What a pity," he said to the friends who sought his opinion, "that a painter so highly gifted never learned to draw." Those who are acquainted with the history of painting must admit that there was justice in the remark.

If the opinion of Michael Angelo was made known to Titian, he must certainly have found ample compensation for this severe judgment in the applause and admiration he received at the Court of Alphonsus I. at Ferrara. The highest dignitaries there treated him with profound deference. The celebrity of his works gave him a special prestige. Happy in the free development of his genius and the respect and admiration of his friends and acquaintances, what more could he desire? The friendship which existed between the artist and Ariosto draws attention to the undoubted similarity of their minds and the works which they produced. The painter was worthy of the poet. The same richness and variety of idea characterized Titian and Ariosto equally, also the power of representing everything under the happiest and most attractive aspect. The satisfaction which these two great men found in each other's society was, it must be confessed, rather pagan than Christian. Life for them was so radiant and enchanting that it was hardly possible that they could understand either prayer or suffering. They were unreservedly happy, and knew no good but happiness. The most celebrated of Titian's works, *The Assumption of the Virgin*, now in the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, suffices to illustrate Titian's style. It is not the most beautiful of his works, but in studying it attentively we can arrive at a just conception of Titian's qualities as a painter as well as of his defects. This vast composition is, owing to the nature of the subject, divided into three parts. In the lower we see the disciples who are witnesses of the Assumption; in the centre



the Virgin, who is wafted to Heaven by angels ; in the upper section is represented God the Father, who receives the Virgin. The radiant splendour emanating from the canvas at first dazzles the eyes of the beholder, and prevents him from seeing the defects, which are not visible except to those who, having carefully studied Christian tradition, are intimately acquainted with the history and personality of the figures which the artist has depicted on the scene.

The disciples are certainly worthy of praise. The character of their physiognomies agrees perfectly with the Gospel recital, and this is an important point. Their rugged faces and rude forms illustrate the fact that the first propagators of Christianity belonged to the labouring and artisan class. They are evidently men of belief and naive faith. The central portion of this great picture possesses less merit. The Virgin is too human ; she is beautiful, but it is a beauty material rather than ideal. She charms all eyes, but possesses no attribute of ideality. Now, from the Christian point of view, it is evident that Titian had not grasped the grandeur of the subject which he treated. The face of the Virgin Mary should express something higher than the pride of beauty and *joie de vivre*. The beauty of Mary, reduced to human proportions, a beauty without spirituality, and which speaks to the eye without conveying aught to the thought, is not what an artist should convey in such a subject. Without going back as far as the days of Giotto, down to Fra Angelico, we may safely affirm that the great masters of Italy understood otherwise than Titian the beauty of the Virgin Mary. They aimed at making her beautiful, but superior to human nature. They did not separate the personage from her rôle. Titian neglected this point, and consequently all trace of the ideal is absent.

The figure of God the Father seems to hold too secondary a rank. Although it is true that in a picture of the Assumption all eyes should naturally be drawn to the principal figure, namely, that of the Virgin, nevertheless, to render the Creator as it were a mere accessory or decoration to the rest of the picture, is in our eyes a fault which wounds our taste as well as our faith. The subject of the Godhead should be treated with jealous care, and manifestly illustrate the Divine grandeur, power, and goodness.

The angels, who form a heavenly court around the Virgin and guide her towards the Eternal Throne, display a freshness

and splendour which Titian never surpassed. The pleasure which the beholder experiences while gazing at them, leaves an indelible impression on the memory. Travellers who visit only once the Academy at Venice, remember always the Angels of the Assumption, whose beauty so dazzles them that they are ready to proclaim Titian the foremost painter of Italy. The imperfections we have mentioned may be concealed from the onlooker by the richness and marvellous radiance of the colouring, but the incomplete character of the conception does not allow us to place the painter in the same rank as Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Allegri. The example of Titian should enlighten the painters of our epoch. He knew how to represent what he saw ; he faithfully copied what passed before his eyes, nevertheless his name comes but fifth in the roll of great painters.

The Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple, which is placed in the same room as the Assumption, is infinitely superior to the latter work. The composition covers a considerable space of canvas, and resembles on a large scale a picture from the hand of a Flemish artist. There is the same simplicity, *naïveté* and disregard for rigorous unity of lines. The figures which ascend the steps of the Temple are most gracefully conceived, the priest who receives them under the portico appears to be penetrated with a sense of the dignity of his function. The figures in the foreground, representing poorly clad women selling eggs and vegetables, are very Flemish. They distract the attention of the beholder from the real subject, namely, the Presentation of the Virgin. This is a serious fault in the domain of art. Nevertheless, those who see this picture will spend a long time studying it carefully. For freshness, youth, and virginity of tone, the Presentation leaves nothing to be desired. Moreover, this picture displays an attribute which in art is more essential than the charm of colouring, namely, that of the painter's intelligence being in perfect harmony with the nature of his subject. Titian herein reveals fully the extent and richness of his faculty as an artist.

The Entombment, which is now in the Louvre, is less celebrated than the Assumption and the Presentation at the Temple, but it is considered by foremost painters as being one of the most perfect works of the Venetian master. It is in truth a composition full of artistic simplicity, which can scarcely be seen without emotion.

Those who seek, above all, perfection of form in art, and who

prefer elegance and severity of style to harmonious colouring will experience a sense of disappointment in presence of this exquisite canvas; but it is impossible to contemplate it without being struck by the pathetic character of the figures, and this merit is somewhat rare in Titian's works. The disciples who support in their arms the rigid body of their beloved Master are absorbed in the fulfilment of their pious duty. One of the reproaches made against this picture is, that the figure of Christ lacks beauty, and that among the secondary figures surrounding it there is not one which presents a type inferior to that of the Christ. This may be true, nevertheless we state confidently that not only is this picture one of the most perfect painted by Titian, but one of the greatest *chefs d'œuvre* to be found in the domain of art. Gaze on the face of the divine and sorrowful Mother which reveals in every line such cruel anguish. Not even the hope of the speedy Resurrection of her Son can as yet convey consolation to her soul. The execution of this painting may not be superior to that of the Assumption, but if regarded from the point of view of religious sentiment, the Entombment ranks far higher. In the Assumption, the principal figure does not manifest the spiritual beauty which the subject claims, whereas in the Entombment all the persons depicted contribute naturally and simply to the effect of the composition. The attitude and expression of the figures are all true; and the movements manifest a touching religious gravity.

Admirers of Titian's genius seek in him a protest against the traditions of ancient art, and ascribe to him motives which no doubt would astonish the great master could he but hear of them. If the figures created by his hand lack the elegance of Greek works, the fact does not arise from a systematic disdain for the doctrines of antiquity. How could he have despised what he did not know? He was already old when he beheld for the first time the splendid *débris* collected in the Vatican and Capitol. If he did not attain to the portrayal of ideal beauty, it was because his education had not revealed to him the importance, the necessity of such in the domain of art. He represented what he saw, because the masters of his youth had not put before him a more glorious aim. To attribute to him the motive already mentioned would be to ignore the work of his life. Critics seek in his art a protest against Greek tradition, without reflecting whether he was acquainted with it, or had not arrived at this knowledge too late to derive any profit from it.

In the Tribune of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence there are two Venuses by Titian. In order to judge correctly the claim of the master in the domain of pure beauty, we shall content ourselves by dwelling on one picture only, which is certainly the more perfect of the two; we allude to that in which the goddess is depicted as a lovely woman lying at the foot of a deep green curtain with a dog at her feet. This picture is certainly one of the best works of the Venetian school. It would be difficult to imagine colouring more true to life and more attractive. The movement of the body is replete with grace and elegance. If we seek in the representation of the pagan goddess merely a woman who is young and charming, loving and beloved, we may rest satisfied with Titian's Venus. If, however, our thoughts recur to the traditions of Greek mythology, and we dwell on the verses of Homer wherein the beauty of Aphrodite is described in all its splendour, we are bound to experience a sense of disappointment. According to the Greek idea, Venus was something more than a young and lovely woman, she was the goddess of earthly beauty. Without possessing any definite information on the point, we may safely affirm that the Venus of Titian is a portrait. The model chosen by the artist is undoubtedly one of the most graceful to be imagined, but the painter was satisfied to represent what he saw, and did not dream of aiming at representing a being endowed with supreme beauty. When it is a question of endeavouring to depict a goddess, which in polytheism signifies at one and the same time love and beauty, the intervention of the ideal into the choice of form is a necessary condition. Titian, by neglecting this point, has produced a work whose merit is incontestable, but he has failed to reach the aim of his art. Notwithstanding this defect, the Venus of Titian is a picture worthy of high praise, and deserves careful study. Reubens, who excelled in flesh colouring, never surpassed this admirable painting.

The Flora, by Titian, which is also in the Uffizi Gallery, is another admirable example of the master's talent. It would be impossible to surpass the delicacy and subtlety of tone which characterize this exquisite picture, which is also considered to be a portrait. All the chief galleries of Europe possess portraits by the hand of Titian, and this is perhaps the line in which he most truly reveals the extreme skill of his pencil. It is not that portrait painting can ever equal original

conception; the masters of the Roman and Florentine schools have carefully demonstrated the contrary; but faithful representation of a model, treated with grace and majesty, demands the skill of a true artist, and Titian, whose imagination could not evoke a being of ideal beauty, studied with rare artistic talent the personages who posed before him as models. He lived on familiar terms with poets and princes, and his pencil reproduced with marvellous fidelity the physiognomy of his models. His portraits of Charles V., and that of Philip II., are considered historic witnesses. The character of these two princes is so cleverly seized and rendered that, having carefully studied these portraits, we remain astonished with the evidence of the Venetian master's penetration. The history of Charles V. and of Philip II. appears more evident and more easily understood. We see before us two men who played such important rôles in Europe, and their physical aspect explains to us their conduct. As to the portrait of Ariosto, it coincides marvellously with the material character of his poems. These historic figures produced by Titian's pencil not only each present an individual character, but express and epitomize the life of the model. It is evident that Titian, before tracing the first lines of the face, carefully studied the character of his model, and this preliminary study explains the superiority of his portraits.

In the frescoes which decorate the Carmine and Scuola del Santo at Padua, Titian displays a vivacity and harmony of colouring which are unequalled by the Florentine and Roman masters. What Michael Angelo did for relief-painting, Titian has done for the art of colouring and tone. Although the monastery of St. Antony has not the same importance as the Vatican chapel, it is a subject for study which should not be neglected.

We regret not to have seen the Bacchanals which were painted at Ferrara, and are now in Spain, with the exception of the Bacchus and Ariadne in the National Gallery. Biographers tell us that Domenichino wept when they were removed from Italy. It is difficult to form a just opinion of the merit of a painting by merely seeing an engraving of it. The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci is known in many countries solely through the medium of Morghen's engraving, and those who have visited Milan know how much value is to be placed on the interpretation.

Before Titian had begun his career, Italian painting had arrived at full virility, and during his lifetime Florence and Rome had led art to perfection. Giotto, Fra Angelico, and Massaccio, had distinguished themselves by endowing their paintings with a true expression of religious feeling. At Padua, in the Church of St. Antony, Giotto had left imperishable monuments of his genius which Titian was at liberty to study. As regards the expression of religious feeling, we must admit that he did not possess it like Giotto and Fra Angelico. Though superior to these two masters in the practice of his art, Titian never arrived at the same comprehension which they intimately possessed of Biblical and Scriptural episodes. This fact we must certainly admit without detracting from the fame of the Venetian master. At the epoch when Titian lived, the study of pagan literature, though very useful no doubt towards the development of the human intellect, had profoundly altered the traditions of Byzantine art. We do not wish to advise modern artists to return to the style of Giotto and Fra Angelico. To do so would be to ignore the advantages of experience, but history has its lessons, and we are forced to admit that Giotto and Fra Angelico interpret the Ancient and New Testament with more fervour and *naïveté* than the masters who succeeded them. The problem to be solved is not how to imitate these earlier artists, but how to enter into the spirit which moved them, while at the same time giving full attention to the technicalities of painting, or in other words the faithful rendering of the model.

Reubens and Rembrandt borrowed from Titian; this is a fact which history confirms, and which serves to mark the rank of the Venetian master. As Reubens and Rembrandt played a most important part in the revolution of painting, it is impossible to admit their importance without accepting also the importance of their teacher. At the same time, as the Flemish and Dutch schools do not hold the same rank as the schools of Florence, of Rome, and of Parma, we are led to conclude that Titian, the predecessor and teacher of Reubens and Rembrandt, cannot be placed in the same rank as Leonardo and Michael Angelo, Raphael and Allegri. To such minds as have followed the development of art in Greece and in Italy, it is evident that in painting form dominates colour. Now, as in Italy, Florence and Rome represent the expression of form in the most perfect manner, and as the cupolas of a Correggio at

Parma, without bearing comparison with the Florentine and Roman works at the Vatican, hold the next place in ideal imitation of the human form, we must be satisfied to assign the leader of the Venetian school a lower rank. Titian's disciples, Reubens and Rembrandt, may justly ask, Why should form dominate colour? The reply would seem to us as follows. Colour charms the eye, but it cannot speak to the mind and evoke thought, and this fact must be manifest to all persons to whom the philosophic aspect of art is familiar. Form dominates colour because form expresses movement, movement expresses will. Leonardo and Michael Angelo, Raphael and Allegri, who portray form in the most perfect manner, occupy necessarily a superior rank to Titian, who always placed colour above form. In the art of drawing, as in music and painting, the value of a work lies in its direct *rapproch* with the importance assigned to thought. It is in accordance with this law that history has marked the rank of Mozart, and of Beethoven, of Shakespeare and Molière. It is thus we assign the rank held by Titian.

ELEANOR MACDERMOT.

## *A Pilgrim of Eternity.*

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### IV. THE FACE OF THE CHILD.

ONE day I was visiting the workhouse of which my friend, the Unitarian minister, was a guardian ; and as I was descending a staircase I met him. He asked me to return and see the schools ; so I persuaded my old limbs to carry me up again ; and through a little door in the corridor wall my friend led me into the girls' school. It was a low room, with a fire at one end ; and the window faced the north. Outside there was a small, bleak playground, and one wall ran near the yard for female lunatics and the hospital ward for women of the most unhappy class. The schoolmistress came forward to meet me. Her manner was gentle and refined ; and when my friend had introduced me, she spoke so frankly and so thoughtfully that I was charmed. She showed me the girls' needlework and some photographs of former pupils.

On the other side of the corridor stood the boys' school. A little further there was a small room, used as a boys' hospital. My friend told me that it opened directly into the male lunatic ward ; and then he drew me towards a little fellow lying in one of the beds. The thin body and the large head, the staring eyes and the face full of sores, touched me to the quick. Now the uneasiness I had felt among the girls grew upon me ; and in the face of this child, still more plainly, I could read dumb pleading, pitiful wonder, and dying hope. "What does this workhouse life mean?" I asked my friend ; and he answered that we are paying for the Reformation. "But you are a Protestant," I said, in surprise. "Not I," he said. "I hold that Unitarians must trace their origin to the revival of letters." Then he spoke of Henry VIII., who made beggars and hanged them, of Elizabeth and her Poor Law. But I was so tired and sick at heart that I could not follow all he said.

A few days later I met my friend ; and he told me that he had enjoyed such a strange fancy. As he was walking through



the high street of Rochester, the figure of Erasmus appeared to be moving in front of him. "It was a mere daydream," he added, quickly; "but it suggested many things. Four hundred years ago, at the revival of learning, the prince of letters actually walked along that road. He was then beginning the warfare of his life; and the laurel of victory fell to him, when human interests, embodied in human literature, became the occupation of men and the education of the young. But as I went I remembered the Jewish synagogue behind me and the College of Science in front; and I heard the worshippers of God and the questioners of Nature denying primacy to the disciples of human genius."

"It is very strange," he added, "but to-day, and in these towns, the war still lives. Some have little interest except in what is human and pulsing with the play of freedom. To others, the rhythm and the monotone of natural law seem the music of the spheres. And there are many to whom God is all in all. The difference of standpoint affects every object and every theme. The man of the world reads history as a drama of human thought and human passion. The man of science is at one with the ancient, who explained the Egyptian Empire by the Nile, and with the modern, who held France to be the resultant of race and time and climate. But the man of God treats history in the manner of a Hebrew prophet, who spelt its mysterious symbols as the Divine decrees of Israel's final glory."

"Yes," he continued, in answer to some question of mine, "it is in education we must trace the issues of these views. Our grammar school represents the humanism of Erasmus, who formed youth's ideal from the orator and the courtier. Here, the teachers would cultivate their pupils' power of expression and refinement of manners, by exercises in cricket and Latin. Our College of Science represents the naturalism of Herbert Spencer, who sought the good of studies in their use, as opposed to their ornamental value; and here, the professors prefer power of observation to form of expression, and the facts of nature to the unveiling of the human soul. In the little convent school, the gentle Sisters represent an ideal older than that of Erasmus or that of Spencer. Submission to the good God and love of Him, they preach in their practice, and practise in their preaching. In the world of men they see a place of temptation; in the world of nature, the scene of their own trial;

and holy in life, they would fill each pupil's heart with love of Jesus and Mary, till God is mirrored in the face of the child."

At the time, he said no more on the subject, for I wanted to understand the state of children under the Poor Law ; and I asked him whether the workhouse children were taught a trade. He said that it had been suggested, but the opposition was too great. Tradesmen, they had been told, preferred apprentices who were quite untrained, as such children had the less to unlearn. The girls, he said, became domestic servants, generally maids of all work, as a companion servant might taunt them with their pauper origin.

I do not remember any other conversation about Erasmus and the human ideal in education ; so I was the more happy when I was examining my friend's papers, and found a short appreciation of the scholar.

"The soul of Erasmus," ran the passage, "flamed with love of intellectual beauty. As far removed from the earthly passion of knight and minstrel, as from the discord of preachers in revolt, he discountenanced the Arthurian legend, and would not read the vulgar abuse and exaggerated assertions in Luther's pamphlets. He was human ; therefore he sought to be humane ; and his delicate form trembled at the thought of cruelty, whether it came in memories of his own sensitive boyhood, or at sight of the brutality shown by schoolmasters in his day. Highly nervous, and impressionable in the extreme, it gave him heartache to see maidens broken in spirit by harsh discipline, and lads drilled in torture chambers. Poor he was, and blighted at his birth, and carrying from his college nothing but a diseased body and much vermin, he was emphatically a gentleman. The word still lingers at large among us ; and when it means anything, it implies the Erasmian ideal of charm and gentleness in manners, sympathy with the noblest thought and speech of men, and all that tact and culture can give of influence and distinction."

The rhapsody was continued on two slips of paper. The first proceeded, "Because Erasmus looked upon his fellows as living intelligences, glorious in possibilities, he spurned the dull, mechanic view of those who would have reduced scholarship to a parrot repetition of Ciceronian phrases. Not his to revel in abstractions, for he looked out upon the world through those fair blue eyes, and saw, not mankind, but men. Therefore, he held them as persons, neither mere things, nor an insubstantial

pageant ; and he urged the right of each to consideration in respect of his disposition and ability. With gall and tears, he writes of selfish parents and savage teachers ; and there is, now and again, the swift flash of withering sarcasm, as when he tells of some poor student condemned for life to a treadmill of legal pleading, because it pleased his patron, though it was like training a cow to box, or a donkey to perform on the violin. Refusing all positions offered him, he cherished his own independence ; and though he said pleasantly that he might be a king if he were young, he attained the one ambition of his life when he seized the Republic of Letters for his own empire, and throned at Froben's printing press in Basel, he made his eight years' reign for ever memorable by the great editions of Cyprian, Athanasius, Hilary, Irenæus, Ambrose, Augustine, and even more gloriously, by the reprints of his Greek Testament."

The second slip contained the conclusion. "In Latin, Erasmus had found a universal and organized language, capable of expressing all human needs, and beyond comparison with the crude tongues which were bounded by national limits, and as yet almost destitute of literature. With the words, 'You speak to a deaf man,' he declined audience to one who spoke the language of Dante ; and scarcely qualifying the utterance, he declared that all the knowledge attainable by man lay enfolded in the literature of ancient Greece. A little before, he had spoken perhaps more calmly, but with a hardly larger outlook, and asserted that all the knowledge we regard of vital importance to men is found in Latin and Greek. In the name of letters he condemned the Protestants because through them literature was declining everywhere, and seemingly about to perish. In the name of the universal empire which he claimed for learning, he refused to recognize national heroes, except those whose names had been perpetuated in the two languages of its dominion. Like Socrates and Johnson, he cared not for scenery, and could learn nothing from trees. Michael Angelo and Raphael were working in the Vatican ; but neither won his attention when he passed through Rome. He lacked poetic feeling ; and he had nothing in common with the mystic. But in the actual and among men he moved as a gracious and gentle influence, radiant in the light of intellect, and enriched with culture and wisdom."

I should have been glad to find a manuscript dealing with scientific education, but I have not met with one, and so I will

quote from letters my friend wrote to me at that time. One of the professors at the College of Science had given a lecture for him, and being a disciple of Spencer, had advocated the system of education proposed by his master. The lecturer's appearance was described as that of a man who was intensely in earnest, but a little toned by the self-assertive bearing with which some teachers of science repudiated the superiority of classical scholarship. Unfortunately at times that personal attitude became evident in the matter, as well as in the manner of the speech; sweeping statements were made and offered for acceptance on the authority of the speaker; vehement scorn was poured on those who submitted their reason to scholar or divine; and no man of culture ever expressed more bitter contempt for barbarian or philistine than the man of science showed for those whom he described as ignorant people.

"There is a strong tide in England," wrote my friend, "and indeed it flows over a vaster area; but it washes the walls only of Universities, and therefore carries little of ancient spoil. Its view of life is that embodied in the tale of *Robinson Crusoe*, whose dependence for everything on his own exertions made him an amateur in many a trade. Truly, no other position is possible when men are supposed to be isolated atoms, destitute of support, and owning no allegiance. When this speech is translated into political language, it is found to mean an opposition between the man and the State, an aversion to government, and an anarchism that dislikes the learning of languages because, as Spencer boldly said, the process tends to increase the already undue respect for authority. The various kinds of knowledge being weighed in the balance of usefulness, science is said to prove the heaviest. Health is regarded as of supreme importance; business is then attached to it; and one by one, parentage, citizenship, and art, are added as members of a chain suspended from the ceiling. As the lower links are dependent on those above them, so the various sciences are accounted the more valuable the higher the link to which they minister. The ideal education would involve complete preparation in all, and, as Spencer tells us, the aim of the process is complete living, the use of all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others."

Answering some questions of mine, my friend wrote, "Spencer does insist upon the shortness of the time that can be given to education, but instead of acknowledging the necessary

division of labour among members of the community, he thinks that each should learn all sciences as far as possible, and failing, to fail in those which possess least value for physical existence. The bias of his mind is shown when he tells us that many men were ruined because they sank a mine for coal below the old red sandstone. From their loss he concludes that every one should learn geology and depend upon himself for a solution of its problems; though another might argue that the subject requires specialists, one of whom ought to have been consulted by the directors before sinking the mine. Life would become a nightmare if every man was compelled to be his own doctor, chemist, schoolmaster, lawyer, and musician. But Spencer is ever individualist and blind to human solidarity."

Replying to further questioning on my part, my friend said that Spencer saw nothing but a developed animal in the human being. "He looks into the face of the child; there he sees a flat nose, nostrils opening forward, large lips, eyes wide apart; and in those signs he reads a savage who must be raised through the ascending stages of civilization. The physical world forms the background and tones the atmosphere of all Spencer paints so that he can describe the neglect of health maxims as physical sin; and he would allow the child to suffer the natural consequences of his actions, for he does not see that many a life-long habit would be formed before nature arose in vengeance. He does not provide for the full training of character; his idea of the child's nature, and his insight into its value do not attain the level of the Erasmian; yet in placing the child in a scene larger than the human platform, and almost cosmic, his view may lead to grander conceptions. But to their honour both humanist and naturalist are at one in their appeal for gentleness and in their protest against the cruelty which used to blight the nursery, make school a hell, and barbarizing the ruling classes, permeate the national life."

About that time, my friend kindly sent me a little book, entitled the *School System of the Talmud*. And comparing it with the *Method of Study* by Erasmus, and Spencer's *Education*, he wrote, "The little pamphlet by Erasmus contains the literary method, with which he set out to humanize Europe; and Spencer's chapters form a vigorous plea for the study of nature; but in this booklet, Rabbi Spiers unfolds an ideal as humane as that of Erasmus, and as natural as that of Spencer, and nobler than either. The Talmud being both the guide of

the teacher and the text-book of the pupil, we are able to see the form and the matter of Jewish education. As soon as a child could lisp, his father gave him his first lesson. It was in Hebrew, the national language, and asserted the dignity and the responsibility of Israel. 'The Law, which Moses commanded us, is the heritage of Jacob's congregation.' So ran the first sentence; and the second was the national password, 'Hear, O Israel, the Eternal our God, the Eternal is one.' At five years of age, and for five years, the child was instructed in the Written Law; then, for another five years, he was taught the Oral Law; and its commentary required the labour of yet a third five years. The Oral Law and the commentary together constitute the Talmud. The former division claims to represent the doctrine of great Rabbis from the fiftieth year before our era to the middle of the second century. Then arose its greatest editor, the great-great-grandson of St. Paul's Gamaliel, Judah, the Prince, famous as the 'Holy' for his life, and as 'Rabbi,' the one Rabbi, for his learning. To him, they attribute that most beautiful sentence, 'The world exists only by the breath of school-children.' The commentary not only explains the Oral Law, but it also includes the science and other learning of the time; and though the Talmud is of large proportions, nothing but private notes were committed to writing till some time near our seventh century."

"Erasmus," continued my friend, "does not lay greater emphasis upon clear enunciation and the value of Greek. Into Greek alone might the Law be translated, for it was thought no other language could faithfully render it. Spencer could not have been more careful for the health of his pupils, or more enthusiastic for the science of his day. Said one Rabbi, 'To calculate the courses of the stars and a knowledge of geometry are the periphery of wisdom.' Even as to industry, the Jew was as insistent as Spencer, and more practical. Rabbi Gamaliel, the son of Judah the Prince, said that all study of the Law, unaccompanied by any trade, would become of no effect, except to lead into sin. The Rabbis were practical teachers; Erasmus did not like teaching; Spencer was not a schoolmaster; and therefore, neither Erasmus nor Spencer could be moved with such an intelligent compassion for the helplessness of childhood, as that which seems to pulse in the very leaves of this book. No elder pupil might be struck, lest his sense of honour be wounded, and quaintly adds the rule, lest he resist. But all punishment was

light, and forbidden in the case of those dull pupils who could not profit by it. The teacher, urged the Talmud, should blame himself if the pupil could not understand ; it commanded him to hold his pupil's honour as dear as his own ; it would not have the school interrupted for the sake of building the Holy Temple ; and it extolled such patience as that of Rabbi Prida, who repeated a lesson four hundred times, that his pupil might master it. But above all, we meet a lovelier spirit than the aristocratic pride and exclusiveness of Victorian science and Renascence learning. 'Have regard for the sons of the poor,' it says. 'Thou shouldst teach the poor, from whom proceed knowledge and learning.' The men of this ancient book were in deep accord with nature and man ; and perhaps it was because they were near God."

Finding that Father Roothaan's <sup>1</sup>*Method of Instruction* was easily attainable, I obtained a copy, and sent it in gratitude for my friend's gift, and emboldened by the tone of his letter. The little Latin book, I told him, determined the mode of education in many Catholic schools and colleges. It was, indeed, prefaced by Roothaan's letter ; and it had been revised by him about 1830, a few years before the Victorian era began ; but it was really due to the direction of Aquaviva, who published it about the year 1600, near the close of Elizabeth's reign. Its compilation, arrangement, and amendment had for years occupied the attention of Jesuits, the most celebrated teachers of the time ; and the work breathed the spirit of their leader, the gentle and chivalrous Ignatius, one of the master influences among men.

My friend wrote to thank me, and confessed that he was interested in the matter. The title of the Society had no terror for him, though one of his college friends, who was an Orangeman and a Freemason, had taught some special subject for a while at a Jesuit college, and then declared that if there was an Order of the same principles and a different name, he would join it. Certainly, said my friend, if any body of men could really actualize a design, so minute and so comprehensive as that which is unfolded in this book, they must be accredited with power more than natural or human.

I had been wondering in what light the Catholic system would appear to one who had lived in an alien atmosphere, and, for the first time, became acquainted with some of its details.

<sup>1</sup> That is, the *Ratio Studiorum*, which contains the Rules and Methods of the Jesuit system in education.

"You will not be surprised," ran the appreciation, "that at once I tried to find what this method may lack of the elements present in humanism, naturalism, and religious education ; but it seems to include the best the others can offer. With Erasmus, there is insistence on all that constitutes the ideal of a gentleman, kindness, good manners, good taste, distinct enunciation, knowledge of literature, and facility in expression. The power of adaptation, which is so remarkable in the method, enables it to employ whatever material may be most valued by the age, whether it be Renaissance classics or Victorian science, and to mould it into a means of furthering men's perfection and God's greater glory. If the Talmud urges the training of the memory, and insists that the teacher must explain a matter till the pupil understands it, these rules develop the whole method of instruction, repetition, and discussion. Neither Spencer nor the Talmud can for one moment compare with it in its care for the health of the pupils ; and neither Spencer, nor the Talmud, nor Erasmus, shows such gentleness or such watchfulness. The gravity of a father and the tenderness of a mother are required of the master, who himself has received six or seven years of religious and intellectual training for his work : 'Freely you have received, freely give,' his Rule tells him, in the words of his Master ; and thus it is possible to receive a more humane education than is possible in a public school, and at a fraction of the cost."

Then he concluded. "There are two aspects of the Catholic Church which interest and baffle me. In the one case, she can break down every barrier, national or feudal, and place the son of a peasant on the loftiest throne in the world. In the other, she offers sacramental help to struggling men, that she may enable them to live in communion with the supernatural. Both these aspects I find in this little manual ; and if it be really true that these Catholic teachers devote equal attention to all their pupils, whether sons of labourers or sons of kings ; and if their schools are so much purer than those I have unhappily known, I would be near a confession that the Finger of God is here."

M. N.



## *A Prisoner of the Lord.*

FATHER ROBERT DE NOBILI, S.J.

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THERE are many romances in the history of the Church—  
stories that sound like the wildest fiction, until they are  
examined and found to be solid fact attested by grave and  
reverend witnesses, who, apparently, see nothing incredible or  
even very extraordinary in tales of self-renouncing devotion  
that reckons a man's life as nothing, his work as everything.  
To suffer martyrdom, torture, death—impossible to us, we say,  
as we shrink and cower before the ghastly details of suffering  
joyfully borne. To endure long solitary confinement, with poor  
and insufficient food and hard labour combined, it would drive  
us mad, we say. But to undertake it voluntarily? The world  
calls such folly as that all kinds of bad names, and imputes to  
it motives ranging from pride and sloth through the remaining  
catalogue of the deadly sins; while to regard it as a branch of  
the Apostolate would occur to few people.

But it did so occur to Father Robert de Nobili, priest of  
the Society of Jesus; and time and place and circumstances  
combining, he lived a prisoner, shut off from men of his own  
race and kind, in an enervating climate, amid alien, often  
antagonistic minds, for forty-five years—a Prisoner of the Lord  
in the fullest sense of the phrase.

He came of a noble Tuscan family, a nephew of Cardinal  
Bellarmine, and he used his birth as only another weapon in his  
warfare with the powers of darkness. Born in 1577, only  
twenty-five years after the death of St. Francis Xavier, Robert  
de Nobili entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Naples at an early  
age, and was speedily recognized by his master—the historian  
Orlandini—as one cast in the heroic mould. He predicted for  
his pupil that he would do great things for the glory of God in  
India. Doubtless the two often discussed the matter. The  
wonderful doings of St. Francis Xavier and their miraculous  
results must have been very fresh in the minds of his brethren,

and throughout Europe there was a great stir and thirst for travel and adventure. The Jesuit novice, with the power and traditions of his Society behind him and the greater glory of God before him, would thrill with the same longing for adventure as any other boy, if it were diverted into other channels. When, his studies completed, he offered himself for the Indian Mission, he was sent to Goa, from thence to Malabar, and finally to the scene of his life's labour in Madura. There, a Portuguese mission already existed, but could hardly be said to do more ; it had made little or no progress during the fourteen years of its foundation.

Madura is separated in many ways from the rest of India, not only by its position in the extreme south of the Peninsula and east of the Eastern Ghats, which cut it off from the Malabar coast by a barrier 5,000 to 8,000 feet high, but also by the still more formidable barriers of race and language. Its people are of the old aboriginal black race of India, long since driven into this southernmost extremity of the Peninsula before invading Aryans from the north-west. With the exception of some of the wild hill tribes, these Dravidians gradually accepted the religion of their conquerors, and, shut off as they were from the rest of the world, became the haughtiest and most caste-ridden of Brahmins. As such they scorned and loathed the *prangui*, i.e., casteless Portuguese, as the basest and most immoral of men. The Christian virtues of charity, meekness, and tolerance, when exhibited to all and sundry, and allied to European heedlessness of caste and equal treatment of the sexes, scandalized instead of attracting them. They tolerated the presence of the missionaries, as they did that of the *prangui* traders, but lumped them all together as beef-eating, wine-drinking, pariah-consorting Portuguese, and as such unfit for social intercourse. This attitude of mind was not conducive to an unprejudiced consideration of the claims of the religion offered to them, and it was this attitude that Father de Nobili set himself to reverse. "Desperate evils require desperate remedies," and with the full consent of his Superiors he put himself into training for the part he meant to play. He had first to study the Sanskrit language and literature, and then to make himself proficient in the Tamil vernacular ; and we are not surprised to learn that these studies occupied "several years." Most men would have found employment for a lifetime in the acquisition of the perfection in them that he acquired.

During these years neither he nor his fame could be entirely hidden ; but all that was known of him was that he never touched meat nor wine, and that he never went into the street—report said, lest he should sully his eyes by looking upon women. Rigid asceticism is always sure of respectful homage, if not of imitation, in the mystical East, prone to suspicion of the religious teacher who leads an easy and self-indulgent existence ; and Father de Nobili appealed to these haughty Brahmins on another side as well. For, when at last feeling himself equipped for his work, he presented himself to a chosen few of the numbers whom curiosity had brought to visit and inquire, it was as a Roman Rajah, as well as a *Sunyassi*—or penitent who has renounced the world and its enjoyments—that he chose to be known. As such the most exclusive of Brahmins was more than ready to attend his teaching. As a *Sunyassi*, he could associate only with Brahmins, and these at once allowed his claim ; he could eat and drink only rice, herbs, milk, and water once in the day ; and he wore the distinctive long robe of yellowish cotton covered with a kind of surplice of the same material, a white or red veil on his shoulders, a cylindrical cap on his head, and on his feet two wooden soles that rested on props two inches high and were held on by a peg passing between the great toe and the next one. He also wore the caste-mark of the Brahmin—the sacred cord—but in this he made a variation and had five threads in it instead of three, three of gold and two of silver, and he fastened to it a cross. The alteration he explained to be symbolical of the doctrine he taught ; the three golden threads denoted the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity, the two silver ones the Body and Soul of the Adorable Human Nature of Jesus Christ, and the cross His Death and Passion. This was teaching in a form they could understand and appreciate. To approach Easterns with a religion denuded of every particle of mysticism, to appeal only to the Written Word is to make religion for them a matter of sale and barter—the deadliest materialism—so much obedience to the Word, so much gain in this world or the next. The system has scattered throughout the length and breadth of India “Christians” who are a by-word and a shame to their heathen fellows, and a scorn and mocking to the Europeans who are responsible for their teaching.

Meanwhile, Father de Nobili had been building a church

and a house in the Brahmin quarter of the city, and when all was ready he separated from his fellow-missioner, Father Gonzales, and buried himself there in solitude and prayer. He had already made one convert in the person of the Brahmin pundit who had been his instructor in languages; and it now became the office of this disciple to keep off visitors at unauthorized times. The master was not to be disturbed while he was praying, or studying, or meditating on the Divine law. Even when the King wished to see him, the answer was that the *Sunyassi* was engaged in prayer and contemplation. In short, he lived the life that one of their own holy men would have done, with what different ends! His fame spread fast and far; his learning, the purity of his Tamil, his extensive knowledge of Hindu poetry, as well as his life of penance were widely known and admired, as also the fact that he had bound himself by vow to follow this mode of life until his death. Disciples and converts came in daily; and some of them led holy lives and were credited with power over evil spirits. The *Sunyassi* himself healed miraculously, and more than once cured the sick by sending to them his reliquary.

We have a sketch of his day's work, contained in a letter to one of the Society at home, that makes us wonder if he had also the power of enlarging the twenty-four hours of an ordinary day. First, he says, came the usual exercises of the Society—meditation, Holy Mass, self-examination, spiritual reading, the Divine Office, &c.; second, the study of Sanskrit and other tongues, and of the Vedahs; third, the composition of a large Catechism suited to the people; fourth, four instructions to different sets of catechumens and Christians; and fifth, audiences to friends and those desirous to see him. At these receptions he sat cross-legged on a dais raised two feet from the ground and covered with red cloth, and with a carpet and fine mat before him on which his visitors could take up a like position as himself. And they came in crowds, even the noblest saluting him respectfully as a superior.

Nevertheless, this secluded life could not escape the tongue of calumny and the misrepresentation of the busybody. The pagans occasionally attempted to raise persecutions against him and his followers, but to these he simply paid no attention whatever, and they died a natural death. In Europe great questioning and controversy arose as to the legitimacy of his unusual methods and the new and hard rule that these would

seem to impose upon his Society. In 1623 an appeal was made against him to Rome, but Gregory XV., with the evidence of thousands of converts as proof of the value of his work, pronounced in his favour. Before this he had been reported to his uncle, Cardinal Bellarmine, as a renegade to paganism, and the Cardinal wrote him a long letter of remonstrance, eliciting a reply from Father de Nobili that completely convinced him of the groundlessness of the charge. The accused might well have pointed to the many verses he had composed in Tamil in honour of our Blessed Lady as proof of his devoted loyalty to her and to the Church of her Son.

But the one great obstacle that even his zeal was unable to overcome was the poverty that obliged him entirely to forego his dear ambition to found a college for Brahmins at Madura. The Jesuit Mission did not belong to Portugal, and so was especially poor, receiving no grant from any Government. Four of the missionaries managed to subsist on what was meant for two, one had a small pension from his family, two others were supported by the Rector of a college on the Pearl Coast and by a house at Goa, and all occasionally received help from the General of the Order. This state of things left but small margin for building and endowing a college; but failing this, Father de Nobili did what he could to establish his work on a permanently effective basis. In 1639, with the consent of his Superiors, he completed a system that provided for two classes of missionaries, one of Brahmin *Sunyassis*, subject to the rule of the strictest Brahmin caste, by which he had himself lived, the other of *Pandara-Swamis*, who were allowed more liberty, in that they could mix with the Sudra caste. Westerns are apt to be impatient of caste distinctions as mere matters of rank, and to insist upon the equality of all in the sight of God. It is of little use to approach Easterns in this spirit, for caste has nothing whatever to do with temporal rank; it is a spiritual distinction. An Eastern who has, by any means, lost caste—and the loss is as easy a matter as are most spiritual falls—is a desperate man. He may throw in his lot with the Christians, as he would with any who offered him an asylum from his outraged equals, but of the kind of Christian he probably becomes, the annals of Indian missions contain only too painful evidence. Father de Nobili understood these things. He wanted men who were Christians because they believed in Christ, not men who were baptized because curiosity or cupidity

had led them into a position from which there was no other escape. And when he died he left one hundred thousand of his kind of convert behind him.

For forty-five years he lived this life of unceasing penance and labour, and then sinking under the toil, the weight of years and privation, and nearly blind from poring over strangely crabbed and intricate writings, he was sent by his Superiors, first to Juffnapatam in North Ceylon, and then to Melapore in Tinnevely, where for five years longer he lived and worked, as far as sight and strength would permit, at composing and dictating books in the native tongues for the use of his fellow-missioners. And then he died, still an exile, eighty years old, and blind; but his work lived; and many hundreds and thousands of souls could glorify God to all eternity for this Prisoner of the Lord.

GILBERTE TURNER.

## Lois.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### "SONS OF THE MORNING."

I HAVE indicated that there were times when Lois's art-life bore no traces of her spiritual pain. These traces became fewer and fewer, and passed away as "the shaping spirit of Imagination" was leading her into something apart from what was around her; even into the atmosphere of the Ages of Faith.

One day she wrote a short story with an historical basis; a story that gave a beautiful and vivid picture of older English life; a story that had about it the scent of English meadows in spring, and the strength of the English oak that is not of the forest but alone: and directly she offered it for publication it was eagerly taken.

"They have asked for more," said Lois; and Katey was glad, and said, "Dear little, good little Oliver Twists!"

It fitted in well with this that a proposal came from Mr. Harvey, a well-known publisher, that Lois should write a novel dealing with English life in the Middle Ages. He had read this story of hers, he said, and had ventured to suggest her entering into what would be to her in some sense a new field. She went to see him, as he asked, and he told her that he wanted something on a fairly large scale, to show what that life really had been. He knew that she had a competent knowledge of the period; and he had been greatly impressed by the words of a writer who had won the literary laurels she was now winning, about the happiness of life in those days (whether we must take this *cum grano* or not), in which there was, in an ordinary way, the relation of craftsman to craft, instead of merely that of hands to machinery.

He knew she could saturate herself with the spirit of the time. Attention was being drawn to the work of the old English Guilds: this would form a feature of great interest. She

would find it easier to do now than had it been suggested before the advent of historians with the spirit of fairness and painstaking research, and the determination, tacit or declared, to allow no prejudice or even bias to produce histories such as those from which our forebears imbibed the vigorous prejudices which are already growing incomprehensible to some of their descendants. Yes, easier, he said, but of course in a sense much more difficult, just because of that raising of the standard of research and mental discipline.

He knew that she was too intimate with the literature of earlier times—he had heard of her as a lecturer—to make her characters spout “Wardour Street English.”

He thought she might find the work a fascinating one: there were all sorts of interests about it, such as the romance of the knightly ideal; the rise of the merchants; the state of the labourers; the relation between classes; the treatment of lepers; she might describe the Service held over the lepers as for burial, and the solemn pathos of their shutting out. In fact, he dared to hope that she would find a large field of interest, and while his readers would be so much the richer, she herself would be none the poorer—“in any way,” he added, smiling. It was well-known that Mr. Harvey paid his authors well, as Lois knew.

It was to Lois a delightful proposal. Mr. Harvey put into words so much of what had been in her own thought. And yet she hesitated: her hesitation was partly on the ground that she being an unbeliever could not fairly represent the time. Mr. Harvey over-rode the objection. “I’m practically that myself, you see, though I go to church to please my wife; but I should not scruple to write this if I could. How can it matter? What is wanted is the combination of faithfulness to fact, accuracy of detail, and fine imagination. All these qualities I believe you to have. Surely we should think of novel-writing as dramatic work.”

If Miss Moore chose to lay the scene of a story among Buddhists or Mohammedans, she would write as if she looked at things from their point of view, would she not, supposing she had caught it? Surely, therefore, there could be no insincerity, if she were afraid of insincerity, in her writing from the point of view of some centuries back.

“You would have had it yourself, Miss Moore, and so should I, if we had been born then, instead of living in these



enlightened days when we are all flinging away our pretty little beliefs as if they were the playthings we had when we were children."

Lois's other ground for hesitation was that she might fail. Mr. Harvey over-rode that, too.

"No, no, Miss Moore. Screw your courage to the sticking-place, and you'll not fail."

The more she thought about it, the more she seemed drawn to it. It would be a continuous piece of work: she felt as if she would like to make a longer flight than hitherto; and Mr. Harvey's belief in her was a great courage-giver, as belief in man or woman always is. There would be a good deal of reading—well, Mr. Harvey said she was welcome to the use of any of the books in his library, so that she would not need to have too much recourse to the dear, stuffy British Museum reading-room; and this meant that she could be a good deal at the cottage.

"Now, think over it, and do say yes. You have not resented the thought of another person's choice of subject, I think. If you will treat my subject in your own way, you will make it yours, and your style is yours, and yours only. Besides it was what you had done in this direction that put it into my head to propose it."

And so it came to be that, while at home she was in an atmosphere of negation, or chaotic "inquiry," and hearing of all kinds of prescriptions for the doctoring of society; in her study, and in the long hours she spent reading and writing among the Surrey hills, for she did as much of her work as possible in the open air, she was living in the atmosphere of Faith.

She read much and thought much for the work. She read those quiet narratives taken from original sources, which sometimes seem to move more surely and vitally than the most impassioned cries against injustice, the most vivid painting of its deeds. In fact, she read history as it has not for so very long been in the power of ordinary students to read it; and she went over literature with which she was familiar, and literature she had missed or neglected; and when she had thoroughly steeped herself in her subject, she began her work. She felt it was going to be good work, and beautiful, and she was glad.

And the writing of this meant a great rest to Lois: a rest from those thoughts that sorely hurt her, and which she could banish when she was doing the imaginative work she loved.

It was like the rest that one has in a dream. For in dreams there are no puzzles ; things happen there which, in recollection, seem strange or impossible, but which, as they come to us when the body is stilled, are indeed nothing marvellous : they come to us, that is all. And so, with something of a dreamer's freedom from wonder, Lois threw herself into the times when people breathed the breath of life with the life of the Church : when from font to grave there was the love palpable of the Great Mother, unsleeping and unslumbering ; a love that followed them forth in prayer and the Holy Sacrifice, even to their prison of hope. Then, all joy, all sorrow, all play, all work, was sacramental.

She knew that work was then no mechanical slavery, but the output of creative life, alike to the builders of great church and great cathedral, succeeding one another in God's trust, with thoughts that curved the arch in broad sweep or narrow ; not working all alike but all in one spirit, and thus making not patchwork but harmony in diversity ; alike in these and in him who wrought the perfect carving of flower or knot which no eye would see, no mouth speak the praise of.

She saw how the ordinary parish life centred round the One Thing : That which was set forth ever and always in the one building ; the building made beautiful with the beauty that meant, yes, call it prodigality, if you will, of time, and thought, and money : for she knew they did not offer what had cost them nothing. She saw how to This One Thing was drawn all life, and how all life went forth from it : how in the various Guilds, all of them Church societies, not mere "clubs," all needs were met ; needs which, after the overthrow of the whole system, and the substitution of a<sup>1</sup> different ideal of possession for the old true one—that of absolute ownership for that of stewardship—and the day of State cruelty against State-created pauperism, the best and noblest minds are casting about how to satisfy ; and must fail to satisfy in any entirety or any permanence, until the Lady's Dowry be restored, and the King have His own again.

Lois saw how those needs were met, and she understood, and not as she would have understood the suggestions of a dweller in Utopia ; for was it not all in the olden time, and were not conditions, religious, social, economical, changed, and never to go back to what they had been ?

<sup>1</sup> See Abbot Gasquet's *Eve of the Reformation*.

She saw, too, how men and women alike had taken their part in the government of their parish, and the responsibility for its well-being ; all beginning with the decencies and claims of the Altar. She saw how parishes, poor by comparison with others, were yet rich in the possession of a noble church, and fair Mass-gear, and all the appurtenances of stately reverence of worship ; and rich too in the glory of offering and gift, not to be taxed as "vain expense," being indeed the equivalent of that precious nard which the arch-coveter would have sold for much and given to himself.

And so Lois's story grew : a beautiful story with all the delight of a great modern socialist poet in the Middle Ages, and with that element which alone could interpret them aright, even the realization that they were the Ages of Faith. "Sons of the Morning," she would call it, using in a slightly different form the title of the poem of which Mr. Rhys had spoken to her.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### HARVEY'S MAGAZINE.

SHE sent the early chapters "as soon as possible" to Mr. Harvey, who saw at once that he had not made a mistake as to Lois's capability of doing what he had wished. He asked if she would allow him to use the story in serial form for *Harvey's Magazine*. It would mean a delay in the publication of the volume, but he did not think the book would suffer by it. He named what seemed to Lois a large sum as what he should like to pay for the serial rights. She accepted Mr. Harvey's offer, but was a little startled to receive proofs almost immediately. The editor of the magazine, as well as the publisher, had been so impressed by the tale in its beginning that they had altered the year's arrangements, and put it on for immediate use. Startled she was, as I have said, and a little nervous, too, lest the work should not go on as well as it had begun ; or lest she should in some way or other disappoint her publisher. But Mr. Harvey only laughed.

"And, Mr. Harvey, you won't mind my asking you—may not somebody else be disappointed about their work not coming out?"

"It's very nice of you to think of that, Miss Moore, but it's all right. We have seen about that. You look really relieved."

"I know that delays are often as bad as disappointments," said Lois.

"Oh, yes, I'm afraid they are. But, Miss Moore, it has struck me that, if you knew of a charming bit of mediævalism they have in —shire, you would like to go and see it, and sharpen the keenness of your conception—which needs no sharpening! There! isn't that a beautiful metaphor? If you wanted to buy such things, you should have it cheap."

"That's not fair, Mr. Harvey: I can't have this competition set up in broad daylight. But, about this charming bit of mediævalism?"

"Oh, yes—they have spinning-wheels, and hand-loom, and all the anti-machinery craze in full flower. And they have, what doesn't exactly fit in with mediævalism, you know, perfect drainage and modern appliances of all kinds in their little doll's-house. It's really a sentimental sort of business, you know, for there's no use in crying 'Come back, come back!' (I believe that's how the guinea-fowls cry, isn't it? I remember it as a little chap in the country.) No, Miss Moore, you can't go back, as I needn't tell you; you can't fight against the tendencies of the age you live in; and we're in the age of mechanical work, which has been going on now for some generations. But all the same it's charming, this place I want you to go and see. And there's a lot of open-air life, and the people look healthy and jolly, and the children are as brown as berries and as sturdy as young John Bulls ought to be."

"It sounds delightful, Mr. Harvey; I am sure I should like it. You know people's imagination often harks back, though their intellect cries 'Forward.'"

"Exactly. I was down there with a friend the day they had a big function for the opening, or dedication, or something of the sort. High Mass and procession; candles and holy water, and all that sort of thing. By the way, my friend walked in the procession, and he held his candle crooked, and it was guttering like mad over his coat-sleeve. I forgot to say they are Roman Catholics. But the whole thing was really impressive, and the Bishop's sermon was very fine; and I have never seen people more delightful than Mr. Egerton and his daughter. She is a lovely young woman, and they devote themselves—their

money and their lives—to this. Well, Utopia has a great charm, even if it *is* waterless."

"Are you talking of Croyde in —shire, Mr. Harvey?" Lois was deeply interested.

"Yes; do you know Croyde?"

"Oh yes, a little. I have been there. I went years ago for a very little while, and I have often wished to go again. I stayed with a nice old lady who, strangely enough, had known something of my old home; and she and I kept up a correspondence at Christmas each year afterwards, until she went to the other side of the world. But I must go again and see all the beauty I saw before, and the spinning wheels in addition. I can describe them for you afterwards."

"You will find the place grown, I'm afraid—but perhaps you don't want things to remain small?"

"That depends."

"You are wise in guarding yourself. But do go. I can give you an introduction to Miss Egerton—Miss Elisha, I heard an old spinning-woman call her, how ever she got such an extraordinary name."

Lois went to Croyde shortly after this. But before she went she carried out an old suggestion of Katey's long since laid aside, and looked up the Egertons of Croyde in *County Families*; and also the Moores, formerly Egertons. It was as she suspected. She could easily trace her relationship with Giles Egerton, whose *heiress*, Aloysia, was born—it was the same year as the Moore *heiress*, Lois. It was an old edition she consulted; the slip of the statement had been sent in proof to Ard Moore when a new edition was coming out, and Mrs. Moore had returned it corrected.

Lois smiled over her heirdom.

"So we are cousins, Aloysia (she pronounced it Aloy-sia) Egerton and I! Cousins, and born in the same year."

It was a distant cousinship, and not to be put forward, she felt, and her feeling was founded on what in the main was a foolish thing. They were Egertons of Croyde—they were county people. She was only Lois Moore, who had never had any right to be mentioned as heiress. But if positions had been reversed, Lois would have gladly claimed kinship with her distant cousins.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## KINDRED.

SHE did not walk four miles this time ; there was now a small station a little way out of Croyde village.

She was asking a porter to carry her bag to the hotel—taking it for granted that there was an hotel—when a lady came up to her. She knew the face at once, the face she had seen when she woke that day, so long ago, by the river.

"May I ask if you are Miss Moore?"

"Yes, and you are Miss Egerton?"

They shook hands.

"Mr. Harvey told us you were probably coming down to-day. We heard from him only this morning, or we should have written to you ; and we thought, as this is the best down train, you would be likely to come by it if you came at all. We have a pony-trap outside. Jack will take your bag." She took it herself and handed it to Jack, the young porter, who marched off with it.

"Are you going to be good enough to drive me to the hotel?"

"Oh, no, the hotel may be 'replete with every modern comfort,' though I could not vouch for that ; but we are going to take possession of you, if you will kindly allow us. It is nice of you to wish to see our work ; and father and I want you to stay with us, if you won't mind. We should so much like you to come."

"It is most kind, and I shall be very glad indeed."

"You have nothing else? No? Then shall we join father? Miss Moore, you won't mind father's not getting out of the trap, will you? He isn't strong, and we don't like him to do more than he need in the way of getting in and out."

"Oh, I am sorry——" But they were at the pony-carriage before Lois was aware, and Mr. Egerton was saluting her and welcoming her to Croyde.

"This is father, Miss Moore. Father, Miss Moore knows we don't allow you to jump in and out."

"You see I am under obedience, Miss Moore," said Giles Egerton with a smile ; a smile that was like his daughter's, Lois thought.

A short drive brought them to Croyde House ; a short

drive, but up a beautiful beech avenue; an avenue that reminded Lois of *that* beech walk.

"You live in London, Miss Moore?"

"Yes, I have lived there for some time; but we have a cottage in Surrey, and I often spend days together there. I love the country. I am country-born."

"So are we. And we love the country too, don't we, father?"

"I should think so!"

Lois remembered the chapel as they passed it. They drove round by the gate that opened into the gravelled walk leading up to it, and Lois saw the lancet windows on the south side.

Tea was served almost directly. Aloysia said that perhaps Miss Moore would like to rest after she had had tea, or would she like a stroll?

"You won't care about going to the cottages and the office till to-morrow?"

"I think I should like best to wait till to-morrow. You won't let me interfere with your arrangements, will you, Miss Egerton? It is so good of you to bring me here."

"You won't interfere with our arrangements at all. Our guests always make themselves at home, and they and we go our own way. People who are kind enough to stay some time with us look after themselves all the morning, and we meet at half-past one for luncheon, and we are together or not, just as it suits us all, in the afternoon or evening."

"That's very nice," said Lois, "especially as you must so often have visitors."

"We do see a good many. But you are not an ordinary visitor, Miss Moore, and you must make any use you like of us to-day and to-morrow—for you must not leave us until after to-morrow, must she, father?"

"We hope Miss Moore will stay, unless it is not convenient to her. Miss Moore is very busy, Aloysia, you must not forget."

"I shall be so glad to stay till Saturday, if I may be sure I am not putting you out in any way."

"Do stay," said Aloysia. "You know, Miss Moore, we cannot think of you as a stranger, because we are reading *Harvey's Magazine*, and we do care so much for 'Sons of the Morning.' Please forgive me if I am taking a liberty in saying this."

"It's not a liberty ; and I am very grateful to you. I like people to care for what I write. But we have met before, Miss Egerton."

"I think so—but I cannot remember. I have had what novels call a haunting recollection of having seen you. Do tell me where it was."

"Here—in the wood."

"Oh, I remember, I remember, quite well. You had fallen asleep by the stream, and I disturbed you, did I not? It must be several years ago. How many?"

"Ten."

"I am so glad to see you again. Father, do you remember how we saw the lady who was asleep, and we were so afraid she would get chilled—and so afraid she would think that she was being intruded upon—and how at last I went to her?"

"I remember it quite clearly. But, will you pardon me, Miss Moore, if I say I see some likeness between you and my daughter? Once or twice since you came, I have been almost startled : and then again it seems to go. But it is there."

Lois looked at Aloysia. Yes, she was glad to be even a little like her : and she said, "I am glad."

"Thank you. So am I."

"Lois!" said Mr. Egerton. The guest half started. He turned to her. "I was going to say to my daughter that perhaps you would like a walk through the woods alone."

"You are very, very kind. I shall like nothing better than a quiet stroll ; though it would not spoil it to have Miss Egerton's company. I daresay you may have noticed that I gave a little start just now, and I had better explain that my name is Lois, too."

"Is it? I have never met any one with that name, except this child of mine. Her name is Aloysia, which some call Aloy-sia, and some Alicia ; and I believe the form of Elisha is not an unknown one. My grandmother's name was Lois, and it makes a good short name for Aloysia. Your name is not Aloysia, is it?"

"It is Lois, pure and simple. I haven't even a second name."

"We wondered what L. stood for," said Aloysia, "before 'Moore,' in the signature to your story. We mustn't say too much about our liking for that story, must we, father?"

"No, but we *do* like it. And I suppose, Miss Moore, it



means all the more to us because we are Catholics, and are so glad to see that sort of what I must call, though it sounds journalistic, illuminating treatment of the times which you are giving."

"You know," said Lois, feeling rather hot, and fearing some misunderstanding of her position, "You know, do you not, that I am not of your faith?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Harvey said so. But you don't mind staying with us, on that ground? *You* knew what *we* were, I think?"

"I did."

How absurd it seemed to Lois, that the instant she had said this, she seemed to see Mrs. Ross's look, and hear her say gently, "My dear, why not say 'Yes' or 'No'?"

And she almost added, "Yes."

Mr. Egerton drew off a signet ring which he was wearing, and said, "As your name is Lois, may I show you this?" He opened a little valve inside and handed the ring to her."

She read the inscription, "Lois Eyre to her troth-love, Thomas Egerton, 17—." Lois stared at the inscription; then closed the valve, and examined the ring. Yes, there was the pelican in her piety. And what more natural than that Giles Egerton should use his family crest, the crest her great-grandfather had used? But her ring, her father's ring, his father's before him: the ring which her father could never have worn, nor his father, after the "Moore" had taken the place of "Egerton"? It had been kept as an heirloom merely. She thought of that day at the pawnbroker's; of the man's implication that there was something wrong in her description of the ring; and of Katey's guess, now, she felt sure, proved right.

"Thank you," she said, handing back the ring. "It is very interesting."

Should she ask some question as to whether the ring was a very old one, or offer some commonplace remark that might lead to further information? Aloysia saved her the trouble of deciding, by saying: "There is a curious little story connected with that ring, Miss Moore. Fancy, a cousin of ours found it at a pawnbroker's! He had seen something in the window he thought he should like to buy, and he went in and then saw this. There was a story told him about it, which made him think he might buy it; though he did not feel sure that the story was true; because it is not usual for a gentleman to give a seal-ring, a ring with his own crest, you see, to his servant,

as the pawnbroker told my cousin had been done. We think the ring must have been stolen from my great-grandfather : and we were glad to get it back. Father has worn it ever since. But, Miss Moore, you look tired ; we have been chatting too much ; will you rest in your room till dinner, or would you like to go out ? ”

“ I should like to go out, please.”

Aloysia walked with her to the edge of the wood, and left her. Lois spent some time among the pines, and then went back to the house.

She had made up her mind not to tell Aloysia that they were cousins ; and never to let her know the story of the ring.

But both Giles and his daughter had noticed a certain abstractedness in Lois's manner about the ring, and thought that some association with that crest might have brought up some memory ; probably a painful one. And Aloysia was sure that there was a family connection, when her father said, “ My great-uncle, Francis Egerton, took the name of Moore, Lois. We seem completely to have lost sight of that branch of the family ; never to have heard of them in any way, as you know when we tried to find some relations for ourselves ; you remember, little girl ? ”

She remembered well.

And so it came to pass that before that evening was over they knew that Lois and Aloysia were alike great-grand-daughters of the Lois who had given the ring to her troth-love, Thomas Egerton.

And soon some of her story was lying on their hearts. They were glad to find their cousin, and grieved also to know, even a little, of her wanderings, which she touched on, just because it was not possible to help it.

Aloysia held her hand fast in hers, with the kind of clasp that says much. And thenceforth their cousin Lois was part of their large and ever larger-growing life of love.

It was a time for her to remember, those few country days, in which she saw so much that sank down into her heart. Intensity without feverishness ; joy in peace ; the current of life set Godwards, consciously instead of blindly. She felt herself absolutely free, and yet what was around her seemed to draw her into its influence, at least to see, if not to taste. It was unlike anything she had known before ; nothing aggressive, nothing obtrusive ; all—how shall I say it?—just as if it came

not from compulsion, not from training, but from a natural law ; the law by which the sun gives out light and heat, and the trees blossom and bear fruit. For this is the supreme and ultimate beauty of spiritual life, where no fierce struggle is needed toward the Best, for the soul has been drawn to the Best and lives in its radiance and reflects it, and gives out its light ever and always. The tree bears love and joy and peace, and the other fair fruits of the Spirit. The "perpetual dew of God's blessing" is soft and sparkling in the light of His charity upon hearts like these.

And the village—and what Mr. Harvey had called "the doll's-house,"—had the look which we call old-world ; by which we mean, I suppose, a certain kind of look which we feel to be apart, in some degree at least, from our world of hurry and rush, of competition, of mission, of endeavours after reparation, of stir and sometimes of tempest. She saw the people begin their day in the chapel, served on five week-days from a town some miles off ; the little children running along happy-faced, entering, giving one another holy water, making their obeisance, taking their part in the service. She liked to see them, with the artist-side of her nature, as she thought. She wondered whether the people attended Mass upon compulsion, but that thought soon passed away. She had not hitherto seen so many English people with such a happy look on working-days. She spoke to an old woman, one morning, one of those exquisite mornings that drew her out into the freshness and beauty : it wanted a good many minutes to Mass-time, but the old lady evidently was making for the chapel, carrying something tied up in a red handkerchief, and she found she came from some distance—no, she did not belong to Croyde ; she was going on to her day's work ; "but I likes to get my Mass to begin the day with."

And Lois, delighted all round, artist-side and all, in the beautiful spinning and weaving : her eye revelled in the bleaching ; the linen wet with pure water, growing whiter and whiter in the sun.

She saw the bales going out to distant places : for there were many orders to execute.

"What kind of people buy the linen ?" she asked.

"We have orders from various kinds ; rich people like to have the hand-made work, and we do a great deal for churches ! not only for our own—we have a great many Anglican customers.

They seem to care about the principle of the work, very much indeed. They often come here. Their clergy are very cultivated, and they are much interested in all kinds of church work."

"But you don't do embroidery and that kind of thing?"

"No, that we send people to our convents for—though we do make lace, which is also a convent industry."

"It is your own private enterprise, isn't it?"

"Yes. Some of our friends are anxious we should make it into a sort of Limited Liability Company; but we don't seem to take kindly to that. And father has arranged for it to go on when he is not here. We have an excellent secretary, and he manages things very well under father, and we are not afraid for the future. We have arranged for it. Father and I are not business people; I suppose that goes without saying, but father has good business friends who put before him the necessity for the work's being taken out of the domain of charity or even semi-charity, and made to stand on its own feet. The work is growing, I am glad to say; and yet I am just a little sorry. It is beautiful that more people should come and live in good air and have good surroundings; and yet it's a little sorrowful, too, because things always lose an indefinite something when they grow big. Is it not so?"

Lois heartily assented.

"But all the same, I do want as many people as can to take advantage of it. We must never dare to let little æsthetic or even spiritual fads come between us and help, must we?"

"No, and yet——?"

"At any rate," said Aloysia, "we don't want this to be merely a bit of church fancy-work for one generation, and we hope it may pay, by-and-by. But, as I daresay you know, there are all sorts of economical and social conditions which affect these things. We can only do just a little to help to make a few lives happier. You know, I think, something of what the lives of the poor are in our great cities; and what those who work among them have to face. Our priests and nuns, for instance. They couldn't do it without——"

She stopped, remembering Lois's unfaith, and not wishing to obtrude her own faith upon her. But Lois said, "Finish! Please do!"

"I was going to say without the Faith. But I beg your pardon——"

"Please, Aloysia,"—they had agreed to use each other's Christian name—"say anything you like. It doesn't matter; and I like to hear you say what just seems to be part of you."

"We know there are many workers besides our own," said Aloysia, "and we know that there is very much, very much more than we know, done, and still more attempted. We must be glad, must we not, that people *care*?"

"Oh, yes!" and Lois spoke then of Katey's work, and of how those whom Katey liked to work with were among those Aloysia had spoken of as caring. Katey had told her of good nuns who worked in the crowded districts of London. "Good women, no doubt, with old-fashioned views of charity, and mixing up religion in it all—but oh, so good, Lois. They think nothing of trouble, and worry, and fatigue, and they have no personal ambition to be thought philanthropists, you know. They're only 'Sister.'"

"Only 'Sister.' 'The same is My sister.'"

Aloysia told Lois how, by-and-by, Croyde House would cease to be a private possession. She told her of her father's state of health: of the progress of his disease, hardly perceptible indeed, yet a progress year by year. It was difficult to realize, for to outsiders the master of Croyde did not seem to lead anything of an invalid life. That this was so was partly owing to his own fortitude and patience, partly to the watchful love so keen-sighted, so provident, of his child. Whenever the call came to Giles, the house and lands would pass to the Church. It would have been so in any case, but as the property included land which had once belonged to the Priory destroyed long since, it was, in his mind, not a gift so much as a piece of restitution. Arrangements had been made with the Head of the Order which Aloysia hoped to enter at her father's death, that the house should be used by the Sisters of one of his Congregations, and they, with their chaplain, would take up the work which had been set going, "and that will be right, oh, so right!" said Aloysia, with light in her eyes.

"And you, Aloysia, will you live here?"

"If I am accepted I shall be under obedience, you know, and not able to choose where I live."

"Aloysia! Can't you make a bargain with them to let you live in your beautiful old home, in the midst of the work you began?"

Aloysia laughed a merry laugh. "Would you like bargains to be made in religion?" There was mirth in her face, but something else too.

And Lois marvelled, and in her marvelling there was a sort of reverence she had never known before.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### FATHER KINGDON OBJECTS.

IT was arranged that Lois should stay over the Sunday, for the Egertons found that she was happy with them, or, at least, happier. They knew that there must be desolation in her life: how otherwise? And they saw that she liked to see their work, and that being in the country meant a great deal to her. Lois wanted to see the Sunday there, too, and she thought she should like to meet Father Kingdon, who came from a big centre of manufactures every Saturday and stayed till Monday. No guests were coming this week, which was unusual. She was very glad.

Father Kingdon was one of those whom the Church had won from the ranks of those who opposed her with a fierce opposing. And like St. Paul who, from breathing out threats, and striving to bind the holders of the Faith, thinking to bind the Faith in them, had turned to preach what he had once laboured to destroy, Father Kingdon had flung himself with all the ardour of a man whom the voice of the One he had fought against had called; a man to whom the Vision of the One he had persecuted had come: and with all the ardour of the much-forgiven, into the mission of the priest of God. Nothing could discourage him, no difficulties daunt him, no coldness chill the passionate warmth of that zeal of his. Day by day, in the heart of the great city he offered the Holy Sacrifice; and day by day breasted the tide of impiety, comforted the needing ones, the sick, the dying; sought out the wanderers, the lapsed, the deniers, and brought them in; brought them in with toil and pain and the sweat of agony back to the Shepherd's fold. Tales of sorrow, tales of difficulty, tales of evil, tales of struggle, tales of failure, all were poured into his ear; and he was faithful.

The two days at Croyde were days of real rest to Father Kingdon, and joyful refreshment. He had gone there since Father Lesley had passed to his reward. The pure air; the happy countryside; the simply-living people, the children in real childhood, not wit-sharpened by knowledge and experience dearly bought; the animals; the growing flowers; the comfort of perfectly white linen, and simple food perfectly cooked; the spiritual and intellectual pleasure of the talk with the Egertons and their guests; the music made by one who touched the notes as if she loved them for the soul in them; the little gatherings, sometimes of children, sometimes of their elders; the pleasure of social meals; the country quiet; the beauty of the chapel, where all was in perfect devotional harmony: all this made him so happy that he told his Bishop he thought he was too young to have what was really luxury, and that he had better ask leave to give up the charge to an older man, or one needing rest. In fact he advised his Lordship to appoint someone else to this Croyde work. The Bishop smiled and told him he could not take his advice, sorry as he might be for the inability; and that he should like him to stay where he was.

And in the kindly eyes, and on the lips that only repressed the little comic curve, he read that the Bishop guessed his reason.

"But, my Lord——"

"No, no, Father Kingdon. You may dree some other penance—you can easily find one. But you're not to run away from Croyde! I want you to do your town work longer than you could do it if Croyde were not a little tonic for you. And I want you for Croyde, too."

The tone was decisive, and with all its kindness and its touch of pleasantry, it said plainly, "on your obedience!"

It was a disappointment to Lois that she saw nothing of Father Kingdon, with whom she had hoped to have some talk, at least at luncheon time. She had gone to Mass, uninvited, but welcome, and expected to see the priest of whose work Aloysia had told her so much, and who usually joined the family at the later meals. This Sunday he elected to have luncheon alone.

"No, my dear Miss Egerton. You must forgive me if I say I would rather not see anything of this authoress-cousin of yours. I have no fancy for being interviewed like you and Mr. Egerton, and perhaps having the whole thing made copy of for the pleasure of her infidel friends."

"Father! I did not know you could be——"

"So bitter, would you say? I don't want to be bitter; but don't you see, Miss Egerton, Miss Moore is making a sort of plaything of the Faith? No, not a plaything either, but an ornament for herself: something to make her work pretty with."

"And yet, somehow she may find the truth, Father."

"Perhaps, perhaps."

"Say a prayer for her, Father."

The priest was disappearing. He heard Aloysia, and said: "I will." But he was angry and sore. He had seen something, even a good deal, of copy-makers, and he frankly detested merely literary people.

Aloysia felt grieved at Father Kingdon's attitude, but there was no more to be said. She and her father and Lois had tea together in what Aloysia called the study. Mr. Egerton said it was an ambitious misnomer, as so little study was ever done there, but the name stuck to it, and by no means so undeservedly as Giles believed, for he and his daughter spent many an hour there in quiet, reading apart or together. And Lois's last evening was spent there too.

EMILY HICKEY.



## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **The Moral Instruction League.**

IN THE MONTH of last December we called attention to the movement for introducing non-theological moral lessons as a compulsory subject into all the elementary schools; and likewise to the part taken by the newly-formed Moral Instruction League in promoting the scheme. Our point was that at least these non-theological moral lessons must not be enforced in Catholic schools, or withdrawn from the protection of the Conscience Clause in any schools. In a friendly and courteous article in the *Moral Instruction League Quarterly*, for January, the Secretary of the League has some criticisms on THE MONTH article which call for a word of comment.

First, we allowed that "to a certain extent morality is for all of us independent of religion," inasmuch, namely, as many of its dictates are based on the ethical requirements of man's nature as rational and social. We allowed further that we can therefore co-operate, independently of our religious beliefs, in promoting a certain number of moral objects, as, for instance, in helping the poor, or tending the sick, encouraging thrift, putting down drunkenness, or cruelty to children, or to animals. We can do this because such modes of co-operation do not take us beyond the limits within which agreement exists between us. But, we insisted, there are other works for moral ends in carrying on which we cannot co-operate, at least on the same footing, because such action to be satisfactory inevitably requires us to overstep the limits of our agreement. And to this class belong pre-eminently the teaching and training of the young; because the whole personality of the teacher and the whole personality of the pupil are in this function brought into such close contact and intimate relation, that it is impossible for the teacher, if he is to do his work efficiently, not to draw upon all that is in him of beliefs, opinions, ideals, and principles, in forming the mind and

character of his pupils,—even as it would be impossible for him to speak to them in a voice not his own. To this our critic's reply is that "if we have to wait for such wholesale agreement under a uniform system of State education we shall have to postpone the moral education of the young *sine die*." Just so, it is what we feel so strongly ourselves; but what follows? Surely this that, in a country divided like ours, a *purely uniform* system of State education cannot be enforced without pressing hardly on the consciences of many parents, and hence that it is a distinct evil which should not be encouraged, and if enforced can be submitted to by such parents only as to a cruel wrong—a cruel wrong and also an unnecessary wrong, since it would be quite easy to modify the national system on the lines of the system at present in force, which establishes an absolute uniformity in regard to all secular subjects, but permits a distribution of schools according to the religious requirements of the parents, and staffs them with teachers of the same faith as the children attending them. We wish to treat the subject under the aspect of its bearings on the education of our own Catholic children; and so will not here raise the question whether a purely uniform system of State Education—with moral teaching either on the basis of Cowper-Templeism or of non-theological moral—can tend to produce adequate moral results; whether in other words such results are calculated to follow from a system which tends in the appointment of teachers to lay the chief stress on educational qualifications, if not on personal relationships, rather than on moral earnestness and whole-heartedness.

The second criticism on our article bears on our contention that non-theological moral lessons would have to slur over the signification and significance of the term "ought;" whereas it is of the very essence of sound moral teaching to secure that the pupils should have a clear and distinct idea on these points, and that it should be made to take deep root in the very core of their being. To this our critic replies by a reaffirmation of the contrary view. "Mr. Gould," he says, "tells us that, although he has given many hundreds of moral lessons to children, on no occasion has a child asked him such a question as *why* it should tell the truth. And this," adds Mr. Gould, "is the experience of teachers generally who have to deal with healthy and normal children." Healthy and normal children, as distinguished from children with alert and inquiring minds, are, it is true, in this as

in every other department of lessons, apt to take things readily on the word of their teachers, without inquiring into the why and wherefore. It is in fact the great obstacle which teachers have to overcome, and a teacher's quality is chiefly shown by his success in overcoming it, or, as we say, in opening the minds and awakening the interest of the children. And in regard to the term "ought" this is particularly true, for the teacher's object, as was pointed out in our article, should be to imbue his pupils with a sense of *obligation* so firm and deep-rooted, that it is likely to persist and be operative not only in childhood but throughout adult life, and even in the hours of sharp temptation. Nor can such a sense be imparted until the meaning of obligation is clearly understood, whilst to make it so, it is necessary for the teacher to pass beyond the border-line of general agreement, and expound the conception of duty just as it is in his own mind, both as regards its meaning and as regards the intensity with which he holds to it. And here we must note that it is incorrect to say that we are all agreed as to what is meant by the sense of duty, though we differ as to its origin. We differ as to the meaning, for *we* take the term in the literal sense of binding, the Independent Moralists in a metaphorical sense only; for it is only in a metaphorical sense that a man speaks of "owing it to himself," the literal sense essentially involving that there are two distinct wills, one of which binds, the other of which is bound, involving too that the will that (primarily) binds is in all cases the Creator's, and the will that is bound the creature's.

Thirdly, our critic suggests that although his syllabus of moral teaching does not include duties to God, it includes nothing inimical to these which should need protection by a Conscience Clause. But our answer is that it does. We have already in the article given our reason for saying so, but we may endeavour to make the point clearer by employing a comparison, or rather a comparison of comparisons. The idea in the minds of the Independent Moralists, as of the advocates of Cowper-Templeism, is that our moral and religious teaching in the elementary schools may be assimilated to the building of a wall. We are all agreed as to (say) the first twelve courses of bricks. Let the State then supply this much for all. Those who require eighteen courses, or twenty-four courses, can add accordingly, at their own expense and in their own schools. In our view a better comparison would be with eggs of different

sizes and sorts. It is as if the State said to us, you are all agreed that you must each have an egg of a certain size and sort. I will then supply you each with enough white and yolk to make up into a sparrow's egg, and those who want a thrush's egg or a hen's egg can add more white and yolk accordingly, at their own expense and in their own way. To such a suggestion it would of course be replied that it was absurd, that there is a generic likeness between the whites and yolks of these different eggs, but a specific difference which interpenetrates every part of them. And that is exactly what we say about the suggested arrangement for religious or moral teaching. It forgets that there is a generic likeness, but a specific difference, and one of the most serious moment, between their teaching and ours, of the beliefs and duties about which in a sense we are agreed.

Lastly, our critic, whilst half-convinced and not altogether unready to concede to us Catholics the protection of the Conscience Clause, as against these non-theological moral lessons, reminds us that it can only exempt the children from attendance at the formal lessons on this subject, whereas the teacher may, and must, incidentally impart moral instruction of the same kind during the other lessons. He reminds us of this fact, as if thinking that we might not have adverted to it. Evidently, he does not know that it is the very point on which we have been insisting all along, the very basis on which we rest our claim for Catholic schools, with Catholic teachers, and refuse to be satisfied with anything less. Still, the Conscience Clause, though an inadequate protection for those of our children who are obliged through circumstances to attend non-Catholic schools, is better, a long way better, than no protection at all.

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S. F. S.

### **The Assumption as a Festival of Demeter and Dionysus.**

We have many times in these pages called attention to the extravagant speculations of those modern folk-lore professors who attempt to find in pagan mythology the full explanation of the details of Catholic worship throughout the ages. It is not so much the conclusions arrived at, objectionable as these often are, as the preposterous affectation of scientific procedure which rouses us to active protest. In all the crowd of circle squarers or Baconian cryptogram hunters, no more remarkable examples

are to be found of the pursuit of an *idée fixe*, regardless of facts, reason, and logic, than among some of the best accredited representatives of the so-called science of folk-lore. If anyone should doubt this statement and should care to take up one particular example as a sort of test-case, we would commend him to a volume of Dr. Rendel Harris with which we have recently made acquaintance.<sup>1</sup> We were introduced to it by a reference given by Dr. J. G. Frazer, the author of the *Golden Bough*, who, in his discussion of the Assumption feast, tells us that Dr. Harris "has distinguished himself by many kindred researches in this department of sacred history."<sup>2</sup> Dr. Frazer has himself of course attained the very highest distinction in the same line. But in his supreme disdain for logic or for any sort of coherence of thought Dr. Harris fairly out-Herods Herod, and distances all his rivals.

The matter is unfortunately too intricate, and Dr. Harris' remarks too discursive, to be summarized here at all adequately. So far as the writer's conclusions go, we think that they are quite unwarranted by his premisses, but there is nothing in their own nature which we regard as so exceptionally objectionable. It is quite conceivable that a festival in honour of our Lady might have taken the place of some pagan commemoration of Demeter or Athena. We have not a few clear examples of such substitutions, and we know that St. Gregory the Great deliberately recommended that barbarous peoples should be weaned from their ungodly rites not by the entire suppression of pagan feasts, but simply by making the feasts Christian. The really astounding part of Dr. Harris' investigation is his procedure. He finds that two Greek annotators of the ancient *Codex Bezae* have added some indications of festivals in the margin. Apart from Sundays and great solemnities like Christmas and Easter, only three saints' days occur—the Assumption on August 15th, noted in a hand of the ninth century, and the feasts of St. Dionysius<sup>3</sup> and St. George, entered without dates in a hand of three centuries later. Now Dr. Harris is contending, and in this he is possibly quite right, that the *Codex Bezae* comes from

<sup>1</sup> *The Annotators of the Codex Bezae*. Cambridge University Press, 1901.

<sup>2</sup> Frazer, *Lectures on Kingship*, p. 25.

<sup>3</sup> It may be well to remark for the benefit of readers who are unfamiliar with the classics that the name of the heathen deity, the Greek counterpart of Bacchus, is Dionysus, and that the Christian Saint, whose conversion is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles (xvii. 34), is St. Dionysius, or in French, St. Denis.

Calabria in Southern Italy, not from France. His difficulty is that we have no record of any special veneration of St. Dionysius in Calabria, but Dr. Harris assures us that Dionysius must have been highly venerated in Calabria, because "the Assumption is to the Greek (and therefore Calabrian) churches what the Annunciation is to the Latin,"<sup>1</sup> and because where the Assumption was highly honoured, there St. Dionysius must have been highly honoured also. If one asks the reason of this second statement, Dr. Harris replies that the writings of the pseudo-Dionysius formed the "accepted ecclesiastical, authority" for the legend of our Lady's Assumption into Heaven as we learn from the lessons of the Roman Breviary. Hence where the feast itself was much regarded, the maker of the feast *must* also have been in great veneration.<sup>2</sup> Let us pass over the fact that all connection between pseudo-Dionysius and the institution of the feast of the Assumption is denied by the best critics,<sup>3</sup> and turn to Dr. Harris' further reasoning. Since pseudo-Dionysius is appealed to as the authority for the festival, the festival itself, Dr. Harris proceeds, must have originated in Athens, of which city St. Dionysius was Bishop. How our author proposes to justify this proposition we cannot even conjecture, but it is so self-evident to Dr. Harris that he does not even think it needful to formulate it in terms, though it is an essential link in his argumentation. So far as historical data go, we are not aware that there is the smallest fragment of evidence indicating that the Assumption was kept in Athens at an early date, and certainly none is produced in the book before us. On the contrary, all the evidence that we possess goes to show that this feast of our Lady began to be observed in Syria on a day corresponding to the 15th of August as early as the middle of the fifth century, and that it was soon adopted in Constantinople and thence spread to Western

<sup>1</sup> It would be easy to quote a dozen very early calendars in which while the Assumption appears as a great feast, St. Dionysius is not mentioned in any way. Indeed, the name of St. Dionysius is hardly ever found in the early calendars at all.

<sup>2</sup> In point of fact the observance of the Assumption as a great feast of our Lady throughout the West, has older and better attestations than can be quoted for the Annunciation. The Annunciation, for example, is absent from some of the texts of the Hieronymian *Martyrologium*.

<sup>3</sup> The casual allusion in the *De Nominibus* is probably an interpolation (see the references in Lucius, *Die Anfänge des Heiligenkultus*, p. 446, note 4), and is in any case of the vaguest character. We can show that the feast of the Assumption was observed throughout the greater part of Christendom before we have any evidence of pseudo-Dionysius being connected with it.

Europe. However, Dr. Harris notes that at Athens the great festival of the Panathenæa was held about August 13th, and that the Thesmophoria, when the mysteries, not of Dionysus, but of Demeter and Persephone were celebrated, was held about October 3rd, which is the feast of St. Dionysius the Areopagite in the Greek Church. At this point Dr. Harris' reasoning becomes, so far as our limited intelligence will serve to unravel it, absolutely incoherent; but his conclusions, at any rate, are sufficiently clear. Take, for example, the following passage:

A connection is thus established in another direction between the Dionysius festival and *the worship of Demeter*, and the hypothesis immediately springs to light that the festivals we have been considering are substitutes for festivals of the Great Mother and of Dionysus the Wine-god. On this hypothesis, the Assumption of the Virgin stands for the Assumption of Demeter when she returns to Olympus, and St. Dionysius the Areopagite is the ecclesiastical decency for Bacchos, Iacchos, and Dionysos.

It does indeed occur to Dr. Harris as a difficulty that the festival of Demeter was in no sense the Panathenæa, but the Eleusinia, which fell in September. However, he considers that this is of no consequence, because the Eleusinia and Panathenæa were both harvest festivals. For anyone who is still unreasonable enough to make any objection, Dr. Harris provides such lucid explanations as the following:

Remember that we, are in Athens, and engaged in turning old feasts and fasts into new. The first stage of annexation is to take over the Parthenon and the Parthenon festival, which naturally fell into the lap of the Blessed Virgin, who displaces Athena, and is celebrated on her festival. But in the second stage, Demeter and Dionysus are replaced; Demeter and her festival are joined to the ancient Panathenæic festival, and apparently the Eleusinia are dropped. The Thesmophoria are transferred to Dionysius. The festival of the Virgin is now the Assumption of the Great Mother, the *θεοτόκος*, and not the more limited and less interesting festival of Athena. Dionysus and Demeter, however, may still be seen side by side at the festival of the Thesmophoria, for Dionysius the Areopagite has stationed himself close to the *Νηορεία*, or *Jejunium Cereris*.<sup>1</sup>

Moreover, he adds, as though it were a point which greatly strengthened his contention, Dr. Frazer has proved that the Assumption is identical with the festival of the Arician Diana

<sup>1</sup> *Annotators of the Codex Bezae*, p. 97.

which was celebrated in Italy on August 13th. One would have thought that if the Assumption were the festival of the Eleusinian Demeter, it could not at the same time have originated as the feast of the Italian Diana.

To follow out the further ramifications of this incredibly rambling and preposterous argument would be impossible here. Let us only say in conclusion that we are quite prepared to believe that the original choice of August 15th as the date for commemorating the "Falling asleep" of our Blessed Lady was not improbably connected with the fact that in Syria the prosperous issue of all agricultural operations was in a very especial way associated with the benignant patronage of the Mother of God. The most characteristic passage is the following from the Syriac Tract "The Departure of My Lady Mary from this World," translated by Wright from a MS. of the fifth century :

and the apostles ordered also that there should be a commemoration of the blessed one on the 13th (or 15th) of Ab (*i.e.*, August), on account of the vines bearing bunches of grapes and on account of the trees bearing fruit, that clouds of hail, carrying stones of wrath, might not come, and the trees be broken and their fruits and the vines with their clusters.<sup>1</sup>

Again, in another similar treatise which comes to us through the Arabic we are told that "a festival in her honour was instituted on the 13th day of the month Ab, which is the day of her passing from this world, the day on which the miracles were performed, and the time when the fruits of trees are ripening." But exaggerated devotion to the person of the all holy Mother of Jesus, without the slightest pagan colouring or admixture of obviously heathen themes is conspicuous in all this apocryphal literature. The Blessed Virgin is patroness of agriculture in much the same way in which at a later period she as Star of the Sea became in the West *par excellence* the patroness of mariners. Professor Lucius, who remains just as indifferent to Christian tradition as either Dr. Frazer or Dr. Harris, but who treats the question with a sobriety in marked contrast to their reckless theorizing, has accumulated a considerable amount of evidence to justify his conclusion that in Syria, the country of its origin, the feast of the Assumption developed out of some form of nature festival. But we may note in the first

<sup>1</sup> *Journ. Sac. Lit.* N.S. vii. 1865, p. 157.



place that Dr. Lucius is careful to repudiate the idea that the Blessed Virgin has inherited the cultus of any pagan deity in particular. And secondly the fact that the Assumption of our Lady was honoured upon a nature festival does not prove that this was the ultimate origin of the feast, any more than the fact that our English harvest celebration of Lammas (Hlaf Mass, Loaf Mass) on August 1st, coincides with the feast of St. Peter's Chains, suffices to prove that the feast of St. Peter's Chains was first instituted in Anglo-Saxon England. We must be content simply to confess our ignorance of this as of many another problem of early Christian history.

H. T.

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### *Reviews.*

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#### I.—FATHER MANN'S EARLY MEDIÆVAL POPES.<sup>1</sup>

FATHER MANN has continued with conscientious industry the task which he has set himself in the volumes already favourably noticed in these pages. In the two volumes now before us he carries the work down from the beginning of the Pontificate of Leo III., 795, to that of Stephen VI., 891. They embrace, therefore, a most interesting and important period in the history of the Papacy, and the names of Leo III., Leo IV., Nicholas I., Hadrian II., and John VIII., stand out as those of some of the most illustrious and enlightened men of what we may call the century of Charlemagne. By the way, we are at a loss to know upon what principle of selection Father Mann, even in the headlines of his chapters, accords the title Saint to Leo IV. and Nicholas I., but systematically withholds it from Leo III. The last-named Pope is one of those whose Office is said by the Roman clergy (June 12th), and his name is recited in the *Martyrologium*. The same qualities which marked the first instalment of Father Mann's History are conspicuous also in its continuation. He has taken great pains with his subject, he has as a rule acquainted himself with the best sources of information, and we may most unhesitatingly commend the work as furnishing much the most satisfactory account of the early mediæval Popes which is at the disposal of the ordinary

<sup>1</sup> *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.* By the Rev. Horace Mann. Vols. II. and III. London: Kegan Paul. 1906.

English reader. The book ought consequently to find a place in every Catholic library of any pretensions, and in schools or colleges in which Church history is studied it will be quite indispensable. None the less, we cannot entirely commend it as a model history. The narrative reads stiffly and disconnectedly, and the author somehow leaves upon us the impression of not having quite digested his materials. In this matter of literary form the book seems to us to present rather a contrast to Mr. Dudden's volumes on St. Gregory the Great which were noticed in these pages a few months back. Still, we must not look our gift-horse too closely in the mouth. It is a great boon to have at hand such an exposition of the Papal policy as is contained in the chapter on St. Nicholas I., with its *excursus* on the Forged Decretals, or in the account of John VIII., which makes such excellent use of Father Lapôte's brilliant monograph. We are glad also to find special attention drawn to Mr. Edmund Bishop's discovery of the Papal letters contained in MS. Addit. 8873 at the British Museum which the discoverer so generously communicated to Ewald for publication in the *Neues Archiv*. We regret that our limits prevent further comment on this excellent work, and we trust that the author will pardon us if we conclude with a growl at the objectionable practice adopted by publishers of dividing one so-called volume into two separately bound parts. When one sees four uniform books side by side upon a shelf it is most irritating to discover that the third and fourth are labelled, as in the present case, Vol. II. and Vol. III. Confusion of references is inevitable.

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## 2.—THE "GOTHENBURG" TEMPERANCE SYSTEM.<sup>1</sup>

The advocates of State legislation in the interest of temperance regard with special favour the system devised in Norway, and taking its name from the city of Gothenburg, where it first attracted the attention of the world at large. That the curse of intemperance would be in great measure abolished by adopting something of the kind in our own country, is an article of faith with many earnest persons who labour unweariedly to induce Parliament to legislate accordingly; and on this account it is manifestly desirable that the

<sup>1</sup> *Licensing and Temperance in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark*. By Edwin A. Pratt. Pp. x. 117. London: John Murray, 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

nature and practical working of the system should be thoroughly understood amongst us. It is with the view of supplying the requisite information that the book before us is written.

The author, who claims to rank as a life-long abstainer, tells us that he has studied the question on the spot, in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, more fully and at greater leisure than at least the vast majority of former visitors, English and American, who have gone there on the same errand, and he supports his conclusions by frequent tables of statistics and other detailed evidence.

He begins with a very clear exposition of the nature of the system. Its root-principle is to confine to a certain authorized body the sale of the native spirit—known as "bränvin" in Norway, and "braendevin" in Sweden—the abnormal consumption of which, the result of unwise legislation, had become a national calamity. The remedy devised was to make the sale of this liquor a monopoly, consigned to a "disinterested management" company, the philanthropic shareholders in which should consent to forego more than five per cent. on their invested money, any surplus being assigned to the State for national purposes: it being assumed that the origin of evil is the greed of private enterprise, each manufacturer or vendor being anxious only for his own profits, and that all would be well if the trade were left in the hands of the State, "in whose wisdom and absolute disinterestedness confidence can alone be placed."

Mr. Pratt's investigations have convinced him that such an assumption is not borne out by facts. Not only is it that the demon of private avarice is by no means exorcised, but officials can be no less eager to secure revenue by extending the sale of spirits, than are individuals to replenish their own pockets. There is, therefore, nothing in the system to check the spread of intemperance, and as a matter of fact, he finds it is not checked. The only practical step which seems to have been taken towards the desired end, is in Denmark, where the temperance party has adopted the plan of including amongst "temperance drinks," light beers,—so light as not to pay duty. This, coupled with the supply of comfortable and respectable "Temperance Homes" (*Afoldshjems*), where nothing stronger is to be had, in which solid refreshments can also be obtained, and rooms are available for billiards, meetings, concerts, and private theatricals, to which men can bring their wives and daughters,

which are open on Sundays as on other days, and till midnight—has, we are assured, produced marvellous results, which are notably extending. These institutions are, moreover, self-supporting, the receipts from all sources “leaving a modest balance of profit after defraying all charges.”

Rightly to estimate the value of Mr. Pratt's conclusions, his book must be carefully studied, and it may be cordially recommended to all who are interested—as who is not?—in the vital question with which it deals.

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### 3.—WAYSIDE SKETCHES IN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

*Wayside Sketches in Ecclesiastical History* contains three sets of lectures, bearing respectively on three great moments in the history of Church Development, “the making of the mediæval system, the decay of the mediæval system, and the beginnings of modern Christianity;” and, as the Preface tells us, the author has had throughout the general idea of illustrating the impracticability of the “appeal to the First Six Centuries,” recently suggested as a standard for settling the domestic controversies of modern Anglicans. The first set of lectures is the best, and gives a pleasing sketch of the lives of Prudentius, Paulinus of Nola, and Sidonius Apollinaris. But there is throughout the volume a want of grasp of the subjects treated, which detracts seriously from its value, and is not very worthy of a Regius Professor. Thus, whilst acknowledging that belief in the powers of the martyrs, and the habit of invoking their intercession, was prevalent in the West in the days of Prudentius, he remarks that “in the East such language was as yet unknown,” (and), St. Gregory Nazianzen “prays not to the martyrs but to God; not in the name of the martyr, but in that of his saintly father and mother.” Can he have read this St. Gregory's oration in praise of St. Basil, or of St. Athanasius, or St. Basil's own on the Forty Martyrs, or St. John Chrysostom's on SS. Bernice and Prosdoce? In the essay on Grosseteste, to pass over his implicit reliance on the gossip of that ill-natured scandal-monger, Matthew of Paris, what are we to think of the claim that, in philosophy, Grosseteste was “an idealist and a mystic, very similar in the

<sup>1</sup> *Wayside Sketches in Ecclesiastical History.* By Canon Bigg, of Oxford. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

general line of his thoughts to our own Bishop Berkeley," and this on the ground that in a letter to Adam Marsh, he says, "God is the form of all things"? Could anything be more unlikely? And when we turn to the letter in question, it is to find that by *forma* Grosseteste meant *forma exemplaris*; in other words, that God has made all things created after the form or pattern supplied by His own nature. In the essay on Wycliffe, we may agree that love was not a conspicuous feature in that demagogue's character, but it is strange to find this deduced from the absence of the term "love" in an attempted definition of the personal constituents in the Trinity—"This God hath power to knowe himsilf and to willen himsilf. This power is the first persooone, this wisdom is the seconde persooone, and this wille is the thridde persooone, and all thes thre ben o God.' Not a word here about love."

In the essay on à Kempis, we are told that this spiritual writer was a mystic, which is explained to mean that "he cannot argue with you; all that he attempts is to show you a sight, . . . if you can see it and comprehend, well; but you must ask no more." And from such epigrams as "What have we to do with genera and species;" "I had rather feel compunction than know its definition," he gathers that à Kempis deprecated the discussions of the scholastics. He does not see that à Kempis omitted to "argue" with his readers on doctrinal questions, because he knew that on these questions they were all agreed, and does not see that the scholastic doctors would themselves have agreed with à Kempis as to the relative unimportance of all their subtle and earnest speculations by the side of the cultivation of the spiritual life. Two more instances may be taken out of many which could be indicated. We can imagine that, being Protestant, he takes Jewell to have had the best of his controversy with Harding; but when he tells us that "Jewell was appealing to reason and to history, and his adversaries scouted both, (and) Harding merely answered that (Jewell) was a blasphemer," one asks oneself—did the Canon even take the trouble to read Harding's text? Or, again, could he, if he had even superficially inspected the text of the Bull *Ineffabilis*, which defined the Immaculate Conception, have written that this Bull "has no reference to Scripture or to the Fathers"?

4.—SOME PAGES OF FRANCISCAN HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

This booklet will doubtless find and interest many readers, more especially amongst the disciples and clients of St. Francis, now happily so numerous amongst us. Father Robinson's object is to lay the foundations of a sound and critical study of St. Francis, his life and work, to which end he first dispassionately examines the sources from which his history must be drawn, and then proceeds to discuss the value and influence of such studies as those of M. Sabatier and other non-Catholic votaries of the poor man of Assisi. While it is freely admitted that such extern admirers have obtained for the cult of St. Francis an expansion which his Catholic children could never have secured, Father Robinson holds, and as we think most rightly, that the result of their labours has been to place obstacles in the way of a true knowledge of the Saint rather than to increase such knowledge,—for the portrait drawn of such a man by non-Catholic pens is of necessity quite a misleading one, the supernatural element—in which he lived and moved—being as far as possible ignored.

5.—THE MEDIÆVAL ENGLISH PARISH.<sup>2</sup>

Those who may have heard or read Abbot Gasquet's admirable paper on English home-life in the Middle Ages at the last Catholic Truth Conference, will be anxious to make acquaintance with this new and important volume, dealing with a kindred subject. This is the author's second contribution to the series of "The Antiquary's Books," and as might be expected from his wide knowledge of first-hand sources of information, both printed and manuscript, his work is excellently done. It is true that for a book which covers so extensive a field, 275 pages of text, or less, may seem to be rather a slender allowance, but we can honestly say that all the most important aspects of English parish life seem to have been touched upon, even though we should often be glad to hear more than the writer has told us. For example, just now educational problems are in the air, and one turns to the Index to find what Abbot Gasquet has to impart about the practice of our forefathers

<sup>1</sup> *Some pages of Franciscan History.* By Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. London: Catholic Truth Society. 3d.

<sup>2</sup> *Parish Life in Mediæval England.* By Abbot Gasquet, D.D. London: Methuen, 1906.

in this matter. Now, though we do not meet with any separate section devoted to schools, still, under the heading, "Parish Officials," we have<sup>1</sup> a paragraph dealing with the schoolmaster, and the important connection which so often existed between chantries and the maintenance of some sort of grammar school is duly pointed out. *À propos*, we are tempted to suggest that when the institution of chantries is defended upon p. 266, a cross-reference might suitably have been given to this passage, and also that Mr. A. Leach's volume on *English Schools at the Reformation* might very properly have been included among the list of authorities at the beginning. Again, the section on the churchyard, on pp. 66—69, while excellent in its kind, might, as it seems to us, have been with advantage considerably longer. In some respects, if we may believe Professor Baldwin Brown, the churchyard is an even more fundamental element of ecclesiastical organization than the parish church, while the differences between the secular clergy and the mendicant Orders as regards rights of interment, formed an exciting, if not always a quite edifying feature of mediæval parish history. But the positive information given by Abbot Gasquet about the parish church, its fabric and its services, about parish finances and amusements, as well as about guilds and fraternities, is all made thoroughly attractive and interesting, while the pleasant narrative often includes details of fact which it would not be easy to meet with elsewhere. In particular, the present writer may express his obligation for a paragraph upon the evening *Salve*,<sup>2</sup> probably, as we have shown elsewhere, the foundation-stock of our modern service of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We were quite unaware that any English example of the *Salve* could be quoted of so early a date as 1353.

As regards the use of fixed seats in churches, we are inclined to think that they must have come into favour somewhat earlier than Abbot Gasquet supposes. The terms of the well-known passage in *Piers Plowman*, in which the speaker says of himself :

Among wives and wodewes I am ywoned to sitte  
Yparoked in pewes,

seems to us to indicate an established custom familiar to all. Again, we think that it would be unwise to draw any too general inference from the interesting Bury record quoted by Abbot Gasquet on p. 162, regarding the hours at which the

<sup>1</sup> P. 118.

<sup>2</sup> P. 151.

*Angelus* was rung. The St. Edmund's book says 4 a.m. and 9 p.m. in summer, and 6 a.m. and 8 p.m. in winter. But there seems to be clear evidence that in some cases the evening *Angelus* was rung as early as four in the afternoon. Finally, in taking leave of this excellent volume we may point out that many of the illustrations, though taken from books now domiciled in England, are not necessarily of English origin. The title-page, for example, representing a church in its Lenten array, is copied from a Flemish manuscript, and the beautiful series of engravings of the sacraments, though derived from blocks which were brought to England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, were originally designed and used for the books of the great Paris printer, Antoine Vérard. They are consequently hardly to be classed as illustrations of English parochial life. May we also suggest that in any future edition two such conscientious and thoroughly English books as Father Bridgett's *History of the Holy Eucharist*, and Mr. Edmund Waterton's *Pietas Mariana Britannica*, might appropriately be included among the list of authorities?

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#### 6.—ORIGEN.<sup>1</sup>

That a champion of the faith like Origen should after his death have fallen under the suspicion of heterodoxy, and have given his name to a school of heretics, is what one has a repugnance to believe; especially as his personal life was that of a saint, whose lessons and encouragements led many to the crown of martyrdom, and who himself was a martyr in desire, and, but for the final stroke, in deed too. Yet there are undoubtedly passages in his works which appear to convict him of three serious errors, of an extravagant recourse to allegorical interpretation in the exegesis of Holy Scripture, of subordinating the Second and Third Persons of the Blessed Trinity to the First, and of admitting the possibility of successive stages of probation after this life is over. The result has been a controversy between his defenders and opponents, a controversy which raged violently in the fourth century, and again in the sixth century, and which as a subject of speculative interest has been often discussed in the modern period. In the last half-century several works have been devoted to this discussion, to which P. Prat's *Origène* is perhaps the latest addition. He adopts a neutral attitude towards the conclusions, but by his

<sup>1</sup> *La Pensée Chrétienne Textes et Etudes. Origène, Le Théologien et Exégète.* Par F. Prat, S.J. Paris: Librairie Bloud. 1907.



careful analysis and delicate appreciations of Origen's writings has rendered considerable help to those who would vindicate not merely Origen's personal orthodoxy (which cannot reasonably be doubted), but even the underlying orthodoxy of his opinions. He has reminded us that this voluminous writer is not always consistent with himself in regard to the points where he errs, and that one must consider the circumstances under which he wrote. He stood at the head of the long line of thinkers who have sought to compare together the doctrines of the Christian revelation, and those Scripture texts which seem to contradict one another, and by harmonizing these among themselves, and with the truths of philosophy, to elaborate that complete body of doctrine which we call theology. It has been an arduous undertaking, and required often a very exact conception of the shades of difference, and a very exact terminology, and to arrive at the comparatively complete form in which we have it now was necessarily a work of ages, in which each age made some advances on its forerunners. Take as illustrative of this the difficulty of harmonizing the apparent contradictions, Three Persons but one Nature in God, Two Natures but one Person in Christ, and think of the elaboration and apportionment of terms which a successful harmony must involve. When this is considered was it not to be expected that one, who like Origen, belonged to the earliest stage of this work of theological building, should show himself less precise in his statements, and less successful in his expositions, than those who came after him? Was it not also to be expected that he should unconsciously contradict himself at times, through being struck at one time with one aspect, at another time with another aspect of the same theological puzzle? This is the principle to be applied in judging Origen, and P. Prat has given the reader plenty of material for applying it, all very skilfully arranged, and most valuable for readers who wish to know something of the father of theologians, but are bewildered by the prospect of mastering the contents of his voluminous writings.

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#### 7.—JESUS OF NAZARETH.<sup>1</sup>

All who are familiar with Mother Loyola's *First Communion* will readily understand that to write the Life of our Blessed Saviour for children must have been to her a very congenial labour. It is certainly not a task without its difficulties. The

<sup>1</sup> *Jesus of Nazareth*: The Story of His Life, told to children. By Mother Mary Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York. London: Burns and Oates. 1907.

need of adhering in many passages to the printed words of the Gospel text, the restrictions of space, the sublimity of the subject, the necessity of avoiding too discursive explanations even while there are many things which have to be cleared up, all these conditions impose fetters upon a writer's inspiration and probably explain why so few *Lives of Christ*, even when written for adults, can really be called successful. It seems to us that Mother Mary Loyola, considering all the obstacles in her path, has done extraordinarily well. The picture left upon the mind is a strong and clear one. The appeal is not to imagination or to sentiment, but to the heart and understanding of her childish auditors. All her effects, if we may so say, are obtained by legitimate means, and we believe that the impression she may make is one that will wear well, even though it may not be quite so electrifying as the emotional excitement afforded by some other books of the same class. Cardinal Gibbons, who has read the advanced sheets of an American edition of the work before us, writes of it in the warmest terms. "My heart was delighted," he says, "on reading the proof sheets of *Jesus of Nazareth*, by Mother Mary Loyola. The book is eminently practical, simple, unctuous, and interesting. In fact, no one can read it without loving God more and therefore becoming better." Although, if we may say it without disrespect, we may confess to a private prejudice against the use of the word "unctuous," which we should prefer to keep for the utterances of Mr. Chadband rather than for healthy devotional literature like this, still his Eminence's meaning is plain, and we heartily associate ourselves with his commendation. Whether young children will find this Life of our Lord attractive enough to read it for themselves unaided, we are a little tempted to doubt, but we believe that it will interest them thoroughly, if their mothers or teachers will read it aloud for them, adding an occasional word of explanation. Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued the book in a very handsome form, and the numerous illustrations are in this case a real embellishment.

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#### 8.—THE DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

The tenth and eleventh fascicules of Abbot Cabrol's great Dictionary, completing the first volume of 1,638 quarto pages, form in some respects the most interesting instalment which has yet been issued. They contain the Preface, which is itself

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne et de Liturgie*. Publié par Dom Fernand Cabrol. Paris: Letouzey et Ané. 1907.

an admirable little essay upon the recent progress of research in the field of Christian archæology and liturgy, and this also provides a compendious but very useful bibliography of the most important works lately published in these two departments. The body of the two parts now presented to us covers the ground from *Archimandrite* to *Azymes*. Many of the articles are of a most important character, and we greatly regret that the pressure upon our space compels us to abstain from comment and to be content with a bare enumeration of the principal subjects treated. Perhaps the longest article is that on *Athens* (mainly epigraphic), by Dom H. Leclercq, and the same competent scholar deals among other matters with *Autel* (altar), *Avignon*, *Aristocratic classes*, *Autun*, *Ascia*, *Arcosolium*, &c. Of the liturgical articles, which fall to the province of the editor, Abbot Cabrol, we may mention especially *Advent*, *Ascension*, *Assumption*, and *Azymes*. For the rest we may note that J. Pargoire treats at some length the heading *Archimandrite*, while Dom de Puniet contributes an excellent article on *Aubes Baptismales*.

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· 9.—THE PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.<sup>1</sup>

In view of the terrible crisis through which our fellow-Catholics across the Channel are passing, many of us must be wondering what will be the end of it all, and how Catholicism is to survive the ordeal amidst a people where its enemies are so fiercely in earnest, and its friends appear so lukewarm and apathetic.

To such as desire information as to the true state of things this little brochure of Mgr. Batiffol may be warmly recommended. He writes in a spirit of confidence, "*Quand il s'agit de l'avenir du Catholicisme, on peut affirmer que les pessimistes ont toujours tort.*" Nevertheless, he looks facts calmly in the face, and does not fail to indicate without minimizing the weak spots in our armour. The question is considered under three aspects—economic, political, religious; or, How are the clergy to live now that their stipends are no longer paid? What hope is there from political combinations? What must be done to safeguard the faith of the people, which so many influences tend to undermine? On this last point, the kernel of the whole, Mgr. Batiffol has much to say that is equally applicable to our own case, exposed as we are to very similar dangers. He shows

<sup>1</sup> *L'avenir prochain du Catholicisme en France.* Par Pierre Batiffol. Paris : Bloud et Cie.

that here is urgent and vital work for all to do, that every sort and condition of men must recognize its responsibility and put its shoulders to the wheel. But it is probably in regard of politics that he will be found most instructive by English readers, who are apt to assume that everything goes on everywhere precisely as amongst ourselves. We are told by Mgr. Batiffol that on the contrary we can form no sort of idea as to the state of public opinion in France by the result of elections. His countrymen, he assures us, do not understand parliamentary politics, and never will. They have not, like their German and Belgian neighbours, undergone a preliminary training, in the struggles of the Reformation or Thirty Years' War, and accordingly they shut off politics as something entirely apart, and having no connection with anything else, except indeed such benefits as the Government in power can bestow or withhold, as new roads, railways, or agricultural institutes. For the rest,

Quelqu'un a écrit—"Les électeurs de M. de Mun vont à la Messe, et aussi ceux de M. Jaurès." Sans doute, de pareilles formules sont excessives, si on les universalise. Mais il est très vrai que, en maintes régions de la France, où le Catholicisme est encore très vert, le Catholicisme compte parmi les électeurs de la majorité républicaine un nombre très grand de braves gens qui vont à la Messe et remplissent leurs devoirs religieux.

This little volume, costing no more than sixpence, may be warmly recommended to all who would understand some aspects of the present crisis.

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*Publications of the Catholic Truth Society.*

The samples of its work most recently received serve to exhibit, at least in some degree, the many-sided activity of the "C.T.S."

First, we must place a penny issue of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with a brief but helpful Introduction from the pen of Canon M'Intyre, of Oscott. To say nothing of fuller and more costly editions of separate books, or of works connected with Scripture subjects, the Society has now furnished the Catholic public with the Four Gospels, the Acts, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Book of Wisdom, in the same cheap form as the present publication, and under the same editorship.

In a neat shilling volume—*Conference Papers*—we have his Grace the Archbishop's inaugural address, at the opening of the Brighton Conference, in September, and the eight papers read at its various sessions, followed by the Report and Balance-

Sheet of the Society for 1905, with a list of its officers and members. Notable as is the work already accomplished, it is greatly to be desired that the membership could be multiplied tenfold; and with it the Society's power for good.

In *My Brother's Keeper* (1s.) Miss Quinlan, by no means a stranger to readers of *THE MONTH*, endeavours, as the Bishop of Salford tells us in the Preface which he furnishes, to rouse young Catholics, both ladies and gentlemen, especially ladies, to a sense of their duties and responsibilities in regard of the submerged residuum in our great cities, which constitutes so grave a reproach to our civilization, and presents such an ever-growing problem to those responsible for government. It is to be hoped that these "vignettes of real life" will, by bringing home to many the sad realities of the case, do something to remove from Catholics the reproach sometimes brought against them, of taking but little interest in social work for the benefit of their poorer brethren.

We have also two more biographies—Nos. xiii. and xiv., in the series, *Virgin Saints of the Benedictine Order* (one penny each), viz., Catharine Bar (1614—1698)—"a Benedictine of the Blessed Sacrament"; and Princess Louise de Condé (1757—1824), aunt of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, whose murder was the great sorrow of her life, as it is perhaps the blackest stain on the memory of Napoleon.

### Short Notices.

*Lòchran an Anna*, a Gaelic prayer-book, compiled by the Hon. R. Erskine, is beyond the competence of a mere Sassenach to review. He can only hazard a timid conjecture that its title may signify "Garden of the Soul," and note more assuredly that it is very cheap at sixpence, being exceedingly well printed, and strongly bound. It is published by Messrs. Sands and Co., 21, Hanover Street, Edinburgh, or to quote its own title-page: "Sands agus A' Chuideach, 21, Sraid Anobhair, Duneidann."

*Two Angel Tales*, by Father Faber. (Burns and Oates, 1906. 1s.) Father Faber's *Angel Tales* are not conventional children's stories, yet, *crede experto*, they will be found interesting, by children. They appeal to that sort of love of mystery, of beauty and of goodness which the child possesses, and they improve upon acquaintance. In passing, we would advise those

who open the book to read it *before* they go through the pictures. For though these have their merits, some of them do not convey any adequate idea of the delicacy and spirituality of Father Faber's conceptions.

*Modern Spain, 1815—1898*, by H. Butler Clarke, M.A. Pp. xxvi. 510. (Cambridge University Press.) *The Cambridge Historical Series*, edited by G. W. Prothero, Litt. D., of which this volume forms an instalment, deals, as is well known, with the history of modern Europe, and the principal colonies and dependencies of European nations, and is intended for the use of those who wish to understand the nature of existing political institutions. The work before us is eminently well fitted for such a purpose, and gives in comparatively brief compass a clear and wonderfully complete account of the chequered history of the Peninsula since the fall of Napoleon, with all its dynastic troubles, revolutions, civil wars, and "pronunciamientos." There are appended a good biography and index, as well as a map.

*The Moores of Glynn*, by the Rev. J. Guinan (London: Washbourne), is an Irish story of priest and people which is evidently the result of long personal experience, and presents a pleasing picture of the relations between a typical pastor and his flock. We cannot but regret, however, that, as in some other works of the same character, there should appear so implacable a spirit of aversion in regard of the unhappy Saxon, whose portrait, whenever he comes on the stage, is drawn in the blackest and most forbidding colours.

*Short Sermons*, by the Rev. F. P. Hickey, O.S.B., with Introduction by the Bishop of Newport. (Washbourne.) A volume of sermons by Father Hickey, with commendatory introduction from Bishop Hedley, needs no further recommendation from us. His Lordship, after laying it down that, "To be 'short,' but not too short, is surely an essential note of every profitable sermon,"—goes on to declare that in his judgment, "The sermons in this volume are fair specimens of what would really catch the attention and do good." What more need be said?

We have spoken elsewhere of Miss Quinlan's contributions to the Catholic Truth Society's publications. *In the Devil's Alley* (Art and Book Co., 3s. 6d. net) is another work of the same character and with the same object. In addition to graphic letter-press it contains illustrations from the author's pencil, which forcibly enhance its grim moral.

John Mason Neale was a leader in the High Church movement in the middle of the last century. He was not indeed heard much in the pulpit, and altogether his work lay behind the scenes rather than on the front of them. This, as Miss Eleanor Towle's *Memoir* (Longmans) gives us the means of seeing, was due to his shy and retiring nature, which caused him to feel at home only in his study, or his quiet pilgrimages to places of ecclesiastical interest, or his private intercourse with friends and disciples. Still, his influence on the movement was considerable. He was its hymnologist, particularly through his beautiful English renderings of the old liturgical hymns; he was foremost among those who imported for Anglican use some of the treasures of Catholic spiritual literature, especially such as bore upon the character and meaning of the Divine Office or the Mass; he was foremost among those whose minds turned towards the Eastern Church as towards a pattern more in keeping with Anglican tastes than was to be found in the West; he had much to do with kindling that well-meant though excessive passion for church restoration; and by his work at East Grinstead, in founding and training the East Grinstead Sisterhood, he played an important part in introducing the religious life into the Anglican Communion. There was a narrowness and limitation of horizon in his mind and his work, nor in his historical and exegetical writings can he be deemed to have followed a sound method. But, as one might say of the paintings of some early grand master, what he lacked in anatomical accuracy he made up for by the brilliancy of his colouring, and the success with which he could bring out the spiritual idea. It was fitting that a memoir of him should be written, and Miss Towle has done her work well, and enabled us to catch something of the man himself who shunned the world so much.

*St. Catherine of Siena and her Times.* By the author of *Mademoiselle Mori* (London, Methuen, 1906). Although this book is very pleasantly written, and is most attractively illustrated, we cannot speak highly of it from the point of view of historical accuracy. It is essentially an *oeuvre de vulgarisation*, and carelessly put together at that. None the less, the author treats of St. Catherine very sympathetically, and the tone is one which will not give offence to Catholics. It is likely, and in some sense deserves, to have a considerable sale.

*Villani's Chronicle*, being selections from the first nine books of the *Chroniche Fiorentine*, translated by Rose E. Selfe, and

edited by P. H. Wicksteed (London, Constable, 1906). This most useful companion to the study of Dante will be sufficiently recommended to most students of the Italian poet by the high reputation of its editor. The selection is excellent, and the translation, which affects a slightly archaic flavour, reads very pleasantly. The marginal references to parallel passages in the poems of Dante add greatly to the value of the volume.

*Friend or Foe.* By C. M. Home (St. Andrew's Press, Barnet, 1906). This is an historical tale of the days of Elizabeth. It is thoroughly Catholic in tone, and altogether harmless. The author writes with a certain amount of ease, telling a pleasantly straightforward story. We confess that we think that the book would have been more attractive without the illustrations.

*Mary in the Gospels.* By the Very Rev. J. Spencer Northcote (London, Burns and Oates). This is a revised and very well printed edition of Dr. Northcote's well-known book, first published forty years ago, when religious England was in the throes of the controversies excited by Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*. We cordially recommend these devout and persuasive lectures, and congratulate the venerable author on their attractive appearance in this second edition.

## Magazines.

*Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1907, I.)

Dionysius the Areopagite in the chapel of the ancient Papal Palace. *H. Grisar.* Ambrosius Catharinus and Ochino. *F. Lauchert.* The Convoking of Councils. *C. Kneller.* Reviews, &c.

RÉVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1907, I.)

The *Codex Bezae* at Lyons. *H. Quentin.* A new collection of Sermons of St. Cæsarius. *G. Morin.* Studies in Orthodox Theology. *P. de Meester.* Conrad d'Urach, Papal Legate. *A. Clement.* An unknown prologue to the Catholic Epistles. *D. De Bruyne.* Christian Epigraphy. *H. Leclercq.* Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (1907, I.)

Hohenlohe's Impeachment of the Jesuits. *O. Pfülf.* The Heathen Mysteries and the Hellenizing of Christendom. *J. Blötzer.* Mediæval Population of German cities. *H. Krose.* Italian Metrical Romances down to Pulci's Morgante. *A. Baumgartner.* Reviews, &c.



## *The Influence of Paganism on the Christian Calendar.*

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EVER since the publication in 1729 of Dr. Conyers Middleton's famous *Letter from Rome showing an exact conformity between Popery and Paganism*, there has been a more or less continuous effort on the part of a certain school of writers to trace the beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church to some pre-Christian original. It would be easy to make a long catalogue of such attempts,<sup>1</sup> some dealing with isolated points, some with the whole field of Christian observance, but I may content myself with mentioning in general terms the works of Dr. J. G. Frazer, the distinguished author of *The Golden Bough*, of Mr. Edward Clodd, a more popular writer, who is perhaps best known by his *Childhood of Religions*, and of Dr. Rendel Harris, for whom the legend of the Dioscuri seems to exercise a peculiar fascination. Those who have paid any attention to the subject will know that the conclusions arrived at by these scholars are very sweeping. It is not only practices but dogmas which they are prepared to explain away as mere survivals of paganism. In particular, the mystery of the Blessed Eucharist has received a large share of attention, and we are bidden to recognize in this very primitive and central point of the Christian faith<sup>2</sup> a development of the cult of Ceres and of Bacchus, or, at any rate, of the principles which underlay that heathen worship. A short quotation from Dr. Frazer will sufficiently illustrate the attitude of which I am speaking :

By eating [says Dr. Frazer] the body of the god, man shares in the god's attributes and powers. And when the god is a corn-god, the corn

<sup>1</sup> Many bibliographical references may be found in the footnotes of an excellent article on "Les Origines du Culte Chrétien," which Abbot Cabrol has recently contributed to the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov. 15 and Dec. 1, 1906.

<sup>2</sup> I may remind the reader that the First Epistle to the Corinthians, which contains St. Paul's account of the institution of the Sacrament and his warning that "whosoever eateth the bread and drinketh the cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord," is one of the few Epistles whose authenticity and early date is not contested even by advanced critics.

is his proper body; when he is a vine-god, the juice of the grape is his blood; and so by eating the bread and drinking the wine the worshipper partakes of the real body and blood of his god. Thus the drinking of wine in the rites of a vine-god like Dionysus is not an act of revelry, it is a solemn sacrament. Yet a time comes when reasonable men find it hard to understand how anyone in his senses can suppose that by eating bread or drinking wine he consumes the body or blood of a deity. "When we call corn Ceres or wine Bacchus," says Cicero, "we use a common figure of speech; but do you imagine that anybody is so insane as to believe that the thing he feeds upon is a god?"<sup>1</sup>

It is obvious that much might be said on this and similar points of dogmatic belief, but this is not the subject with which we are immediately concerned, and for the moment I will only remark that the wide diffusion of the sacramental or the sacrificial idea, even if the religious rite of the eating of bread and the drinking of wine were as generally familiar as Dr. Frazer contends, proves nothing against its divine institution. Such practices among pagan peoples may not less readily be explained as the corruptions of some vague and primitive revelation than if we look upon them as the spontaneous developments of savagery. There is nothing gross or carnal, but rather the reverse, in the acceptance of wheaten flour or the juice of the grape as typical of a divine principle; while it was certainly part of the common stock of ideas of the Hebrew people that "the blood is the life," *i.e.*, that the blood outpoured and separated from the body was emblematic of that withdrawal of the soul from its tenement of clay, which is realized in death. But in the present article I only propose to deal with the influence of paganism upon the calendar of the Church, in other words, with the alleged continuance of time-honoured heathen festivals, once frankly idolatrous, often bloodthirsty or licentious, but now, we are told, surviving under a thinly-disguised dedication to some Christian mystery or some early saint. The topic in any case seems worthy of serious consideration. It has often engaged the attention of Dr. Frazer, both in

<sup>1</sup> This passage occurs at the end of a section which bears the heading "Eating the God," and which begins with the words: "We have now seen that the corn-spirit is represented sometimes in human, sometimes in animal form, and that in both cases he is killed in the person of his representative and eaten sacramentally. To find examples of actually killing the human representative of the corn-spirit we had of course to go to savage races; but the harvest suppers of our European peasants have furnished unmistakable examples of the sacramental eating of animals as representatives of the corn-spirit." (*The Golden Bough*, second edition, ii. pp. 318 and 366.)

*The Golden Bough* and in his other works. More especially it is made very prominent in his recently published volume entitled *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*.<sup>1</sup> Probably I cannot do better by way of introducing the general subject than to quote a passage from the volume just named. It sets before us compendiously the drift of Dr. Frazer's conclusions so far as we are here concerned with them. After referring to certain early sectaries who persistently kept the celebration of our Saviour's Crucifixion and Resurrection as fixed feasts upon March 25th and March 27th respectively, without regard to the day of the week,<sup>2</sup> Dr. Frazer continues :

The tradition which placed the death of Christ on the twenty-fifth of March was ancient and deeply rooted. It is all the more remarkable because astronomical considerations prove that it can have had no historical foundation. The inference appears to be inevitable that the Passion of Christ must have been arbitrarily referred to that date in order to harmonize with an older festival of the spring equinox. This is the view of the learned ecclesiastical historian, Mgr. Duchesne, who points out that the death of the Saviour was thus made to fall upon the very day on which, according to a widespread belief, the world had been created. But the resurrection of Attis, who combined in himself the characters of the Divine Father and the Divine Son, was officially celebrated at Rome on the same day.<sup>3</sup> When we remember that the festival of St. George in April has replaced the ancient pagan festival of the Parilia ; that the festival of St. John the Baptist in June has succeeded to the heathen midsummer festival of water ; that the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin in August has ousted the festival of Diana ; that the feast of All Saints in November is a continuation of an old heathen feast of the dead ; and that the Nativity of Christ Himself

<sup>1</sup> *Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Studies in the History of Oriental Religion*. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L. ; LL.D. ; Litt. D. ; Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1906.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Frazer does not tell his readers how very small and insignificant this sect was. No one could possibly infer from what he says that throughout the Church at large, as we know from overwhelming evidence which is as early as the time of St. Justin martyr (c. 150), Easter was invariably a movable feast kept upon a Sunday, and like the Jewish Pasch varying from year to year with the time of the full moon.

<sup>3</sup> I can find no other name than disingenuous for this presentment of the matter. Not one of Dr. Frazer's readers in a thousand will fail to derive the impression that the resurrection of Attis and the resurrection of Christ were celebrated on the same day. But in point of fact (see Dr. Frazer's own statements, *ib.* pp. 166, 167), the death of Attis was commemorated on March 22nd and his resuscitation on March 25th. In other words, the joyful resurrection of Attis was kept on the very anniversary which Christians, according to Dr. Frazer, regarded as the day of deepest mourning. So far as the Christian calendars connected the resurrection of Christ with any fixed day, this day was March 27th, not March 25th.

was assigned to the winter solstice in December because that day was deemed the Nativity of the Sun ; we can hardly be thought rash or unreasonable in conjecturing that the other cardinal festival of the Christian Church, the solemnization of Easter, may have been in like manner, and from like motives of edification, adapted to a similar celebration of the Phrygian god Attis at the vernal equinox. At least it is a remarkable coincidence, if it is nothing more, that the Christian and heathen festivals of the Divine Death and Resurrection should have been solemnized at the same season and in the same places. For the places which celebrated the death of Christ at the spring equinox were Phrygia, Gaul, and apparently Rome, that is, the very regions in which the worship of Attis either originated or struck deepest root.<sup>1</sup>

Now while fully admitting, as we shall see, not only the possibility but the fact of some such transformations of pagan celebrations into Christian, a very simple reflection serves even at the outset to shatter all confidence in the probability of these identifications. Dr. Frazer here mentions only certain selected examples. He does not include other cases which his fellow folk-lorists insist upon just as strongly, and with just as much or as little show of reason as he can adduce for his explanation of the Assumption feast or the feast of St. George. In the first place nothing is more certain than that the Christian feast of the Circumcision coincided with the Roman festival of the first of January, *le jour de l'an* with its *étrennes* (Latin *strenae*), which still survives in modern France. In this case of the Circumcision, we have a clear and indisputable instance of the coincidence of a pagan and a Christian feast, and here also we have the fullest possible evidence of the recognition of the coincidence on the part of the Church authorities. Not only are there frequent allusions to the fact in the extant sermons of preachers like St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Maximus of

<sup>1</sup> Lack of space prevents me from quoting the footnotes with which Dr. Frazer strives to justify the assertions made in this passage. The belief (witnessed to by Tertullian, Hippolytus, Augustine, and many others) that the Crucifixion of Christ as a historical fact took place on March 25th, is no sort of proof that any liturgical celebration occurred upon the anniversary of that day. It is quite certain that at Rome, as almost everywhere else where clear evidence is forthcoming, Easter and Good Friday were movable feasts from the beginning. Mgr. Duchesne (*Christian Worship*, Eng. Tr. p. 237, § 2) has never for a moment disputed this. If he lays stress upon the belief that Christ was crucified on March 25th, it is only to explain how the early Christians came to suppose through their love of round numbers that our Lord became incarnate on the same March 25th, and consequently was born exactly nine months later, on December 25th. Mgr. Duchesne, on this ground, expressly rejects the idea that the selection of December 25th for the Nativity had anything to do with the supposed Mithraic feast of the Sun, *natalis invicti*.

Turin, &c., who exhort their hearers in vigorous terms to beware of the superstitious observances connected with the day, but we have in all the early Sacramentaries a special Mass *ad prohibendum ab idolis*, with prayers and liturgical formulæ, making definite reference to the idolatrous rites practised on that occasion.

Let me quote one example of a prayer destined for use on this feast of the first of January. It is found in the so-called Leonine Sacramentary, the earliest of Roman service-books, and is but one of many.

O Almighty Everlasting God, who biddest the partakers at Thy Table to abstain from the banquets of devils, grant to Thy people, we beseech Thee, that eschewing the savour of deadly profanity, they may approach with clean minds to the feasts of eternal salvation.<sup>1</sup>

Why, if the Assumption was really the feast of Diana, or if the feast of St. George was really identical with the *parilia*—why, we may ask, do we not find indications in Christian writers of some similar condemnation of idolatrous practices? Above all, in the case of Easter and Good Friday, it is universally admitted that we possess amongst our still existing liturgical remains, some of them still in use, exceptionally abundant and trustworthy materials for judging of the formularies employed in the earliest period. Why is it then that we do not discover the traces of any reprobation of the worship of Attis, though, to judge from the lengthy account given by Dr. Frazer in another passage, it must have offered the most ghastly parody of the Crucifixion.<sup>2</sup> The Circumcision was a minor feast, with a small homiletic literature, yet that small literature is scored all over with allusions to the godless rites and orgies for which among a still heathen population the day was the occasion. The annual commemoration of our Lord's Death and Resurrection was the most fundamental and primitive of Christian observances, and yet in all the relatively abundant literature to which it gave rise, Dr. Frazer does not even pretend to quote a single allusion which would bear out his contention.

To say the truth, the references in Christian literature to

<sup>1</sup> Numerous similar examples are quoted by Abbot Cabrol in his volume, *Origines Liturgiques*, pp. 203—210, recently reviewed in these columns. For example he points out that, in the famous lectionary of Capua, the Epistle for this day (January 1), is taken from 1 Cor. viii. 1 to ix. 22, all dealing with abstaining from meats sacrificed to idols.

<sup>2</sup> *Adonis, Attis, and Osiris*, p. 166.

Attis, Adonis, Mithras, and the rest are so relatively slight and unimportant, that I for one am utterly sceptical as to the permanent influence exercised by any of these Oriental cults. In the disintegration of Roman society under the later Emperors such fantastic forms of worship found a ready welcome, and this welcome was proportionate in some sense to their extravagance and to the degree in which they excited horror or provoked curiosity. For this reason the wildest reports were often circulated about these rites, whence it becomes in a high degree rash and unscientific to accept without question such fragments of information concerning them as reach us through the channel of gossips like Athenæus or satirists like Lucian. And as for any deep and permanent impression made by these cults upon the beliefs and practice of the Western Empire, one might as well suppose that the religious thought of contemporary England was being moulded by the Christian Scientists, the Esoteric Buddhists, the Irvingites, the Salvation Army, Dr. Torrey and Alexander's Missions, and the Society for Psychical Research. I do not necessarily mean to speak disrespectfully of any of these influences, but they are in my judgment only surface currents which do not stir the depths.

Again the feast of the Purification (or Candlemas Day) on February 2nd, is identified by Mr. Clodd and others with the Roman Lupercalia. The dates do not at all agree, for the Roman Lupercalia occurred almost a fortnight later on February 14th; but to folk-lore theorists such details are a matter of no consequence. For the moment, however, let me assume that the Purification with its procession of lights is a transformed Lupercalia and let us consider the series of feasts which we shall then have. The Annunciation and the Crucifixion on March 25th, replace the feast of Attis, the Nativity of Christ supplants the great Mithraic birthday of the Sun, the Nativity of St. John the Baptist has succeeded to "a heathen midsummer festival of water," the Circumcision expiates the revelry of New Year's day, and the Purification is the substitute for the indecencies of the Lupercalia. It is all very wonderful, but surely it is also a great deal *too* wonderful. What our folk-lorists forget is the simple fact that all the Christian feasts which I have just named are rigorously tied together by the dates of the Gospel narrative. Does Dr. Frazer really ask us to believe that the Church authorities first bethought them of

our Easter celebration of Death and Resurrection which would replace the worship of Attis, invented the birthday of Christ to rival the birthday of the Sun, elected St. John the Baptizer to preside over the midsummer festival of water, found in the Purification of Mary after childbirth a consecration of the pagan rites for promoting the fecundity of the mothers of their children, and then suddenly discovered that all these feasts, *mirabile dictu*, had slipped into their proper places in order of time? If the Annunciation be fixed upon the 25th of March, then the Nativity, if we follow the exact interval of nine months, *must* fall on the 25th of December, moreover the Circumcision and the Purification, according to Levitical law, cannot occur at any other date than the 8th day and the 40th day respectively, *i.e.*, January 1st, and February 2nd. Further, since the angel told our Lady that this was the "sixth month of her cousin being with child," the birth of the Baptist must have preceded that of our Saviour by just that interval, and when we remember that June 24th, according to the Roman way of counting time was the 8th day before the Kalends of July, just as December 25th was the 8th day before the Kalends of January, we see that this condition also is exactly verified.

Surely this simple reflection cannot fail to rouse the suspicion that such agreements as have been observed in the dates of Christian and pagan celebrations are in the main due to pure coincidence. Naturally enough, if a Christian feast fell upon a day which was already a popular holiday, it would, or at least might, derive additional solemnity from the fact that the bulk of the faithful, being released from secular occupations, were free to busy themselves about the Church and its ceremonies. When a writer, so able and so well-read as Dr. Frazer, has the whole field of pagan mythology before him to choose from—not only Roman and Greek, but Phrygian, Syrian, and Egyptian, to say nothing of the religious observances of the Celtic and Teutonic races of the North, all of which he freely uses; it would be almost impossible to mention any Christian festival which will not coincide with a pagan celebration in some part of the world. And to identify these becomes all the more easy because Dr. Frazer frankly declares that a discrepancy of two or three days is of no consequence when we are discussing these agreements. I may confess, that to me the substitution idea seems to require the most exact conformity in point of time between the ancient heathen orgy

and the new Christian festival which is to supplant it. Human nature, and most of all uncivilized human nature, is never averse to keep two holidays instead of one. The savage will not as a rule betray the least reluctance to feast in honour of the Christian God on Tuesday, and again in honour of his own deities on Thursday. The only chance is to confront your savage with the physical impossibility of being in two places at once, or of performing two different rites at the same time. But this is clearly not Dr. Frazer's idea, for he writes :

At the annual festival of Diana, which was held all over Italy on the 13th of August, hunting-dogs were crowned, and wild beasts were not molested ; wine was brought forth, and the feast consisted of a kid, cakes, and apples still hanging in clusters on the boughs. The Christian Church appears to have sanctified this great festival of the virgin goddess by adroitly converting it into the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin on the 15th of August. The discrepancy of two days between the dates of the festivals is not a fatal argument against their identity, for a similar displacement of two days occurs in the case of St. George's festival on the 23rd of April, which is most probably identical with the ancient Roman festival of the Parilia on April 21st.<sup>1</sup>

I will not stop here to dwell upon the unconvincingness of this *ignotum per ignotius* kind of argument ; but I propose to take in order a few of the identifications of pagan and Christian festivals which may be found suggested in Dr. Frazer's various works, and to add a word or two of comment on each. But before doing this it will be worth while perhaps to quote in full the letter of St. Gregory the Great to Mellitus, who was later Archbishop of Canterbury. It is the classical passage on the subject, and while it shows clearly that the Church fully recognized the lawfulness of some substitution of Christian observances for pagan, it is far from suggesting that the principle had been applied in the wholesale way which Dr. Frazer seems to contemplate. St. Gregory writes as follows :

To his most beloved son, the Abbot Mellitus : Gregory, the servant of the servants of God :

We have been in much suspense since the departure of our congregation that is with you, because we have received no account of the success of your journey. When therefore Almighty God shall bring you to the most reverend Bishop Augustine, our brother, tell him what I have decided, upon mature deliberation, in the affair of the English, namely, that the temples of the idols in that nation ought not

<sup>1</sup> *Early History of the Kingship*, pp. 18, 19.



to be destroyed ; but let the idols that are in them be destroyed ; let holy water be blessed and sprinkled in the said temples, let altars be erected and relics deposited there. For if those temples are well built, it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of devils to the service of the true God ; that the nation, seeing that their temples are not destroyed, may remove error from their hearts, and knowing and adoring the true God, may the more readily resort to the places to which they have been accustomed. And because they have been used to slaughter many oxen in the sacrifices of devils, some solemnity must on this account be substituted for them, for example that, on the day of the dedication, or the natiivities of the holy martyrs whose relics are there deposited, they should build themselves huts of the boughs of trees about those churches that have been turned to that use from temples, and celebrate the solemnity with religious feasting, and no more offer beasts to the devil, but both kill cattle to the praise of God to serve as food, and return thanks to the Giver of all things for this sustenance ; to the end that, whilst some gratifications are outwardly permitted them, they may the more easily consent to the inward consolations of the grace of God. For there is no doubt that it is impossible to efface everything at once from their obdurate minds ; because he who endeavours to ascend to the highest place, rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps. Thus the Lord made himself known to the people of Israel in Egypt ; and yet he allowed them the use, in his own worship, of the sacrifices which they were wont to offer to the devil ; so as to command them in his sacrifices to kill beasts, to the end that, changing their hearts, they might lay aside one part of the sacrifice, whilst they retained another ; that whilst they offered the same beasts which they were wont to offer, they should offer them to God, and not to idols ; and that thus they would no longer be the same sacrifices. This it behoves your affection to communicate to our aforesaid brother, that he, being there present, may consider how he is to order all things. May God preserve you in safety, most beloved son.<sup>1</sup>

It will here be clearly seen that while St. Gregory approves the principle of substitution, his suggestion is, relatively speaking, a restricted one. The feast of the dedication of the particular church, which was of course of only local application, or a celebration in honour of the relics enshrined there, might be so organized as to divert the minds of the converts from their old pagan superstitions, but that is all. There is no idea of making these concessions to inveterate custom into great festivals which are to nourish the piety of the faithful, and be the landmarks of the Christian year. Let me then take a few of the more important features in the calendar, and see

<sup>1</sup> Bede, *Ecclesiastical History*, bk. i. chap. xxx. Ed. Stevenson, Lond. 1853.

what the evidence amounts to which is supposed to prove that all or any of them are merely survivals of paganism. Unfortunately, the limits of an article like the present will necessitate a very summary treatment.

#### THE CIRCUMCISION.

I have already touched briefly upon this. Nothing is more plainly written across the homiletic and conciliar literature of the early Christian centuries than the fact that unceasing efforts were made to eradicate the idolatrous and superstitious practices associated with the "Kalends," as the first of January was called *par excellence*. The heathen philosopher, Libanius, at the beginning of the fourth century testifies that this stood out from all other religious celebrations. It was the one survival of paganism which really counted, and which was universally observed throughout the Roman empire. And so in every part of the world we find Christian teachers like St. Augustine in the West, and St. Chrysostom in the East, St. Isidore in Spain, and St. Cæsarius in Gaul denouncing the observances of this "Satanic feast" (ἑορτὴν σατανικὴν), as St. Chrysostom styled it. But even here, though the coincidence of days is exact, it would be absurd to regard the Calends of January as having created a Christian festival. The date of the Circumcision is undoubtedly determined by the date of the Nativity, eight days before. If the Christian festivals had really come into existence in the way Dr. Frazer supposes, we should have expected to find our Lord's birthday kept upon that universal holiday, January 1st. So far from this we know that the Circumcision was not regarded by the early Christians as a festival, but rather as a day of mourning. We learn also that in some parts of the world it was celebrated with a fast of three days, and that as already stated above, the Mass *ad prohibendum ab idolis* was of almost universal observance.

#### THE PURIFICATION OF OUR LADY.

It has been said above that the difference of date renders it impossible to identify this feast with the Lupercalia. A difficulty is caused by the language of a passage in Bede's *De Temporum Ratione*,<sup>1</sup> in which the Anglo-Saxon scholar seems to take it for granted that the procession of February 2nd

<sup>1</sup> Cap. xii.

replaced the *lustratio* of the pagan Lupercalia. But Bede, when attentively read, says no more than that where the Lupercalia and its procession had existed before, the feast of our Lady, with procession, was to be found in the Christian Rome of a later period. The main fact is that in Jerusalem at the close of the fourth century, as we learn from the pilgrim lady, Silvia, or rather Egeria, the *quadragesima Epiphaniae* (the fortieth day from our Saviour's "manifestation") was already kept as a feast. As at that time the Epiphany on January 6 was believed in the East to be the birthday of our Lord, the fortieth day after it must have commemorated the Presentation in the Temple, or the feast of Simeon, as the Echternach Calendar calls it. When this celebration was later on transplanted from the East and adopted by Rome it necessarily fell on February 2nd, the fortieth day from December 25th, which had been adopted as the Western date for the Nativity. Whether a procession with blessed candles was attached to that celebration with the express object of replacing the heathen procession of the Lupercalia, it seems now impossible to determine; but seeing that a similar procession, as Bede is careful to mention, was also organized in Rome on the other great feasts of our Lady, the substitution at best must have been of a very vague and general character.

#### LENT.

Dr. Frazer, in view of certain analogous practices recorded of savage peoples, believes that this period of sexual continence and abstemiousness in diet "was in its origin intended not so much to commemorate the sufferings of a dying God as to foster the growth of the seed."<sup>1</sup> Our author admits that "no direct evidence is forthcoming"<sup>2</sup> in support of this hypothesis, and I urge in reply that both scientific procedure and common sense imperatively demand direct evidence before such a suggestion can claim to be considered. If various barbarous races subjected themselves to certain forms of restraint with a view of benefiting the growing crops, others gave themselves up to every form of indulgence with a precisely similar object, while others again adopted a thousand different expedients which had nothing to do with either license or austerity. We can trace the gradual evolution of Lent in the early patristic literature

<sup>1</sup> *The Golden Bough*, Second Edition, ii. p. 214.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* iii. p. 146.

and in liturgical monuments of every part of Christendom. It was clearly a development of the principle that a great festival should be prepared for by a term of prayer and fasting. As even the lesser feasts had their vigils, so Easter and Christmas were preceded by a fast of many days. The preparation of the catechumens for baptism on Easter Eve also exercised considerable influence on this penitential season. In any case out of the many thousand references to Lent which may be found in early Christian writers, Dr. Frazer does not pretend to quote even one which brings Lent into relation with the growth of the seed. Why should Christianity be less capable of originating an Easter fast than Mohammedanism of instituting a Ramadhan? It is plain that this last at least, which may occur in any month of the year, is independent of the growth of the crops.

#### GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER.

When we reflect [writes Dr. Frazer] how often the Church has skilfully contrived to plant the seeds of the new faith on the old stock of paganism, we may surmise that the Easter celebration of the dead and risen Christ was grafted upon a similar celebration of the dead and risen Adonis, which, as we have seen reason to believe, was celebrated in Syria at the same season. The type, created by Greek artists, of the sorrowful goddess with her dying lover in her arms, resembles and may have been the model of the *Pietà* of Christian art, the Virgin with the dead body of her divine Son in her lap.<sup>1</sup>

One would wish to believe that Dr. Frazer only says these things out of a sense of duty to scientific truth, but it is difficult to resist the impression that the effect they are meant to produce upon his Christian readers is carefully calculated.<sup>2</sup> What I fail to understand is why Christianity should be considered incapable of evolving the type of the *pietà* independently of Adonis. Why is this theme less likely to have occurred spontaneously to the artist than the Madonna and Child, or than the kneeling Magdalen at the foot of the Cross, or than the Veronica legend?

<sup>1</sup> *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, p. 157. That Easter, as we have seen in a passage previously quoted, is also identified by Dr. Frazer with the worship of Attis, seems in his eyes no bar to this equally close relation with the great festival of Adonis. When it suits Dr. Frazer's purpose, Adonis and Attis are in practice identical, but otherwise they are quite distinct.

<sup>2</sup> So again on p. 190 Dr. Frazer writes that the "ecclesiastical authorities assimilated the Easter festival of the death and resurrection of their Lord to the festival of the death and resurrection of another Asiatic god (*i.e.*, Adonis) which fell at the same season."

Every principle of scientific archæology seems to be ignored in such a suggestion, for the *pietà* type surely first became popular in the later middle ages in countries where the story and still more the pictorial representation of Adonis was absolutely unknown. But, in point of fact, the whole foundation for the association of the mourning over Adonis with the feast of the Easter crumbles away when it is examined into. As Dr. Conrad Lübeck has recently shown,<sup>1</sup> there is no adequate reason for connecting the death and resurrection of Adonis with the vernal equinox. And yet this is vital to Dr. Frazer's suggestion. The standard authority upon such subjects is the *Real-encyclopädie* of Pauly-Wissowa. As any reader will discover who consults the article *Adonis*,<sup>2</sup> the conclusions there adopted are absolutely irreconcilable with Dr. Frazer's theory, for it is maintained that the Adonis celebration took place not in the spring but in the middle of summer, that there was only one Adonis feast in the year, that its predominant note was entirely mournful, and that it was only "proleptically" and indirectly that the idea of resurrection was introduced. Of all this Dr. Frazer tells his readers nothing, which frankly does not seem a very scientific or scholarly procedure. But even if we granted all the premisses, it is certain that within a few years of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ the doctrine of His death and resurrection was regarded as the very keystone of the Christian faith. It would be incredible that His followers should not spontaneously have instituted a festival to commemorate this divine mystery. There is abundant evidence to prove that such a festival was kept from the beginning, and that it was a movable feast following the analogy of the Jewish pasch.

#### ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

This was, according to Dr. Frazer, merely a Christian adaptation of the Roman festival of the *parilia* or *palilia*. The evidence for this assertion is promised in the next edition of *The Golden Bough*. It must be sufficient to say here that even apart from the fact that St. George's day is April 23rd, while the *parilia* fell on April 21st, there is no possible doubt that the cult of St. George began in the East, and that at the end of the fourth century a great festival was kept in Mesopotamia on

<sup>1</sup> Lübeck, *Adoniskult und Christentum auf Malta*, Fulda, 1904, pp. 50—56.

<sup>2</sup> See Pauly-Wissowa, *Real-encyclopädie*, vol. i. p. 387, l. 46, and p. 390, l. 50.

April 23rd under the name of Elpidius, who was apparently identical with St. George. The cult of St. George was not introduced into Rome until the sixth century.<sup>1</sup>

#### ST. JOHN'S DAY.

That this day, or rather the eve of the feast, coincided with various pagan celebrations which originated probably in some form of sun worship finding outward expression at the summer solstice may be readily admitted. Here again, as in the case of the Calends of January, Christian teachers freely denounce participation in the heathen and superstitious observances of this season. But Dr. Frazer's presentment of the matter is almost grotesque.

We may conjecture [he says] that the Church, unable to put down this relic of paganism, followed its usual policy of accommodation by bestowing on the rite a Christian name and acquiescing with a sigh in its observance. And casting about for a saint to supplant a heathen patron of bathing, the Christian doctors could hardly have hit upon a more appropriate successor than St. John the Baptist.

"Casting about for a saint"!—but as was pointed out above, if the Nativity of our Lord was kept on the eighth day before the Calends of January, the Nativity of the Baptist, according to their simple calculations, *must* fall on the 8th of the Calends of July, *i.e.*, on June 24th. If the pagan festival was really in any special way a water festival, which personally I doubt, we must recognize a pure coincidence in the fact that St. John Baptist should preside over the day.

#### THE ASSUMPTION.

Of this I have said something in the last number of THE MONTH, pp. 204—209. If the feast was, as seems certain, of Syrian origin, and if it was already in the fourth or fifth century celebrated in the East on August 15th, it seems quite superfluous to invoke the aid of the Arician Diana to explain its existence. And here again, as so often before, one asks in vain for one scrap of positive evidence to support an hypothesis which is entirely based on *a priori* arguments.

This article has extended to such length that I do not for the present propose to carry the investigation further. Of the

<sup>1</sup> See for the Eastern origin of the feast of St. George, Lucius, *Die Anfänge des Heiligenkults*, pp. 239—241.

supposed pagan origin of All Saints, I hope to treat elsewhere, and the connection of Christmas with the Mithraic (?) *natalis invicti* would need too long a statement to be dealt with in this paper.<sup>1</sup> In conclusion, I will only say that while one can in some measure sympathize with Dr. Frazer's ardour in generalizing and in his eagerness to reduce the working of man's religious instincts to some sort of law, one loses all confidence in a guide who is so blind to the fatal facility of his own processes. Were Dr. Frazer only to realize that his theories have explained away everything in the Christian religion, including even the historical fact of the Crucifixion, one might suppose that this reflection would give him pause. After all, Christianity has played some part in the world's history, and has exercised some influence upon the destinies of mankind; and yet on Dr. Frazer's principles it would appear that never yet was there an institution so lacking in initiative, so helpless, so receptive, so full of compromises, as this poor Catholic Church which some of us are foolish enough to think divinely inspired.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> I have previously discussed the subject in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, December, 1898, and January, 1899.

## *Notes on Religious Instruction in Schools.*

(SECOND PAPER.)

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IN times of impending stress there is ever a tendency to mistake the import of innovation, and it is thus somewhat unfortunate that the outline of a possible modification of the scope and method of religious instruction of the young should need to come under discussion at a moment when our school system itself is seen to be upon a precarious footing. Yet, inasmuch as the trend of events in the elementary school is unmistakable, and by means direct or indirect, motivated or unmotivated, the portion of the school programme effectively devoted to religion will become inevitably smaller, a discussion is more easily focussed on the necessarily-practical as against the possibly-desirable-but-unobtainable.

A first question arises as to the amount and kind of religious instruction which at present obtains in the schools. To this question no definite answer can be given. The work of a school in this subject depends largely upon the syllabus of the diocese in which the school is situated. A perusal of a number of these syllabuses shows in every case a provision for the learning by heart of prayers, hymns, and catechism, for an explanation of doctrine and for a knowledge of the Scriptures. But when we come to look at the matter which is detailed, we find—except in the case of the catechism, which is everywhere prescribed in its entirety—very varied estimates of what is considered desirable for children to know and possible for them to learn.

In one place the commonest prayers only are asked for, in another are added forms, which from their difficulty, or from the fact that they are meant only for occasional use, might well be sought for, when needed, in a manual of devotion. The requirements in Bible history vary greatly. To take the Old Testament for example: in one case the instruction is to cover the period from the Creation to Josue, in another case it is to be continued



to Solomon, and in a third a knowledge of the whole book is required. In the matter of doctrine the variation is not less marked, ranging as it does from simple courses embracing merely the common truths of faith and the ordinary practices of piety to elaborate schemes which might almost stand as synopses of a complete course in dogma.

It is admittedly a difficult matter to find the normal child for whom these programmes of instruction are framed, and local circumstances, such as irregularity of attendance, half-time, and age of leaving school, have no doubt complicated the search; but it is not easy to trace the connection between these circumstances and the courses as they exist. And, it should seem, an intimate inquiry into what an average child under ordinary conditions can be reasonably expected to acquire, would be of service in laying out the courses of the different classes.

The influence on school work of an elaborated syllabus is usually of doubtful value. The gain which results from the orderly plotting out of the field of study, finds a counterpoise in the routine character of a teaching effort which is felt to be in part vicarious. And when a syllabus presupposes a capacity which pupils do not possess, or sets forth more to be learned than time permits, and when, in addition, progress is tested by a rigid examination, little of good can result. For under such circumstances the natural order of learning, which lies in a separating (from the manifold) of elements which are seen to be allied to and an extension of already-existing knowledge, gives way to a haphazard piling up of facts which may not in any way correspond to the pupil's experience. And leisure, too, is lacking for the exercise of the selective faculty working in sub-consciousness, whence springs our idea of congruousness and our first appreciation of inherent value.

No small portion of the confusion of word and thing, of means and end, of process and result, so apparent in the ordinary work of the schools, and the consequent uselessness of school education for after-life has had its rise in the demands of syllabuses and inspectors. And in the department of religious instruction the remark applies with not less force. Here, moreover, the widespread practice of labelling schools as "excellent," "very good," "good," "fair," "moderate," and the need of obtaining a high percentage of correct individual answers as a condition of satisfactory classification have accentuated

the evil. An unhealthy rivalry has been set up among schools and departments of schools, a species of charlatanry has been fostered, and the happiness of pupils has been lessened. The insistence, in particular, on an individual and word-perfect repetition of a long list of prayers, and of the three or four score pages of a technically-written catechism, has impaired the teaching, and has been also the fruitful source of mental and physical suffering to those from whom nature has withheld the gift of a quick and retentive memory.

In taking up the teaching of any subject of the school curriculum it is well to realize in advance not only the special value in itself of the information we may convey, but also its probable effect upon the children. And this effect will largely depend upon the way in which the instruction is given. The careful teacher chooses such matter as may be intelligible to his pupils and in harmony with their feelings and interests. He prepares their minds to receive the lesson profitably by evoking the knowledge cognate to it which they already possess, so that his facts may not stand loosely out of context, but be recognized by the pupils as a development and amplification of what they already know. And in the act of presenting the subject-matter of his lesson he aims at the vividness and earnestness which secure attention and stimulate the children to make for themselves a further advance in knowledge.

It is to be feared that the careful pedagogic treatment accorded to secular subjects, which accounts for the progress made in certain directions during recent years has been for the most part overlooked in the teaching of religion. Yet, surely, it is just here that we have most carefully to weigh what we teach and with much greater solicitude than in the case of secular instruction must we look to the effect to be produced in the process of teaching: for it is here not merely a question of an advance in intellectual fitness but of nourishing a living faith, of inducing a true piety and of strengthening the moral fibre.

The religious instruction of the schools is usually ill-calculated to the attainment of these high ends. It is given indeed with vigour and devotedness, but the exercise of these qualities apart from a true perspective may produce little that is of benefit. And it must be said that the energy of the teacher is largely and inevitably—at times without a consciousness of perversion on his part—devoted to the production of a merely

verbal accuracy. Thus religious instruction tends to fall into place as one of a score of subjects of the school curriculum with little to differentiate it from the others save its monotony and its difficulty.

The disadvantage to the child of learning his prayers under these conditions is patent to all. We turn to the Catechism. And here we enter upon debatable ground. For while some urge that the completeness and precision of the Catechism entitle it to a central position in any scheme of religious instruction, others who have carefully observed the effect of the every-day Catechism teaching of schools are dubious of its utility.

To hold the latter view is of course in no way inconsistent with the keenest appreciation of the Catechism as an epitome of Christian Doctrine, for the little book was not written from the standpoint which the teacher of young children is bound to adopt if he means to bring his mind really into touch with the minds of his pupils. An analogy may make the matter clearer. Those readers who are so unfortunate as to have already reached middle life will remember their schoolboy attempts to extract a meaning from a certain confusing and indeterminate writer named Euclid. But they will admit to-day that these adjectives—or their schoolboy equivalents—were undeserved, and that Euclid is both clear and precise from the standpoint of the adult from which he wrote. And a new generation of teachers is taking this difference into account, and is endeavouring to frame a simpler and more concrete method of teaching the principles which he taught.

With care and patience it may be found possible to devise a procedure whereby the learning of the truths of religion may be in accordance with the child's capacity and development, and fruitful to him. Such a procedure does not lie in the Catechism as it is usually taught. Leaving out of count the hardship involved in the memorizing of it, the time—at least one half of the amount available for religious instruction—spent in the process and the lack of permanence of the matter learnt, two objections at least remain. One of these is the extreme difficulty of making actual to young minds any piece of knowledge by beginning with the definition—which is in the nature of a finished product of thought—and explaining the phraseology of its parts. The other lies in the fact that while the Catechism is ungraded in regard to difficulty of contents it is used as a school-book by all children alike from seven years of age to

fourteen. To the reader unused to actual teaching, this matter of gradation may not immediately appeal. A somewhat grotesque illustration will serve to bring home the point. Let him imagine the state of a school where the series of reading-books, which begin with the infant primer and advance almost imperceptibly in difficulty through the succeeding years of the school course, are all laid aside and extracts from standard authors used in all classes, where simple addition, the rule of three, and square-root are taught to all pupils promiscuously, and where children, without preparation, are immersed in the technicalities of botany and physics!

A careful grading of the material of knowledge so as to adapt it to the stage of advancement of the children is a main concern of the teacher. And if we start with an understanding that development is mainly from within we shall at once lay hold on an important truth of method, viz., the inadvisability of (i.) presenting information to a child for which he is not prepared, or of (ii.) stating in the rigid terms suitable to a cultured mind that which is understood best by the child from his own standpoint.

We do, as a matter of fact, make a concession not only to vocabulary, but also to concept, in our common dealings with the little ones. For instance, we allow the policeman to stand merely as the friend of the good and the foe of the wicked: we do not seek to present him either as a humble necessary instrument in a complex system of government, or as an embodiment of our innate striving for that which in the social order is best. We do not interfere with the literature of the nursery, for we recognize that the stories of giants and fairies and dragons are real to the child and show forth truths which it were labour lost to define for him. Indeed, the child allows to pass unchallenged fictions, obvious to him as such, for he is able intuitively to place them in a perspective in which an underlying truth shows most clearly to the immature mind. The wolf *speaks* to Red Riding Hood, and the frogs to the boys who throw stones into the pond, for in the one case the dominating idea is the danger of consorting with evil company, and in the other the inevitable protest of the weak against the tyranny of the strong. The subject is interesting: it has a counterpart in one direction in the myths of primitive peoples, and in another direction in the peculiarly metaphorical treatment of physical fact which we are forced to employ whenever we attempt to give an account

of psychical process. But we must not digress. The principle to be grasped is that true instruction is according to the stage of development at which the pupil has arrived, and that in every stage the effective organization of his knowledge must be in terms of his own understanding.

In other words, the dominant note of our teaching must be reality—reality as felt by the child. Now, there are some who have come to feel, in a way, a need for reality, but, from the fact that they have not gained the children's standpoint, construe the term as meaning no more than scientific exactitude. "Why?" for example, ask those of this school, "why do we allow a perpetuation of the fiction of angels' wings?" Why not? It is true the appendages do not bear a close inspection from the adult, scientific point of view. But it has already been shown that the child often gains his truest concept under conditions which have but little to do with fact, and it should seem that to substitute in this case a technical definition of angel in place of the commonly accepted "fiction" would be to walk backwards from reality, and in our regress to unclasp the hand which has guided childhood through all the ages.

It follows as a corollary to reality that the teaching should usually be positive. A teacher has asked the Catechism question, "What is God?" The children have replied, "God is the supreme Spirit who alone exists of Himself and is infinite in all perfections," and their reply is perhaps treated in some such way as the following: "A *spirit* is a living being. It can think and know, and it has free-will. But it has no body; it cannot be seen by us, or felt; it needs neither food nor drink nor house to live in as we do. The angels are spirits. God is the supreme Spirit,—*Supreme Spirit*, that is the highest or greatest of all the spirits. No one is so high, so great as God—*alone exists of Himself*, lives, continues to be, without help from anyone. We need help in order to live, help from our parents who provide us with home and food and clothing, and help specially from God, by whom all these good things are in the first place given. But God needs no help from anyone. And there is no other but God who can thus exist of himself—*infinite*, without end or limit—*infinite in all perfections*, there is no end or limit to the good qualities, or attributes, of God—to His wisdom, His goodness, His power." This explanation, which is not unrepresentative of its class, can hardly be looked upon as satisfactory: it is made up largely of negations, and

the central idea is obscured by the prominence given to its parts.

But even should the instructor manage to steer clear of the bare rock of negation, yet is there—so long as he limits his effort to the explication of Catechism terms—imminent danger of being caught in the vortex of verbalism. He is dealing with, for instance, the last clause of the definition just quoted. He shows first a school-book which has seen some wear: pages are missing—it is not *perfect*; then a penknife, of which a blade is broken: it, too, is *imperfect*; next, he draws freehand on the blackboard, a simple geometrical figure; he trims it with care, and eventually, by use of ruler and compasses, he evolves the square or circle. Here, indeed, in a sense, is *perfection* realized and made visible. And yet the explanation has done little or nothing to supply the child with an answer to the question, "What is God?" The lesson may have been excellent as a lesson in English or geometry, but such instruction is not religious instruction.

How far removed is all this from the kind of teaching made use of by our Lord, who in parable, in miracle, in illustration from nature and every-day occurrence, makes the truth patent, concrete, and real, even to the simplest of His hearers. In place of definition, He gives us description: God is a Father whose care extends even to the meanest of His creatures; and He is *our* Father. He is a King besides; His kingdom is Heaven, where the blessed do His will, as we, too, must do if we would enter into the kingdom. All we can have is from God, and we are to ask Him for all that we need—for our daily bread, forgiveness of our sins, deliverance from the wiles of the wicked one, and from every evil.

It seems clear that under existing conditions the ordinary every-day teaching of Catechism in the schools tends not a little to obscure the true purport of religious instruction. Some remedy may be found practicable in the substitution of a simplified form more adapted to the capacity of children, and by the omission of the more difficult sections from the courses of the younger pupils. And still more if instructors can be made to feel the need in their lessons of working up to the definitions, and of having them then memorized as a formulation of what has been taught. For, indeed, to begin with the ready-made definition and to comment loosely on its grammatical parts, is a slipshod method only too readily adopted by those who are

inclined to make use of the labour of others in order to save themselves the trouble of thinking out suitable lessons.

The question of Catechism teaching merits the careful and first-hand study of all engaged in the religious training of the young. And it is, without doubt, a question of how the Catechism may be used with the greatest advantage, and not of its employment as against other possible forms of instruction. For at any moment the teacher may need an exact statement of the truth which he is attempting to explain, and he must have to hand also a concise and authoritative exposition of the whole field of Christian Doctrine. And this means of guidance will become even more necessary if the efforts made in certain directions to restrict the work of the day-school staff to the teaching of secular subjects should meet with any measure of success, for in that case the religious instruction will have to be given largely by imperfectly trained volunteers. Not less necessary is it, too, that the child should have his information fixed and made precise, and should have stored up in his memory a form of words by which he can upon occasion express unmistakably that which he feels and knows.

To summarize. Present circumstances call for special effort in safeguarding and improving the religious instruction of the schools. In view of a reduction of the time available for direct religious training it may be well to modify existing schemes, so as to limit the field of instruction and to concentrate effort on what is of most importance.

Success in teaching depends on the kind of procedure employed. The methods of imparting secular knowledge have improved greatly, but not much has been done to improve the procedure of religious instruction, and it is for the most part routinary and antiquated. An exercise of skill in the teaching will mean simplicity and interest in the process and reality and permanence in the result.

All this, however, goes a part of the way only. In dealing with the ordinary subjects of the school curriculum it is no small part of the teacher's aim to prepare the pupil to display his knowledge for the credit of the school and as a means of advancement in after-life. In the religious instruction on the other hand these considerations can have but an obscure place. The attitude of the teacher should make manifest the difference, and should bring before the child the sacredness and dignity of

the subject. And the whole trend of the teaching should be towards an appreciation of religious truth and the formation of a lasting habit of virtue.

As conducing to these ends it is well to connect closely the daily religious instruction with the spiritual life of the children. To take a rough illustration: the fixing in memory of the common prayers will be sought in the devotional every-day repetition of them as a religious exercise rather than in a formal drill where rigidity of expression takes the first place. Other forms of prayer will be best learned at times when their use is seen to be necessary or fitting. If, for instance, the Litany of our Lady is publicly recited on her feast-days, and as occasion arises, the *De profundis* for the souls of departed relatives and friends of the children, the amount of learning-by-rote will be lessened and a truer meaning of the prayers will become apparent. And the "drill" which may be necessary as a supplement will then be looked on by the child not as a mere task but as a means to enable him at fitting times to do that which he sees to be desirable. The application of this principle is even more striking in the treatment of hymns, and, indeed, there is hardly a phase in the religious instruction of schools into which it may not effectively enter.

R. SMYTHE.



## *An Epilogue.*

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O my one true Light,  
It cannot be  
That I am he  
O'er whom Thy tempests broke all night !

*George Herbert.*

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THE motor crossed the river, and bore off westward, leaving Wimbledon on the left.

Hugh Trenacre Ferdinand Graye-Ecclesleigh blinked bravely against the rush of air, but had finally to be handed over to the nurse in the sheltered back seat. Here he went to sleep. He was being taken by his parents to visit his godfather, Arthur Trenacre, at the central house of the Brothers of Christian Hope, where Arthur had now lived for nearly a year. The visit was timed for half-past twelve, and Jean was to take the baby back at once to London, while Hugh would stay to lunch at the monastery and return alone later.

"You won't be able to go in, you know," said Hugh to Jean, "and supposing Arthur can't come out, I shall have to take the boy into the house for a minute. He must see him."

"If you do," said Jean, "and if he begins to cry, I shall certainly come in and see what the matter is, monastery or no monastery."

"He never cries with me," said Hugh.

This was arrogant, but true. So Jean, having no answer, made a virtue of the necessity of not seeing the inside of Arthur's dwelling, and felt a pleasant glow of mortified curiosity.

Inside the gates the ground rose, and, at a turn in the avenue, they saw the house. It was entirely built of red brick, with stone corners and copings, and dated presumably from the second George. It enclosed three sides of a quadrangle; and in a belfry was a clock, which, as they drove up, struck the hour wrong.

The car stopped, and the chauffeur rang.

After seven or eight minutes, a small boy muffled in a blue apron appeared.

"Mr. Trenacre," said the man.

"You'd better take my card," said Hugh; "can I see Mr. Trenacre?"

"I'll ask," said the boy, looking nervously at the card; then he vanished, shutting the door behind him.

"It's a comfort we've plenty of wraps," said Jean.

"Pretty quad, isn't it?" said Hugh, looking round on its bleakness; "I could stay here and gaze at it for hours and hours."

Just then Arthur appeared at another door.

"Hullo," said he, "I'd no idea you'd arrived. So glad to see you, Jean," and he shook hands, smiling. "How are you, old boy?"

"Shake hands with your god-son," said Hugh.

Arthur noticed that from a mountain of rugs at the back a small baby was being excavated.

"Dear me," said he, "so this is the son and heir. How do you do?" He shook hands ceremoniously, and the baby examined him with severe attention. Then it opened its mouth twice.

"Look how pleased he is to see you!" said Jean. "Dear thing! Take him in your arms, Arthur. Give Master Hugh to Mr. Arthur, Nathalie."

Arthur received the baby nervously. It immediately put out a fat hand, which finally encountered his chin. This being interpreted as a declaration of friendship, Arthur rose considerably in Jean's estimation.

"Hugh," said Arthur, "if only its eyebrows turn dark it'll be exactly like all you Ecclesleighs. It's got your *café au lait* hair already."

"Horrid boy," said Jean, "it's tawny. But you do look absurdly well. Doesn't he, Hugh? But do you always wear that thing?"

Arthur was dressed in a dark-green, almost black gown, clasped at the waist with a leather girdle, and with a white anchor on the breast.

"No," said he; "only inside the grounds. I wish I could show them to you. But you can come into the parlour if you like."

"Not for worlds," said Jean. "All religious parlours are exactly like dentists' waiting-rooms, except that they never open the windows, and have Illustrated Palestines on the table instead of *Punch*. Arthur, *do* take me into the grounds when they're all in church, or something. I won't tell, really!"

And she prepared to dismount.

"Look here," said Arthur, "if you're going to be frivolous you shall have a par all to yourself in a new society paper I'm going to run: it's going to be called 'Whipped Cream; or, Lurid Lights on London's Leading Ladies.' That'll keep you quiet. And as for the windows, well, look at them."

And in effect the windows all were standing wide.

"But pray don't let that damage your theory," said he.

"Oh, Arthur, *do* put me in," began Jean; but he stopped her.

"Aunt Ethelinda was down the other day," he said. "She asked after you people."

"How was she?" said Hugh.

"Just the same as ever. All sorts of questions, and never the least attention to the answers; and then, quite suddenly, something ever so kind and thoughtful."

He recalled her departure.

"Good-bye, dear man," the Duchess had said: "once I thought this wasn't much of a life for you. Now I'm not sure. But most people would think it the easier choice, I imagine."

"No two people find the difficulties—the really important ones, I mean, in the same place;" he had answered. "It's a delicate business to appreciate some one else's life by his circumstances. Still, circumstances deliberately chosen might well indicate one's ideals, I suppose."

"I don't know," said she. "Yours, for instance, are obviously otherworldly; their result is to have value in eternity or not at all. But couldn't work which doesn't seem to go further than just one's own circle—one's own day—have a real value; enough, in fact? I mean the sort of lives they rather turn up their noses at in the good books—just to have been an upright judge, or a writer of wholesome plays, when one might have written—well, the other sort; or to have been a decent politician—no, that's asking rather a lot; but to have lived decently for one's own natural setting, is that mere 'straw, stuff, and stubble'? That doesn't sound right," she added vaguely; "but you see what I mean."

"But, *chère tante*," he said. "Could one do 'just that,' without getting help from the maker of all good nature?"

"That's it, I expect;" she had answered smiling. "And once get him into it, and you get a dash of the Infinite. And if he sees himself in it, *he'll* recognize that 'it was good,' even if one doesn't see him or understand it one's self. We shall get into a sort of heaven, after all, we worldlings."

And she had driven off, and left to Arthur the sound impression of her good and strong will, which kept the ideals and standards of her household always rather higher than those that mostly flourished in her world.

But Arthur, thinking back over all this, had forgotten the baby which he was still holding, and the mutual sympathy, set up by force of sheer attention, evaporated. The small man, indignant, made himself perfectly rigid, opened his mouth, and shut his eyes tight.

"For heaven's sake, take him away, Jean," Arthur implored, in a panic. "Good-bye; glad to have seen you: do come again; good-bye; come in, Hugh."

Through the preliminary purr of the car, Arthur fancied he could catch a despairing wail. But Jean departed laughing, as he dragged Hugh into the hall.

"Aunt Linda," said he, wiping his forehead, and pointing to a row of eighteenth century engravings in the corridor, "thought that those were caricatures."

"And aren't they?" said Hugh rather maliciously.

They proceeded to examine the prints. Mostly they represented scenes in the lives of saints, or their apotheosis, where muscular angels, reposing on dense and local fogs, supported the holy personage in a dyspeptic attitude. At the foot would be the arms of the grandee to whom the print was dedicated. Often an emblematic cartouche, with a tag of Latin hexameter for motto, surmounted the vignette. Thus, above a saint, raised in ecstasy, a skyrocket was depicted, with the legend *Elevat Ardor*. Over another, scourging himself in his cell, was seen a clock with hands at midnight, and you read *Nec Noctu a Verbere Cessat*—"Night cannot Stay the Strokes." Over a pious youth suffering blows from an elderly persecutor, the medallion showed a spinet, and declared *Caedenti Respondet Amice*—"An Answer Sweet your Blow doth Greet."

"I wonder if there was much faith behind all that," said Hugh.

"Plenty at first, I expect;" answered Arthur. "One must allow for the secular equation. Unless you think that sincerity in art, or intellect, is only possible during persecution. But I'm afraid Court favour extremely soon killed what it meant to support, don't you? All that art was really Court-art, and it tricked out religion with Court conceits and affectations, and very soon Court-people and even simple folk became content with the fine appearances which still stood like a crust over dead and crumbling contents."

"What can one hope for," said Hugh, "when the vital demand for expression is dead? There is no impulse to form new art, and mere copying of old art is positively delusive, because it suggests that the old energy still exists. When you simply introduce an angel into a picture, or an *Ave* into a sermon, because it's the proper thing to do at this point, or when the sacred Monograms or the Cross become just convenient devices for filling spandrels or topping finials, all an artist—save the mark—can do is to go one better than his predecessors, make the angels more jovial, the saints more lackadaisical—and you get the *objets de dévotion* in the Jews' shops near Saint-Sulpice—no modelling, crude colour, frivolous and false expression. Then you must face the inevitable smash."

"It's a sad thing, though," said Arthur, "when the smash comes: the water gets frozen and the pipe bursts, and there's the dickens of a mess. Even a thaw's pretty bad. There are floods, and dead things come to the surface, and lots of mud gets carted about. . . ."

"Still, it's inevitable," urged the other: "and, worse luck, in far more important things even than religious art, when once the current of life gets too strong for its containing limits. But look here, I want my lunch: I'm perfectly cleaned, and yet here we are talking like undergrads in essays."

They had washed their hands, and now sat down to a meal of early Victorian amplitude, followed by cake and port. This was a tradition unconsciously preserved by the establishment from the days of its founder, Rolf Wood, who, having lost an arm in the Mutiny, had turned his thoughts to religion. After a cigarette Hugh was shown over the house, while Arthur changed into ordinary clothes; the two cousins then started to walk through Richmond Park.

"I say," said Hugh, "it's jolly having this so near you. Do you go out often?"

"Fairly often," answered Arthur. "The grounds aren't bad, but the views here are best. They like us to make a lot of nature. You remember old Mrs. Walden at dear Aunt Susan's? well, she was General Wood's daughter. The General was always strong on nature, so we hardly ever go out with a companion, or more than one, because in a mob you can't extract what he meant from it. Sounds unsociable, doesn't it? Well, we're frankly contemplatives, you know. Then he was very keen on flowers. That's why our gardens are always in such tip-top condition."

"Sort of pious remembrance of the old boy," said Hugh.

"N—no," Arthur replied; "a good deal more than just that. It's hard to explain how thoroughly he means us to use all nature for our way of contemplating God."

"Y—yes," Hugh imitated him. "But a trifle unusual, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," said Arthur. "It's on a par with our having our roofs flat so as to be able to look at the stars. He was a tremendous star-gazer, do you know. In fact, it almost made him inconsistent, and forget the earth and flowers. 'Earth's a beggarly thing, sir, after all,' he used to say, 'when you've stars to look at.' Odd, wasn't it, in a soldier?"

"Daresay you learn to value it on active service," said the other. "I sympathize, you know. But you must be a terrifically romantic lot."

"I'm not nearly as romantic as you, as a matter of fact," rejoined Arthur, laughing; "and I'm at liberty to deny that romantic's an injurious epithet. Chivalry's romantic; so are real saints; and didn't they expect you and me, Hugh, to turn out *sans reproche*, more by way of having an enormous respect for women, as for our incontestable superiors, than by thinking them a low-down lot, not worth bothering about? A true view; and, for a sound man, the best doctrine. And so on."

His voice grew slightly harder.

"As for the star-gazing," he went back, "the stars increase my sense of faith and repose. I hate over-analyzing these things, but the main impression they make is of independence. So many, so tiny, yet so bright and steady: what an awful confusion any interference would make, one imagines, and how splendidly it all succeeds without it. And, on the other hand, so huge! so remote! so absolute! And daylight dazzles us to them. But there they are all the same. Even one article of

faith, over-exclusively realized, may throw one out of gear for all the other issues and relations. . . ."

The day, thought Hugh, was being fairly successful. Arthur was quiet and kindly ; yet the conversation, which interested them both, had failed to bring them quite to close quarters. It was perfectly true that Hugh was romantic, with the real romance of which a good-natured, independent, very well educated Englishman is mostly capable. The days of his old friendship with Arthur at school, at the 'Varsity, were very nearly his dearest memory ; he had a heartache of gratitude and desire when he thought of them ; they had been withered, of course, and then wholly scorched away in Arthur's unhappy years ; and even now, he recognized that just that simple affection, that fresh and exhilarating comradeship in adventure, could not be renewed. A closer tie might perhaps be knit between them, or had been knit. But at present Hugh was feeling, not so much that anything lay between himself and Arthur, as that something deeper in the Arthur now restored to him had yet to be sounded.

They went on talking about Arthur's life. No one under twenty-five, Hugh gathered, was admitted to the postulanship, which lasted six months. After one more year of noviciate, the candidates pronounced vows, from which dispensation was quite easily given, and which were therefore binding for a year only. Yet such dispensations were rarely asked for, though very few of the Religious were ever ordained. It was, perhaps, an unusual feature that, in this contemplative Order, the very widest reading, historical especially and topographical, was urged ; pictures and photographs supplied the widest and most vivid knowledge possible even of the physical face of the world. It was said, half in joke, that General Wood had almost ruled that members of his Order should spend six months of the year in travel, and the remaining six in meditating on what they had seen. Certainly all that was most striking in the life of a big town was branded into the imagination of postulants before he judged they had experience enough to join the Order, which he saw, with some apprehension, increase rather rapidly. Most of his postulants, it is true, had given themselves sufficient experience of at least some sides of existence to have matter for their will, in the manner contemplated by the old soldier-mystic, to work upon. And the vigour of that working was almost perceptible with the senses in that house. Hugh was

conscious of an atmosphere of energy, yet of calm ; of intense appreciation, yet detachment ; of restriction, yet of liberty, pervading its inhabitants ; he was aware of an *asceticism* continually going on, difficult to analyze or to assign definitely to any one action or doctrine. It must be a particular way of living.

The cousins had at length reached the highest point on the road to Richmond. Arthur halted, and, turning, found a wide view of London visible. The sun was already far to the west, and sent a strong light, from beneath a pile of dust-coloured clouds there alone heavy and impenetrable, upon the woods and fences, picking out each trunk and branch and tuft with astonishing distinctness ; and of the naked twigs, or of the oak and beech leaves still clinging to their trees, making a haze of brilliantly golden brown. The same splendour seemed to suffuse the grass, and the roads, and a cottage opposite them. But all the sky, northward and to the east, was of a most delicate blue, paling rapidly into lavender at the horizon, whence there came, sailing across it, all manner of little clouds, luminous in the extreme, amber, transparent gold, and cream-colour : where the shadow took them, they had amethystine reflections from the sky. It was all amazing crisp and clear, and the rapid changes generated a kind of hilarity, of childlike gaiety which affected Hugh strangely, and seemed incongruous. For between the exquisite sky, and the bright brown woods, lay the grey and lilac shadow, London, and rising from it, faintly red or bistre, all the long line of high places which makes its backbone, seen, from this point, somewhat foreshortened into the appearance of a group. The great wheel ; the Kensington museums ; tall chimneys at Chelsea ; and the campanile at Westminster ; the towers of Parliament ; city churches, with Wren's spires ; and, gloomy in the distance, St. Paul's. At night all this must lie one huge blackness, with bright points, and above it a pall of sombre glare, intense here and there, and most of all in the areas of the great theatres.

"That is London," said Arthur, "where we never go."

His voice had changed ; and Hugh, looking at him, realized for the first time how deep scarred were the lines round Arthur's mouth. Yet his forehead and eyes were singularly clear.

"You know," said he, "that our houses are all built in sight of a big city, if possible. We can see London even better from our roof. But we don't go back."

"Do you remember," said Hugh, "looking across at Oxford



from above Marston? Such a curious light—after rain, it was, We thought what a meaning the place had when every single one of those towers marked a point from which a sort of fountain of praise leapt up to God. With that light pouring down over it from the edge of the clouds, it did look just as if a sort of golden flood had only just stopped playing up into the sky, and was sinking back in the shape of liquid light, bringing a blessing with it."

Arthur's eyes were riveted on London, and he had grown very white. "That was a delusion," he said. "That all stopped long ago. And the wrong has to be rectified all over again . . . *we* have to cope with it . . . doesn't it seem cruel and ridiculous?"

"It never occurred to you, I suppose," said Hugh, "to become an Anglican?"

Arthur turned dazed eyes upon him.

"How should it?" he said; "it had no real credentials of life to give me. In fact, it hadn't enough vitality to offer itself as a candidate. And no one now *really* expects to find in it an ally; still less, an enemy. But I don't think we were really face to face when you said that."

He paused, and then turned back to his cousin. Hugh felt at once that now at any rate it was Arthur's deliberate intention to take him as completely into his mind as was possible. He felt as though he were to enter on a pursuit of Arthur's thought in which he could only fail because of some power, stronger even than Arthur's will, sweeping that thought so rapidly to its goal that he, slow and inexperienced, could not follow it. But the obstacle would not come from Arthur, who spoke, for the most part, as coldly almost as a medical demonstrator.

"I remember your writing to me that you thought it odd that I'd joined a contemplative order, since I think it so possible that the greatest revolution of all is imminent, the absolute break with the past—as far as the world can break with its past and still subsist—anyhow, the abolition of all that is founded on Greece and Rome; of all philosophies, for instance, dependant from Aristotle, and all organizations implying Roman law, knit up with Roman reminiscences and places; and the triumph of mechanical and backgroundless democracies. Certainly, at such a time it's odd enough to join a contemplative—a 'useless'—body, that doesn't even preach or turn out erudite authorities, and that certainly doesn't organize 'social forces' . . . well, no

doubt I joined it chiefly because I first *felt* it was my place—how people, and Catholics even, might laugh at that! yet the argument might be pushed further; my very conversion! could I *help* it? were *my* 'reasons' the same as the set I had to present to those who had a right to *ask* for my reasons? Mightn't one say one *oughtn't* to know *why* one was converted, because any argument is liable to be knocked on the head at any moment, and then you're hung up. Aunt Ethelinda's idea, 'Don't give me arguments for your Church,' she said, 'but tell me about your conversion.' Why, I could give points, simply, to anyone who wanted to make out that my conversion was simply natural, simply an inevitable stage in my life. Eight out of every ten converts could, I suppose. But when once the step's taken, how experience justifies it! 'What you confess to-day, you shall perceive to-morrow.' And yet there must be a preliminary, fundamental perception, before even the mind can confess. The Spirit of God in one. *In* one, not merely inside, but making one's nature meaningless if one leaves it out of one's reckoning up of one's self. It must be there before one can believe, in any proper sense. It must make one verify twice over in one's consciousness what the Bible speaks, or the Church speaks; first, sufficiently to make one make the leap; then, to make one vitally believe—quite a new sort of belief, it seems, though possibly it isn't—what authority declares. One must know the truth *in one's self* before one knows *what* authority is saying or even that it is speaking 'for me' at all. I'm afraid this is a digression. For my own personal life two facts are very clear to me. First, I've incapacitated myself for normal work."

He paused again, and his face had grown ghastly. Hugh felt incredibly humiliated at what he knew was Arthur's meaning; and above all, feared even more acutely, with a contraction of the heart, that Arthur's complete frankness (of implication, rather than of language) meant more than ever that the old relations were completely passed . . . that if the new were to be close, if any intimacy as of brothers was to subsist, it must be in a spiritualized way of whose possibility he felt himself almost too keenly conscious, for, once possible, it became duty.

"You can't finally incapacitate yourself;" he said. "God can *create* clean hearts."

"God's miracles," answered Arthur, "are, don't you think so, assertions only of some higher law, which we don't recognize.

And we *can* verify in ourselves, that when we have spoilt ourselves for something, we can never again do or get just *that*. One may get higher activities to replace the old, but in this life, never just those old ones. And," said he, with much pain in his voice, but no gloom or recklessness, "body, brain, and spirit, I have incapacitated for the tremendous exigencies of the modern apostolate. I could never do what will be required of priests, of all active workers in the social efforts, or the scientific and historical work which are now necessary if the Church is to go *in* the modern movement, not behind—not even just abreast, and divorced precisely because merely parallel. The reconversion of Europe! The new counter-reformation! And men like you are to be for so much in it, Hugh; however much, politically, our new brooms succeed in sweeping away the 'picturesque anachronism' of your House. But just as a layman, in your position, and with your chances. . . ! But what a sermon. Anyhow, in one sense I envy you.

"But though all that's not for me, in the odd life of this association of ours there's a good deal of modernism, I fancy, in our application of principles as old fashioned as Christianity itself. I suppose no one can deny that the great lesson the Christian world ought to be learning is the reinterpretation of nature. Are we going to suppose that God was without His intention in this extraordinary development of sheer knowledge, any more than He was in developments of sheer power, like Cyrus's, or Alexander's, or Rockefeller's; . . . or of spiritual forces, like Mahomet's, or Hegel's? We learn that here, or try to. *Everything* is naturally Christian, Tertullian's real meaning, consistently ignored, though the words are not misquoted. And though, to save us from the perils of delusion which increase in proportion to the greater value of action as much as of thought, we have much positive denial, many subtractions, in our life; yet our main object is, as it were, to fuse into one the three great operations of which we have so often talked, you and I, the using of Nature to reach God, the *withdrawal* from Nature to see God, the return, after that long struggle, to peacefully see God in nature, in one's self, *both* in *one* understanding. . . . Why, even in Heaven, if it is true that this world is not to be destroyed, but *made new*, shall we just see it in God, and not rather, in one splendid presentment of all truth correlated, it and God in one glance? Who knows? But there must be a tremendous meaning in the resurrection of

the body, and in the feast of the Assumption. And in Communion, it's the *flesh* of Christ that keeps our *soul*."

"Yes," said Hugh. "But you seem to expect your Heaven here and now, if you can achieve so much."

"Perhaps you forget," said Arthur, "that even in the very act of attention to nature, and even of seizing God in nature, there is the wresting away of the will from the thing itself! And the *more* you rejoice in nature—Oh, beginning quite low down, in a perfect anything, a good engine, or man-of-war, the more keenly you appreciate its glorious *goodness*, and, far more, when you verify its real sacredness, the more it is agony to wrest your will away from it, *your* will that *it*—that just that 'it'—should live; *your* determination that it should survive, which in a sense makes you set up as its Creator. It reaches its penultimate point in what one *does* create, writing, thoughts, activities resulting from one's commands: nothing of it is to be refused, all is to be intensely appreciated and willed; but only *within* that inclusive vision of God and it; from *it* the will must be unriveted. And most of all in friendship, which is the divinest thing we have. One's own life asserts that one is the master, absolute master and possessor of what one loves so much—its servant, too, no doubt, but that's a different point of view—well, from *that* form of will to live, the soul must be wrested. Yet, the positive fact of the affection won't be denied or refused—God forbid. But there is an interior rending, and an interior reconstitution. It is, for the will, what the vague apprehension, and the divisive judgment and the triumphant syllogism is for mind."

"Are you habitually conscious of that?" asked Hugh, scarcely listening to himself.

"Oh, no;" answered he. "No doubt in a house like ours the formal mystical life is more habitually 'there,' than in any other sort of life. But usually things are very straightforward. And we do hope, that by the sheer force of living, such a houseful of tense wills for *God's* life, ought to produce that life; to import some sort of divine power into this chaos of a world which seems to have in it only disruption of elements all meant for synthesis into Jesus Christ. If it *willed* even the disruption," he said, smiling, "it might have some chance! Our own life is the verification of the truth that only from death life can come, and that from the beginning of the world the Lamb has been slain, since from the beginning of the world life has never been lacking to man's soul."

Only a dark shadow marked where London lay between trees and sky ; clouds had come up, colourless and tumultuous. In the branches the wind moved anxiously, and the scene was all in trouble. But nothing was clearer to Hugh than the immense strength stirring and gathering itself in the man at his side ; for a moment or two, indeed, Arthur's figure seemed to grow gigantic, mingling with the heavy sky and the trees and marshalling the winds ; the future seemed to be the absolute realm of this man's will, which was God's. But he checked himself ; feeling that not yet was Arthur more than martyr—a martyr still at the stake, still offering to God mystic incense of an agony of division. It was the agony of that will-sacrifice which had made him pale and his voice cold and hard ; he seemed shrunken, too, as Hugh looked at him conscious again of Arthur's normal personality at his side.

It was a simple story, he reflected, as they turned back through the park—silent as they had been on that evening near Bordighera which had marked a watershed, as it were, for their spiritual histories. The simple story of a man who had trusted, for a space, to his own intellect, his own will, had suffered, had come back to the right life. But into that outline, what passionate colouring, tumultuous details, had been crowded. And in the future, God—ininitely aloof, indescribably near—alone knew whither that very dear friend of the old days was moving. How dreadful was this place, thought Hugh, where there were souls like Arthur's, in which God was almost tangible ; how awful a history, in which God and Arthur and himself had been the actors ; how marvellous a destiny must be *his*, if he were still to be comrade with those other two !

They had tea together at the monastery. Hugh could scarcely talk or eat. And the sense of God's gathering presence was even more crushing when, later, they knelt in the dark chapel, before the altar. And again Hugh could neither think nor pray. But the altar stood for two things, Sacrifice and Communion. Hugh therefore took Arthur's hand for a moment as he knelt.

"Don't come out with me," he whispered. "Stay here." And Hugh deliberately separated himself from him, and went back to his life in London, all the world having become his sanctuary, in which a communion was establishing itself independent of time and place.

JAN DE GEOLLAC.

## *In a Western Mining Camp.*

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I HAVE the picture of it vividly before me as I write—that little town set on a hill—as the plodding train winds its way up the 4,000 odd feet from the level of the lakes. There you disembark from the boat which has taken you down the great green lakes of British Columbia ; lakes that look so calm, and yet whose under-current is so deadly. Now the train laboriously ascends the hill through pine, cedar, and tamarack, until you first see the distant lights ahead, that seem to beckon you on to the haunts of men out of the wildness of virginal lake and forest. So steep is the grade that twice the train has to “switchback,” that is, go backwards on an up-grade like a great V, in order to lessen the pull. Gradually the lights grow clearer and you pass the Chinamen’s “shacks” or small wooden houses where John lives and keeps his market-garden, and like the rest of his race, flourishes. Then the train gets on the flat at last and pulls into a typical western Station.

You arrive tired and not inclined for anything except sleep. It is very late at night. The keen air of the mountains is upon you ; you are now half-way up to the level of perpetual snow.

This western mining camp is a little city of romance and tragedy both, tragedy because it is a city of the past with a sad, sad history. It is a “has been” city and its deserted stores and houses bear silent witness to a day when it was prosperous, and people jostled one another on the side-walks of the main street. Romance, because like in every city of the “wild and woolly West” men and women live hard, and no one points the Puritanical finger of scorn, since each has his own little tale to tell.

The town was once prosperous, as I have said, and people drank champagne for breakfast, and built absurdly fine public buildings, out of all proportion to requirements.

It is barely ten years ago, since the first rush for the gold that lies close to the heart of the town. And now—those who

have known it will tell you, almost with tears in their eyes, that you must not think the town as it now stands, bears much resemblance to what it was. But in the saloons of an evening you can still get an idea of what it used to be. There is much drinking, and little drunkenness. For it takes a lot before your Westerner reaches that delectable point, when to use his own words, "he can't hit the ground without his hat." There is always a little entertainment going on. In one, a variety entertainment is given every night. Here the incongruity of the West flashes upon you as you sit smoking your cigar—we only smoke cigars out West—and sipping your "Schlotz," beer or whiskey; and you must keep an eye on your drink, otherwise you will find your glass empty.

The little girl at the piano—(and how she played too! I can hear her now, playing as if her heart were in it), played now a rag-time, now a dreamy waltz. You have not much idea what it is, but you know it is just lovely to hear, and it takes you back to . . . Oh well, be hanged to that! It's "drinks all round" and an end to tender memories. Anyway the little girl seemed out of place in the saloon listening perforce to coarse jokes from coarse men and coarse women who occupied the stage, lit by its ten electric lights. There were ten, I know, because I saw a merry miner smash nine and failed at the tenth, because he saw a look on the girl's face. And in the scuffle that ensued during the process of his ejection I heard him mutter that he had left the tenth light, to show the little girl she was too good for that rotten outfit. Italians, Swedes, Yankees, Englishmen, and Chinese—"chinks" as they call them out West—all come into the saloons, and of all this conglomeration one nation only never gets drunk, and never shows much feeling, and that is the Chinese. The Englishman sitting opposite me was out in South Africa and won distinction there. He has won distinction in the West too, but as Kipling would say, "that is another story," and he won't ever get a medal for his deeds in the West.

But that girl at the piano beat everyone there. She was "straight." Everyone knew that. But none knew how she could sit there night after night. It was \$3 an evening—good money for a girl to earn, even in the West, where a dollar has the buying value of eighteen pence of English money. The truth was she was left stranded in the world, without father or mother, and she chose the first thing that came. So take off

your hat to her, for the tunes she played and the wine she did not drink.

But the women on the stage. God! what a sight, and what an object-lesson; women that make the worst of men seem good. They come to the saloons from the "red-light district." That is where these children of misery congregate and barter their souls for money. Ah! This "red-light district!" What an object-lesson for those who think. It is where the women who have sold themselves to shame are forced to herd together by the authorities, down in "Chinatown." There amongst the Chinese they are allowed to ply their sad profession—call it nothing worse than sad—for these women were children once, without thought of evil. Then they fell out by the way, and in a sudden moment they saw the world pass by and lift aside its garment, that it might not be defiled. So now they live amongst the Chinese, and join in the laughter that ends in madness. Every once and again they are brought before the magistrate and are fined; after which they go back again to their dens.

Close by, overlooking "Chinatown," is the Sisters' Hospital, where the sick and wounded of the town are tended with rare devotion. It stood out like a haven of peace and safety, and reminded one of the Psalmist's words, "He watching over Israel neither slumbers or sleeps."

In the West a great deal of the hospital work is left to the nuns of the Catholic Church, and they are held in universal reverence, irrespective of creed and race. Sometimes you see a "rig," or light four-wheeled cart, slowly wending its way down the hill from the mines, half a mile from the outskirts of the town. And on the "rig" lies a wounded miner, a victim to the lust of gold. Perhaps he has a broken leg, or his head is terribly injured. A comrade at his side is helping to cheer him. He also props him up, in an attempt to lessen the joltings of the "rig." Thus they make their way to the hospital, and there, out of the turmoil, the wounded man is carried gently in and cared for by the Sisters, till one day, with a rough outburst of honest gratitude, he goes out again into the busy world, well, hearty, and ready once more for the battle of life.

So much for the tragedy and pathos of life in a mining camp. But out West there is no town which has not a dash of romance. As you walk down the main street you will pass every sort of man. That man over there came out from



England with twenty thousand pounds and is now glad to earn \$100 a month in an assayer's office. He had plunged a bit too recklessly in the mines, and lost every penny he had, but nothing daunted sets his face towards remaking his fortune. Those two men across the way are ne'er-do-wells, and are now on their way to an hotel bar, where they will spend the afternoon and evening drinking, or later on quarrelling. Fifteen cents for a drink, and two for twenty-five cents. That is the score, and be careful how you stand treat, for every one's your friend at the hotel bar. Yet they are gentlemen withal, these wild Westerners, and if you want to remain sober you can always accept a cigar instead of a drink, and no one thinks any the worse of you. In the evenings the cards are brought out, and the stakes sometimes run high. There was one great night when we all stood round to watch a game of "poker" which had reached the supreme moment when an old hand held a strong "full house," and a youngster just out from England had fours. There must have been as much as \$300 on the table, and the betting was now between these two, the rest having thrown down. Each was confidently raising the other two dollars at a time—at \$400. The eyes of the youngster were half out of his head, and the face of the old hand was set and not outwardly anxious. . . . There was a sudden lurch on the part of the youngster. He had fainted and fallen off his chair, and his cards fell out of his hand to the floor. On appeal to the bar-tender, the money was given to the old hand. "Mighty hard luck," several thought, then the youngster was cleared out, and a few weeks afterwards I saw him digging pole holes, for which he was getting twenty-five cents an hour. All night long the worshippers of Bacchus keep up their merry revels in the saloons, and one's sleep is occasionally disturbed by a more than usually hearty outburst of laughter at some joke which has given universal satisfaction.

As one gets off to work in the early hours of the morning an old pal hails you affectionately, and tells you there is just time for one more drink. His hair is very dishevelled, his hat is badly battered, one of his bootlaces is undone. In an hour or two he will go back to his room and "sober up." A good fellow is the miner, in spite of his frequent relapses from the paths of virtue.

High up on the first set of hills outside the town are the principal mines. There the gold ore is brought up from the deep levels where the miners of all nationalities mix together,

working with their drills and other tools. They work by the aid of candles. The ore is brought up to the surface, and carried by a continuous chain of conveyor buckets to the dumping place. It is then shot down to the large freight cars of the railway companies ; then taken off to the smelters, where it is put through various processes until it is sent in boxes to all parts of the world—pure gold dust. For this gold men risk their lives, their honour, and their reputations. How many fail, how few succeed in a mining camp! Hopes run so high, and only those who have been badly “bitten” know how dangerous it is to put one’s trust in gold mines. There is not much outward display of religion. There are four churches, all of wood, and all fairly well attended. I should say about one person out of twenty-five is the church-going average. The Salvation Army holds its little open air meetings in the main street. But in spite of the earnest appeal of the corporal who is haranguing the crowd, and begging it to save itself from being damned, the mining camp are not very susceptible about the future state of their souls. Yet when the horrors of an accident come upon us, men become suddenly silent, and I have seen tears come into the eyes of those who have a moment before been blaspheming, on seeing the funeral of a little boy who was a popular favourite, and who had been drowned in the eddies of the neighbouring lake. The mother saw him drown before her eyes, and as the train men were not allowed to take a dead body on their train without special permission, the poor mother had to keep vigil for two lonely hours over the dead body of her only child at a small wayside station, until finally an engine and special car came to take her and her child back to their home. It was a bright Sunday morning on which the child was buried, when more than two hundred men followed the coffin to the grave, and as they walked silently and with heads bowed, who knows what was passing in their minds as they tramped along the quiet roads to the public cemetery?

Miners have a strong superstition that if there is one death there will be two more to follow ; and within a week of the death I have recorded, two others died suddenly.

Oh! one sees every kind of life in a mining camp—good, bad, and indifferent ; but mostly indifferent. Standing at night at one part of the town, you could see before you the lights of the town. Down the main streets the saloon lights flared. Men came in and went out. Laughter and shouting was in the air,

and in the distance you could hear the puffing of an engine drawing its load up the incline. Below, as you stood on the highland, were Chinese standing outside their doors in "China-town," and through the door of one of their stores you could see a party of them indulging in a game of "fantan," their national gambling game. Overhead the stars shine brilliantly, and right ahead of you on the other side of the town the lights of the mines, arc and incandescent, show up all along the side of the mountain. The rattle of the conveyors tells the city that the gold which supports her is being steadily poured into the hungry buckets; and far away in the distance are the mountains of British Columbia—those mountains which to have seen once is to love. They have a saying in the West, that if you take a journey across the mountains, as you reach the crest of one there are always three more ahead of you. From the summit of one of these hills the clouds seem to be wafted over the face of the waters which run in the valleys until in the dim light of evening it is difficult to discern the river from the mist and the clouds. It is all so silent, the stillness being only broken by the coyotes which still have their home in the heart of British Columbia. Standing alone on one of these mountains looking down into the valleys, and seeing on all sides the bush, with its lofty cedars, pines, and tamaracks, one feels at one with nature. Nothing discordant is here, just the wild, rugged mountains, which were placed there in the far-off ages of long ago by one gigantic upheaval of nature, an upheaval which left the valleys ready for the stately rivers to wind their way through along their mighty courses. Above the rivers stretch the illimitable hills, some in their perpetual mantles of snow; others, thickly clad with trees up to the limit of the timber line, after which to the crest is stubble, rock, and stunted plant life.

To gaze on these mountains is a never-ending delight, and to the stranger who has travelled from the crowded cities of his English home-land, and who strains his eyes to drink in the beauty of it, the sight is one never to be forgotten. London feels a long way off, and it is. Yet, from over the lofty peaks, in the ears of the exile, there seems to be wafted the old familiar sounds; the tinkle of the hansom cab; the hum of the crowd; the echoes of busy feet seeking pleasure and self. And then he looks again on the mountains, and surveys their beauty and grandeur, and realizes that the home of the Infinite lies "in the majesty of the hills."

In the middle of summer when the hot rays of the sun beat down fiercely on the mountain top and valley, when all vegetation is dry, and crying out for rain, of which there seems to be no sign,—it is then that the forest fire starts. It may be the careless dropping of a match, or the end of a cigar which causes it. Or some children may have lit a bonfire and left it there till it spread to the dry twigs that lie on the ground amidst the bracken, and behold! there springs up that terror of the Western lumberman, a forest fire. It is a sight which once seen, is ineffaceable from one's memory. Whole regions of forest ablaze, the fire burning furiously, and ever stretching out its lurid arms for more fuel. It rises high into the heavens above the tops of the highest trees. Then it switches round on itself, and again it rises up to heaven; and above the flames the dull brown smoke overhangs the countryside for miles around. Giant cedars burning in two or three different parts at the same time; cedars, sixty to seventy feet high, which have graced the forest for long years, and which have already been picked out by the lumberman as choice specimens to be felled. Now, the flames have taken out their strength, and the crash of falling timbers reverberates through the forest. And all that is left of the once proud tree is the charred and mutilated remnants, shattered by the fall, and lying on the ground to dissolve into the bosom of mother earth, and from out whose ashes new trees will spring, which one day will again rear their great heads heavenwards. Yes. The sight of a forest fire baffles description. Yet a tough Westerner once got near it. "I guess," said he critically, "this is just about what Hell's like." And indeed, to watch the lurid mass of forest giving itself up to the wantonness of its own ruin is like nothing but a view of the Inferno.

The destruction caused by these fires is great, and to the lumberman, who owns large tracks of forest property with fine timber which he can sell at great profit and quick returns, these fires are a curse. They represent losses of tens of thousands of dollars at a time, and when the kind rain comes, though often it comes too late to save very much, he thanks God with a grateful heart. They are rough men, these lumbermen, and their camp life is rude and primitive. It is a healthy life, nevertheless, and I doubt if a hardier, healthier, happier set of men could be found than the "tree-fellers" of the West. Their camp fare is plain, but how good it tastes after a hard day's work in the bush! tramping along through the thick undergrowth with

the men who fell the trees, or with the teams that drag the great trunks to the "skidways" alongside the railroad track. There, with their branches lopped and bark peeled, they are rolled on to flat cars and shipped to their destination. But before getting them to the railway track the teamster must come with his team and drag the poles two at a time to the "skidways." Then other men come who roll the poles with "peevies," as they are called—handy weapons which enable these men to play with fifty-foot poles as if they were toys—on to the "skidway," and afterwards from the "skidway" on to the flat railway cars.

There is much to learn in the lonely, silent life of the forest ; much to interest one in the tales of the hardy lumbermen, whose axes now resound where formerly (and not so long ago either) the Indian stalked in possession of the land unhindered and unmolested. Now the "pale-face" has ousted him from what he still considers to be his own land—the forest primeval. To-day the Indian is a decadent. He is no longer the grand specimen he was when he hunted the buffalo and fought madly against the inroads of the adventurous white man. Times have quickly changed, and now he moves among the white men whom of old he hated and despised, and is in turn despised and barely tolerated.

Ah! well. The West has its own great charm, and the mining camps have attractions for all. And on the night when the same train, which months back had conveyed me up the steep ascent, took me down to the lakes of silver, I gazed up at the lights of the little town with a vague regret for something that I was leaving which was good.

J. HAROLD CORNISH.

## *A Phase of the French Transition.*

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WHEN St. Louis of France built a hospital for lepers, he built a palace. (Such extravagance has been notable in saints, from the Magdalen onward.) Pavilions, connected by cloisters, enclose a great garden. Walls and pillars are of massive stone. The style is Mooresque. There should be palm-trees ; orange-groves ; gnarled, grey-green olive-trees ; prickly cactus plants ; in that walled-in garden. Veiled women should flit silently along those dim cloisters, those winding garden paths.

I wonder why Diane de Poitiers chose to live in part of that hospital ? What portion was given her for dwelling was transformed into a palace : probably without precaution against infection. And truly, the undiscovered microbe seems to have refrained from such malice as is ascribed to him, now that he is found convicted, execrated ! So, for some years, a beautiful and erring woman held court within those walls, and a King, Francis I., came to and fro to visit her. I wonder if Diane the beautiful used to steal in and out amongst those poor lepers, those holy women next door ? It is said that she gave her palace back to the hospital. Some think, too, that she did penance for her sins.

Veiled women there are (alas ! must I not already say "there *were*" ?) within those walls. Nuns, Augustinians of *l'Hôtel Dieu*, founded in the eleventh century wholly for the service of the sick. Within that enclosure for hundreds of years they have made a refuge and a home for the most afflicted of God's children. Last November they were to be driven away unless they would renounce their religious vows, cast off their religious habit, and become the paid servants of an anti-religious Government.

That vast hospital is now divided into two distinct parts : one for surgical cases, and the other for leprosy and all manner of skin diseases. For some time past the Government has "administrated" the whole institution. From the day when

the French Government "undertakes the administration" of a religious institution, to the day when it takes entire possession, there is a slow process of vitiating, together with a gradual ousting, leading up to the final expulsion. *Infirmières*, i.e., ward attendants, appeal from the nuns to the "Administration," and are upheld, and kept in their places. Thus bad work, and a bad tone, enter into the wards, and the seeds of disorder and discontent are sown. The nuns, and the *infirmières* approved of them, nursed each patient with the skill of experience, the devotion of love. Rough men, men embittered by want, sin-stained, scoffers at all religion, came into that atmosphere of real, practical Christianity, and were forced to love and respect religious women. Less rough, less bitter they must become under such influences of gentleness and kindness. I wonder how often souls, white from the Sacrament of Penance, left those wards—in the body, or out of the body. How many rebels against Christ there learnt to love Him, to obey all lawful authority in obedience to Him? How often did the Communist, the Anarchist, the Apache, leave those wards wiser and better men? But with the "Administration" above, and its hirelings below, the nuns are perpetually hindered and balked. Apparently responsible, they are actually powerless. Patients suffering from the inefficiency, inattention, or evil manners of the *infirmières*, blame the nuns, who seem to be in authority. Insult and complaint from the sick, impertinence from their subordinates, insolence even from workmen employed on the premises,<sup>1</sup> contempt from the Administration—so the work of deterioration goes on. At last a paternal Government, after years of patient waiting and watching, rescues the patients from incapable and negligent Religious, and gives them into the care of paid lay-women, often untrained. Who can blame the Government for that action? It is fully justified by the complaints of patients, and of the Administration. There are definite charges of neglect, inefficiency, unkindness. Throughout the institution are signs of disunion and disorder. To-day, as before the Great Tragedy of Christianity, intrigue makes straight the path before outrage.

Towards the close of such a phase of transition, we visited the Hospital of St. Louis, in Paris: Mère C——, from Ireland, Sœur E——, Parisian, and I from England. This was last

<sup>1</sup> Workmen, requiring the key of the chapel, would sometimes ask the nuns for the key of "that owl's nest."

October, and the nuns were to be expelled in November. We started from the Place de l'Étoile, journeyed by the Métropole, and got out at La Vilette. The contrast was startling, even in that city of contradictions. The Place de l'Étoile is an epitome of "Frenchness." Central, compelling admiration, is patriotism, symbolized by that magnificent Arc de Triomphe. Radiating from that symbol are twelve tree-shaded roads to all Paris, all France, all the world. Along those avenues, ways from all the world, to the heart of France, come roaring streams of traffic. Motor cars, omnibuses, cabs, bicycles, carriages, rush across that Place. Blue-bloused working men; frock-coated officials; *bonnes* in voluminous cloaks and flying veils; tourists in dowdy garments; bare-headed, blue-aproned working women; stiff, blue-and-red uniformed soldiers; smart, be-powdered ladies; boys and girls dressed alike, in black-strapped blouses; all these, and many others, jostle each other in the motley crowd afoot. He who crosses that Place must be alert of ear and of eye. Vehicles there seem bent on the extermination of foot passengers. From all sides they rush at the intruder. He is forced to watch, listen, dodge; to run from refuge to refuge.

But an ambulance, or an invalid chair, starts to cross from end to end. From either side, the on-rushing traffic will roll away, leaving a path, safe and amazing, as the passage through the Red Sea! Every chauffeur, driver, cyclist, foot-passenger, will pull up, start aside, leave the path clear. The sick are the chosen people of France. *Place pour les Malades* is ever-potent as the wand of Moses. Here is an unrecognized remnant of the same Christianity that built a palace for the lepers—that obliges the King of a neighbouring country to raise his hat to the beggar who asks alms of him. Perhaps that fragment of faith may yet redeem France from the bondage of materialism.

At La Vilette we came out into a region of factories, of canal barges, an atmosphere of quiet, intense industry, of straining toil. Men and women were at work in the factories, on barges where whole families lived and laboured; in their homes. Children were at school. The broad, quiet roads were between walls rather dulled by smoke and dirt. It was like a suburb of Manchester. Of Paris it was a revelation! It did not surprise me that here, and in the adjoining *quartiers*, Socialism assumed a vicious character. Everywhere, men and women who toil endlessly, painfully for a hand-to-mouth existence, who cannot secure themselves against destitution in



sickness or old age, have a grievance against the social system. In England the instinct of the people is to think twice before they act once. Also religious belief, of a rudimentary sort, interpenetrates the masses of the English poor. "The Lord" is very generally recognized as protector, ruler, avenger. Something better to come after, is a vague hope, seldom extinguished. The few may preach atheism. The common-sense of the many is against them: inert, perhaps, but effectual, as the earthworks behind fortifications. In France, the people are quick to act, without deliberation. You see it in a crowd, swayed by a gust of enthusiasm, anger, devotion. You see it in individuals, in a quarrel, an opportunity, in the *Chambre des Députés*. A certain grown-up caution, all-pervasive here, is not an element in French conduct. Under normal conditions, the dramatic instinct of the French people modifies the results of this impulsiveness.

Energy, thrown into right posture and behaviour, escapes as by a safety-valve. The other day I watched a trifling incident that brought home to me the innateness of French dramatic instinct. Two little boys were playing horses in a Paris street. The reins (of cord) became knotted, and the driver stopped to disentangle them. The "horse," obliged to stand still, and seemingly quite unobserved, lifted a leg, stamped a foot, lifted another leg, shuddered as if bitten by a fly. That boy acted the impatient, standing horse, in every detail, simply for his own satisfaction. When grim realism of toil and futility has driven out that dramatic instinct and added a certain recklessness to unrestraint, there is danger. When belief in God, hope of any future life, are generally extinguished, the poignancy of despair is added to the sense of injury. The phlegmatic, belief-leavened English Socialism gradually forces law to give what it demands, wielding arms of law gained by long struggle. The impulsive, materialistic French Socialism outrages and breaks the law, and manufactures the Communist and the Apache. How otherwise? Given the national temperament; a life of grinding, sullen toil; and for the individual—the race—futility!

Sœur E—— startled me; asking of what I thought.

"Paris," I answered. "At *l'Étoile* like a luxurious Persian cat, playing with its tail in the sunshine. Here, like a starving cat, watching a mouse-hole in the night. If legitimate effort fails, then the larder—the canary!"

Some way we walked by the canal, and along streets that might have been in Gorton, till we came to a wall, ancient, massive, and high ; running far along one side of the road. A Sister opened the great door to us, and left us in a little parlour while she went to fetch the Superior, who came to us at once. In the manner and tone of these nuns I noticed a striking simplicity and kindliness. To us they were readily courteous. In their bearing to the patients, and their remarks on the Government, their religious spirit was always evident. From these, and from other nuns on the eve of expulsion, I have never heard "railing accusation." Their gentle sorrow and patience seem to make the injury done them more flagrant.

A year earlier, Mère C—— had visited a young Irishman in this hospital. His father had tended lepers in the East, where they lived, and the boy had contracted the disease. The Superioress told us that he had died a few months before our visit. It had seemed so sad to see him exiled from his country and his relatives, without hope of recovery. Mère C—— told us how, when she said something of the sort to him, he had answered :

"What could I do in Ireland? Here I am no danger to anyone. I have all the privileges of religion ; and every care and attention."

"Is there a case of real Asiatic leprosy in the hospital?" I asked.

"Several," the Superioress answered. "One which you shall see is most typical. But on no account let the child guess that you notice her. She is excessively sensitive."

Presently a nun was summoned, and bidden to show us what, in the hospital, was most characteristic and interesting. We went first to the surgical wards. Of the archæological aspect of that building I will only permit myself to say that it would repay a visit from England. Probably the French Government would gain, financially, if this palace, built by a saint for the sick, were transformed into a museum, and those exquisite gardens opened to the public. Even when a plain building, with modern necessities, and without extravagance (unfit for the sick poor), had been built elsewhere in its stead, I think the Government would gain by the transaction.

The wards were long and well ventilated. They looked comfortable, and all the beds seemed to be occupied. Over the head of each was a card with a temperature chart, and a

diagnosis of the patient's injury, both so large and plain that they could be read in passing. I was impressed by the appearance of the men-patients. Big, keen-faced, intelligent-looking, they generally were, such as I have known in the mining and manufacturing districts of northern England, and seen at social democratic meetings in the market-place of a provincial town. They watched us pass along the ward—the three nuns and me—without a sign of friendliness or welcome in their faces. Their expression, generally, struck me as disdainful, cynical, even resentful. "Socialist, Communist, Apache," I mentally labelled one or another, as I lagged behind the nuns, thinking my own thoughts. Our guide had just told us that eleven cases of stabbing have been admitted there in one week. I noticed *coup de revolver* on the card of an intellectual-looking man, grey-haired, with peculiarly keen grey eyes. He stared at me quizzically. There was humour, pathos, hard irony in his face. It has haunted me, from time to time, to this day. At the worst these men were intensely real, without taint of posing, intrigue, diplomacy. Uncompromising, even fierce—to me they were strangely attractive. "The call of the wild" was in them, as it is in all that is primary and essential. To these men the human kindness, the efficiency, the devotion of the nuns would have appealed powerfully. Now, "Administration" and *infirmières* have done their worst. Resentful and insolent, the men have made it impossible for the nuns to dress their wounds. Not by ordinary insult; but by deliberate lack of restraint and nicety. Every nurse knows how even the ruffian and the libertine is generally respectful, in the matter of decency, to the woman who tends him. An amazing simplicity and purity seems to survive beneath the rot of wickedness. Under the influence of a good woman many a man recovers much of the self that his mother knew! So here, under the old order, would these men. Now the conduct, at least of a few, made it impossible for modest women to dress wounds in those wards.

Two male dressers were going from case to case, wheeling a trolley with trays of instruments and dressings. Every appliance and arrangement that we saw, in wards and operation rooms, seemed thoroughly up to date. But the mid-day meal was being served while surgical dressings were done. In one bed a patient sat up with his *déjeuner* before him; in the next, a revolting and painful wound was being cleansed, in full view of the ward. Such callous lack of consideration, especially in France, where

all meals are taken very seriously, indicated the tone of the hospital. Such flagrant mismanagement was probably resented against the nuns, still in apparent command.

From the surgical ward we went, along low, round-arched cloisters, and across part of the garden, to the pavilions set apart for skin diseases. In those long wards we saw patients ravaged by all manner of loathsome and disfiguring maladies. But smiles of welcome greeted us. Those who were sitting up rose with alacrity, and came forward to meet us. Cheerfulness and pleasant manners prevailed everywhere. Here the nuns still ruled without much interference. I am under the impression that the *infirmières* were patients, able and willing to work.

An old woman lay in the first bed on our right hand as we entered the women's ward. She was not disfigured. Her face was white and peaceful. I should have thought she slept if I had not seen her lips moving.

"Blind leper," the Sister said, softly.

"She is praying all the time!"

Some sort of exultation and amazement made me stammer. That old woman lived in a bed; she was a leper; she was—what seems to me most terrible of all physical maladies—blind. Yet, alone there, and believing herself unnoticed, she actually looked happy!

The Sister answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes. She says her Rosary from morning to night."

What a marvellous invisible chain it is! Think of it, you who say your Rosary in common with all the faithful—the king and queen in their palace, the contemplative in his cell, the nun at her holy toil—the blind leper.

A young mother sat by her infant in its cot. Both were covered with the same frightful eruption. It seemed that the worst cases of lupus, leprosy, and other hopeless forms of skin disease were collected in this ward. No doubt, either the different maladies are mutually prohibitive or all actual contact is prevented between those suffering from communicable disease; and all that they use is kept marked and separate. I have seen different contagious maladies in the same ward in a London Fever Hospital, mutually harmless, with accurate precaution. Just now a French hospital is sanctuary for any who fear infection. Microbe extermination—microbicides—are medical and surgical France to-day. Between an up-to-date "Adminis-

tration," and a careful, experienced staff of nuns, it is a moral certainty that no risk of mutual injury was overlooked or permitted. In the absorbing interest of the scene around me, I forgot to ask for explicit information on that subject.

They lay in beds on either side of us, sat in chairs, stood, or walked about, human creatures hideously disfigured, mutilated, diseased. But we were in purgatory! This prison of exiled, shunned creatures, dangerous to society, horrifying to themselves and to each other, suffering from exterior wounds, and interior disease, was permeated by hope, by cheerful patience, by absolute contentment with the Will of God. And this in Paris! In Dublin it would be normal, a mere matter-of-course. "Blessed be His Holy Will" is the natural retort of the Irish mind to provocation of pain. But in France to-day those wards were a startling witness to the vitality and vigour of faith and to the influence of the nuns.

Seeing the habit of the two strange nuns, several of the patients hastened towards us, smiling and eager. They had made the pilgrimage to Lourdes, and recognized the Sisters who nurse sick pilgrims on the journey to and fro. A few remembered Mère C—— in the white train. We stopped to chat with them over reminiscences of that great event in their lives. Our guide looked on, delighted at the pleasure given to the patients.

At the door of the leper-children's ward the Sister stopped to warn us.

"The young girl in a black and white check dress is the typical leper," she said. "She is French, but was born, and contracted leprosy, in *La Guiane*. All the children in black overalls are lepers. We will talk to them about Lourdes, and you must not seem to look at them. The poor children; they are horrified at each other."

Schoolgirls, in France, generally wear large black pinafores over their dresses. Nothing less remarkable could have been chosen to distinguish the lepers.

Not far from the door, a group of children, whose ages might range from about eleven to sixteen, sat together. As we entered the ward, they all rose and came to meet us, smiling, and a little shy, like well-brought-up English schoolgirls. All wore black pinafores. I think the disease was not far advanced in most of them. Something ghastly, like the greyness and dulness of approaching death, was in the complexion and the

features of those young faces. I have an impression of pallid, stricken children, more or less disfigured. But I seem only to have glanced at them.

In their midst was a shrivelled, shrunken creature, who looked about fifty years of age. Her skin was ashen-grey, and seemed to shine. Her eyes were so sunken that they seemed mere slits. Her nose was flattened. Her lips were dark and swelled. I think her eyebrows were white.

She came forward with the other children, and smiled with pleasure to see the nuns. But she glanced at us furtively, evidently suspicious of our curiosity, and kept her hands behind her. When, later on, we caught sight of them, we thought the backs were covered with some sort of scales, and the insides raw.

In a hoarse whisper, for the disease that ravaged organ after organ had almost destroyed her voice, she said that she had been to Lourdes.

She had stood in that great crowd while He approached—had called to Him. And He had passed her by!

In *Ben Hur* there is a marvellous description of the healing of two leper women. It seems to have been written by an eye-witness, it is so vivid and convincing. We see the women, mother and daughter, ill and disfigured by their terrible malady, waiting for the passing of Jesus of Nazareth. Their trembling hope thrills us. We hear the crowd cry out at His approach. We see Him! hear His voice. That scene is like a sudden flash of recollection. As if we *had* seen Him, lost His human presence, and longed for it always. We look after Him, fearing to lose one instant of vision, till He has passed out of sight. Then, in company with the women—each restored to perfect health and comeliness—we wonder, worship, bless the Healer.

And this child had gone far to seek Him in His chosen place. In hope she had waited, called, watched His passing. She had pictured herself made, in an instant, healthful, beautiful, youthful—a child of sixteen.

"Why?" That cry of faith and love—imperfect—went up I think from Calvary. Not only the scoffers cried, "Come down from Thy Cross." Those who knew He could come down, who loved Him utterly, but with the love that craves what is human more than what is divine. Their "Come down" must have wrung the Heart of Christ more than the mocking of those who jeered, "If Thou be the Son of God."

"She is a frequent communicant, and a pious, good child."

The nun said this aside to Sœur E——. I caught the words. I realized that the soul, finding its frightful, painful body left unhealed, understood, acquiesced, adored.

"*O Crux Ave!*"

He, that leper child, and I, seemed for an instant alone in all the world. His way, higher than our way, as the heaven is higher than the earth. The faith that sees. The nothingness of earth.

One of the girls told us, sorrowfully, that she might not go to Lourdes: her father was a Communist, and forbade it. This child was not a Catholic, but the faith of her companions had sunk into her heart, and she prayed constantly that her father might permit her to enter the Church. The nuns spoke of cheerful obedience, of prayer, and of hope. The disease was not far advanced. Leprosy kills very deliberately.

A baby, with bandaged head, and great solemn black eyes, toddled up to us, laughing. The nun lifted him in her arms, stood him on a table, and bade him say a little verse. He folded his hands, stared straight before him, and lisped, in baby French, several verses that began with *Petit Jésus*.

"Very good, my little one!" the nun said caressingly. "Now sing your little hymn."

He tilted up his chin, opened his mouth very wide, and sang in a tiny, tuneless, baby voice. Always the dreamy black eyes stared straight in front of him.

The nun lifted him down from the table. "And now," she said. "Tell the Sisters and this lady your name."

His face dimpled into smiles.

"*Petit Paquet*," he said, and laughed again.

No baby at home could have been more certain of his right to love and petting than this waif in a leper ward. No mother could have shown more pride in his pretty ways, more tenderness in voice and look, than this nun.

We could scarcely tear ourselves away from that ward. It was so wholly unlike anything we could have expected. Sorrowful it is to see young children hopelessly diseased, suffering, torn from their parents and their home. But, as an Irish Jesuit once said to me, when I spoke in wonder of the faith,—and the extreme poverty,—of the Irish poor—

"And they are *happy*."

They are : so were these children. So are not many, who shudder at the thought of their lives !

On our way back, through the women's ward, I asked some questions about the old woman in the corner. She was from Brittany, and had been a washerwoman. She washed for a family who were afflicted by some mysterious illness. If they knew the nature of their malady they kept it secret. It was a peculiar form of leprosy, not outwardly disfiguring, but destroying the body, organ after organ. The washerwoman contracted it, and became, first of all, stone blind.

"Come and speak to her," the nun said.

She was still saying her Rosary, with the same peaceful content in her face. We stopped by her bed, and the Sister said :

"*Grand' mère !* Here are two Sisters, and an English lady, come to speak to you."

At the first word, a smile lit up the wrinkled old face. Then, understanding that two nuns stood beside her, *Grand' mère* sat up, joined her hands, turned her sightless eyes towards us and expressed her joy at the visit. *Mère C*—— told her that her Sisters nursed the sick poor in their own homes. The old lady said how she pitied those poor sick folk who had not the comforts and blessings that she enjoyed. We begged her to pray for us, and she promised us "her poor prayers."

Over the doors of those wards should be written in great golden letters :

THE NAZARENE HAS CONQUERED,

but in the garden again, we did not speak for some minutes. The cruelty of the impending separation chilled our hearts with pity and sorrow. Very near to them all now, was that moment of utter desolation. *Mère C*—— spoke at last. Her voice was tremulous.

"Do they know?"

The nun's eyes dimmed, and her lips twitched. She answered quietly :

"They are praying always, offering Communions, hoping for a miracle !"

A. M. F. COLE.



## *The Islands of Aran.*

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THE *Duras* drew up against the little pier, and then began the pushing and pressing that always takes place when a steamer reaches the landing-stage. These extra minutes gained by being first instead of last, must have a special value, travellers seem so anxious to obtain them. We found ourselves in the centre of the small crowd, and without any exertion of our own were carried across the gangway. The other passengers quickly vanished. The greater number were tourists visiting the island between the coming and the going of the steamer. Others were coastguards' wives ; there were a few fishermen and an officer of the Congested Districts Board. We waited for a few moments to see our luggage safely landed, and then looked about for a means of conveying it to our lodgings.

"Are yez for Mr. O'Flaherty," said a voice behind us.

The speaker was a tall, fine-looking, young man, dressed in the cream bauneen, the blue shirt and tam o' shanter, the heelless, silent pampootie shoes, a costume that was to become to us so familiar. Our small effects were quickly piled on to a donkey cart, and we followed along the pier, between piles of wood, packing-cases, sacks, bricks, and other miscellaneous collections, then up a steep incline, and under shadow of the high stone Irish cross, till we reached the village street. Kilronan, the *baile mór* (big town) of the islands, is composed of two rows of whitewashed houses. Most of them are thatched cottages, but here and there rises a two-storied slated mansion, bearing traces of being newly built. Each house stands back from the road, and has a strip of garden in front, enclosed by a whitewashed stone wall. Here vegetables grow, fuschia shrubs, and some sweet-smelling flowers. The first impression is one of intense whiteness and cleanliness, conveyed by the limewash, which seems to be used with a lavish hand. The donkey cart stopped before the gate of one of the slated houses,

and as we walked up the gravelled path, a buxom, bright-faced woman came to meet us. She had received the telegram ; our rooms were ready. Would we like some dinner? Three hours on Galway Bay had sharpened our appetites, and we were ready to do ample justice to the juicy west of Ireland chickens and the whole-meal loaf that were laid before us. When the meal was finished, Mrs. O'Flaherty urged us to make no delay in setting forth to visit the sights of Aran.

"You couldn't tell what sort of a day to-morrow 'ud be. This afternoon you could see a great deal, for we have a car."

We already knew that the one car the island possessed belonged to our host. The Galway local paper announced the fact weekly in its advertisements.

"Ned O'Flaherty's perfectly appointed car will convey visitors to the Seven Churches."

A little later, as we jolted on the hard-sprung, thin cushioned vehicle, behind an untrained horse, we wondered what "perfectly appointed" really meant.

Inishmore boasts of one even, well-made road stretching the length of the island. Below, a rougher road skirts the sea from Kilronan to Kilmurvey. From these, narrow bohereens lead in all directions across the wall-bordered fields. Our way led through Kilronan, past the vicarage, where grow the only trees on the island, then between stone walls. A glorious panorama lay before us. To the north was the mountain coast of Connemara, the Twelve Pins standing pale blue against the sky. The sea between was dotted with small islands, from which whitewashed houses gleamed in the sun. Further back the coastline receded into Galway Bay. The Burren hills rose behind us, and beyond them the cliffs of Moher. The sea was of an intense colour, not the turquoise blue of the Mediterranean, nor the greenish blue of the northern seas, but a deep sapphire shade, peculiar to the West. Masses of yellow-brown seaweed covered the rocks that bordered the sandy beach, and nearer to us were the green fields, and the blue-grey limestone boulders.

"I'll take yez first to Dun Aengus," said the driver, "the ancient Pagan fort."

This was beginning the sights in their historical order, for Dun Aengus dates from about two thousand years before the Christian era. It was built by a Firbolg chief, who, flying from the conquering Tuatha da Danaan, came to Aran. This grand old fort has withstood the ravages of both time and man for

nearly four thousand years. Its massive walls of limestones, built together without cement, must have been a strong defence against an invading foe. On the highest point of Aranmore, at the edge of the cliff it stands, overlooking the Atlantic. The waves break against the rocks 304 feet below, and over the spray the sea-gulls whirl and dart with their wailing cry into the fissures of the cliffs. What wild, bold men they must have been who built their dwelling among the barren crags in this desolate wind-swept spot, the great ocean roaring at their feet!

The driver, who had constituted himself our guide, proposed that we should next visit the Seven Churches, a village at the further end of the island. On the way he told us something of the history of Aran. First was the story of Enda the King's son, who, at the instigation of his sister Fancha, gave up his soldier career for the solitude of Aranmore. He built his stone cell at Killany, where other Irish youths followed him. There were Ciarnan, Brendan the Navigator, Ninian of Clonard, Jarlath of Tuam, Columcille. Aran became the great school of learning during the period known as the "Second Order of Irish Saints." All the scholars of the time in Ireland visited it, and when they had gained their share of learning from the lips of Enda they went forth to spread it through the great world. It was with sorrowful hearts they left Aran. Ciarnan turned with streaming eyes to see the last of the islands as his boat carried him across the sea. Columcille wrote a poem of farewell to the "Dun of all the West," as he called Aranmore.

Farewell to Aran Isle; farewell.  
I steer for Hy;—my heart is sore.  
The breakers break, the billows swell,  
'Twixt Aran Isle and Alba's shore.

St. Enda's grave, covered with a flagstone, can be seen close to the cell where he lived, and in the graveyard near by lie, it is said, one hundred and twenty-seven of Aran's saints. One of Enda's followers founded the church of Tempull Brechain. The two saints agreed to divide the island between them, and it was settled for each to begin Mass in his own church at the same time, and afterwards to walk to meet the other—the meeting-place to be the boundary. Brechain, covetous of the larger share, began his Mass before the appointed time, and so started first. Enda, when he reached the rising ground, saw what the other had done. He prayed in indignation, and Brechain was rooted to the spot till Enda reached him, and there the division was made.

In the churchyard round Tempull Breacain are the graves of the "Seven Romans," students, probably, who had come from far countries to learn of Aran teachers. During the summer, from the middle of July till the end of August, the country people from the islands, and from Connemara, come to spend the night in the churchyard, near an old tomb called the "Bed of the Holy Ghost." What the origin of this custom is, it is impossible to say, but it goes back to far-off days. The sick and ailing hope to be cured of their infirmities by this pilgrimage, and that some had been so recently was evident from the fresh bits of rag we saw tied to the bramble bushes.

On the road back we passed *Tempull na cheathair aluin*—the Church of the Four Beauties. This name has exercised many archæologists, but none of them have been able to decide satisfactorily who were the four beautiful saints who had their cells near this spot. In a neighbouring field are a number of *cloghauns*—dwellings of primitive times. They are built of stones, the walls inclining slightly inward till they curve across to make the roof. Close to the church is a holy well imbedded in moss-grown rocks.

"There do be cures here," said Michael, as he pulled back the thorn branches to enable us to see the trickle of water. "I had from me mother the story of a woman who came a great way off from the County Down. It was a blind child she had, and one night she dreamed the child 'ud be cured if she took him to a holy well. She had no knowledge of the name, but she saw the place in her dream, an' started. After travellin' a great way she came to Galway town, an' crossed in the steamer. She asked no one any question, but walked on the road a couple of miles. She stopped at a house and they gave her shelter for the night. Next mornin' at daybreak she was off with the child, an' came along the fields till she got to the ruins. She knelt down by this well, an' after a while the child said: 'Mother, d' ye see the little shells on the ground?' But she never heeded the child till she'd finished her rounds, an' then she took him back to the house, an' him seein'. There was great wonder on all the people, for it was another well they used to visit, an' this one was hidden in the bushes."

It was getting late when we returned to Kilonan, and sky and sea were lit up with the red glow of a summer's sunset. Mrs. O'Flaherty inquired how we had enjoyed our afternoon, and then invited us to come into her kitchen after our supper.

"We expect a few neighbours, an' there'll be a fine singer an' story-teller ; it might please you to hear them."

The old custom of the *céidhlidh*, once so common in Ireland, lingers still in Aran. The word comes from a *céile*, together, and means a gathering of neighbours of an evening for dancing, story-telling, and song.

We felt it would be interesting to make further acquaintance with the Araners, so about nine o'clock we joined the small circle round the turf fire. Padraig Kearnon was telling an old Celtic legend as we came in, and the soft, musical Gaelic added a charm to the tale. His father was a wonderful Shanahie, Mrs. O'Flaherty said, and knew nearly a hundred different stories, legends of Cuchullin, of Maebh, of the Fianna, and later-dated humorous tales. He was also a poet and a musician, and many were the songs he had composed. On one occasion the local schoolmaster had refused some request of old Kearnon. Indignant, the latter wrote a poem in which he turned the teacher into ridicule ; he set it to music and taught it to all the singers in the district.

"An' shure it was the master was sorry he had annoyed." It was thus with the old Bards and File of long ago, who employed their muse to praise their friends and to revenge themselves on their foes.

Beyond young Kearnon sat the weaver, a tall, dark, strong-featured man, of quite a different type to the islanders. He was a man from the North. His father, who had been implicated in the rising of '48, had fled from the law to Aran, and there taken up the profession of weaving, which his son now carried on. That this man's life must have been darkened by some misfortune became evident to us, the day we visited his looms. He was grave and silent, as if oppressed by some shadow. When we admired his little place, all he said was : "I could make it much better, but I leave it as it is. I've me own reasons for not improvin' it. There are some things that take every wish out of a man."

Then, as if fearing we might question him, he hurried us to the shed where were the looms. It was interesting to watch the shuttle dart in and out, and to learn the mysteries of hand-weaving. The people of the island brought him all their wool. Some had carded it and spun it by themselves, but many, and now, alas, the greater number, have it prepared in the Galway mills. The natural wool is woven with an indigo thread, and

this mixture makes a pretty flannel tweed of blue and white, which are the dominant colours of all the Aran men's attire. Two chough birds hopped across the loom and perched themselves on the weaver's shoulders and head. He had found them in a nest in a cliff crevice, and now they had become the friendly inmates of his house. These birds have grown rare. A few are still found in Cornwall and along the western coast. The eggs are of considerable value to collectors.

The person, however, of the little assembly who interested us the most was Peter O'Farrity. He was a man of seventy, but his upright figure, his activity, his bright, alert eyes, gave the impression of fewer years. Peter was a scholar, and great was his reputation for learning in Aran. He had been educated in a hedge school, an institution that existed before boards and committees came to decide what should and what should not be taught, and from which the travelling teacher turned out his pupils with a wonderful and varied knowledge. Peter learned many things in the hedge school, and afterwards when he became a sailor spent all his spare money on books. As sailors' quarters are limited he had not room for all the books he bought, so those that were read had to be thrown away to make place for a new lot. When off duty O'Farrity would lie in his hammock reading.

"I kept to myself always. When you can't get the association you like, then disassociation is the best." After several years of seafaring life Peter returned to Aran. His sister then lived, and kept house for him in the home that had sheltered his forefathers through many generations. Now she was dead and Peter looked after himself, cooked his meals, and made and mended his clothes with the ingenuity of a sailor. His treasured books reposed on a shelf near the window in his kitchen. Among them was an old Irish Bible that had accompanied him on all his wanderings, and, as he said, had kept him from forgetting his native tongue. Much acquaintance with this book had no doubt given the old man his somewhat classical mode of speech. Students and philologists came from time to time to visit him, to get explanations of Irish words and meanings. Professors Pedderson and Pink were among those who had come from Germany. Sometimes it would be a member of the Gaelic League, and then Peter would be somewhat scornful of the knowledge of a language gained from books as compared with that from practice. He was a severe

master, and very jealous of the language that was dearer to him than anything else. "Shure you're murderin' the Gaelic. That's no Irish word, but an English word with an Irish mantle."

Peter was also a poet, and possessed two manuscript books filled with his compositions, both in Irish and in English. To a favoured pupil sometimes he would read his poems.

We made friends with Peter, and arranged to go and see him in the old school-house, where he spent his days mending sails.

One or two other people came in, among them a fiddler and another story-teller. After about an hour, we went away, leaving the little party listening to a song. This evening reminded us of the account given in his *Life*, of Petrie's visit to Aran in the early fifties. He came with his friend Eugene O'Curry, and spent a fortnight on the island. During the day they visited the ruins, and in the evenings, the shanahies and singers assembled in his host's kitchen. Petrie on his violin would pick up the old traditional airs, while O'Curry jotted down the legends. Many of the beautiful songs found in the Petrie collection, and many of the tales in O'Curry's works, were thus gleaned by the turf fire in an Aran kitchen.

Next morning, on the suggestion of our hostess, we decided to visit the Middle Island. The crew, "the best in Aran" we were told, awaited us on the beach. Certainly the four men were fine specimens, well-featured and intelligent, and measuring six feet in their heelless pampooties. The currach was half in the water, and when three of the rowers had taken their places, we stepped in and sat in the stern. The last man pushed us off, then nimbly jumped in. These little boats, which have been used as they are for many hundred years along the western Irish coast, are the safest afloat. They are made of tarred canvas or hide stretched over wooded lathes, and are as light as a feather. There is no rudder, and the stroke-oar does the steering. As the slightest gust of wind can turn the boat, the oars are narrow, in fact merely poles. There were no seats in the stern, so we were on a level with the sea, which splashed into our faces. There was so little between us and the water, and the boat responded so readily to every roll and wave, that it seemed we must feel as the seagulls do when they rest on the billows. The boatmen kept up an incessant stream of conversation, carried on in Gaelic in their soft, low voices. This did not interfere with their work, for they rowed

manfully. In fact, conversation does never interfere with the work of an Irishman, it is on the contrary, a necessary accompaniment.

"How do yez like the currach?" asked Conn Laval, the nearest rower.

"Very much indeed."

"They are good little boats, an' can stand a rough sea."

"Have you ever been out in one during a storm?"

"Only wonst, an' faith, I wouldn't like to repeat the experience."

"When was it?"

"Well, it's nearly eight year ago now. There was a woman sick on the Middle Island. They were afeared she'd die, an' wanted to get her the priest. Meself was there, an' two other boys. We put out in a currach. The sea was wild, but the wind was with us, an' we got to Aranmore under two hours. His reverence had just come in from a sick call to the Seven Churches, an' was that tired you'd pity him. We told him he was wanted, an' th' old priest said maybe they could wait till mornin'. It was ten o'clock then. The curate questioned me about the sick woman, an' after thinkin' a minute said he'd be onaisy if he didn't go. So back we went to the boat, an' the old priest with us, an' the priest's boy, an' the neighbours joined as we went along; so there was quite a crowd gathered. Not one who was there ever thought to see us again. Out we pushed into that ragin' sea, with the wind agin us an' the waves breakin' over the boat. Coleman Maguire, who was bailin', was hard set to keep the water down. We were three hours in that sea, and when we reached the landin'-stage, every man, woman, an' child in Inishmaan was waitin' for us with torches in their hands. When they saw the priest they set up a cheer that 'ud do yer heart good. An' the curate was right to come, for she was dead, poor woman, before six o'clock. I don't believe any boat but a currach would have brought us safe through that sea."

Inishmaan, or the Middle Island, is, according to the people of Kiltonan, the remotest of the three islands of Aran. Aranmore is the largest and the most important, Inisheer, the smallest, is the nearest to the County Clare, and has a light-house station. Inishmaan, therefore, has the least intercourse with the outside world. Irish is exclusively spoken on the island, and as we walked up from the shore to the village we



were greeted by each passer-by with a Gaelic salutation: *Go mbeannuighidh Dia dhuit*—(the blessing of God to you), and it was with a certain pride that we gave the answer: *Go mbeannuighidh Dia aguo Mhuire dhuit*—(the blessing of God and Mary to you). In those parts of Ireland where the Gael still hold sway, one person will never pass another without some greeting. Numberless are the salutations in use, and there are suitable ones for all occasions.

We directed our steps first to the Post Office, which is also the chief house of lodging in the Middle Island. It has given shelter to many Gaelic students during the past twenty years. Hither came Eugene O'Growney to spend whatever time he could snatch from his studies at Maynooth. Mrs. Macdonagh, the woman of the house, showed us the room he inhabited, and in which he prepared his *Simple First Grammars*, that have brought back to many a Gael the tongue of his forefathers. On the wall hangs a picture of Father O'Growney, taken shortly before his death in California. Mrs. Macdonagh had much to tell us of this pioneer of the Gael, and of other Gaelic Leaguers, who had come her way. There was the fort of Dun Conor to visit, another trace of the ancient Firbolg race, and the ruins of some churches and cells of the saints of Inishmaan. Then it was time to return if we wished to reach Kilronan before sunset.

There are numberless walks to take in Aranmore, and the remaining days of our holiday we spent in exploring the island. It was necessary to charter a boy, for our road often lay across the fields, and he had to knock gaps in the stone walls to enable us to pass. We saw the Glassawn rocks, and the Dead Man's Shore, where the great Atlantic surges up against the cliffs, sounding like the artillery of an immense army. Among the crags, growing seemingly upon the bare rocks, we came upon numberless quaint flowers, and sweet-swelling herbs, that would have rejoiced the heart of any botanist. Sometimes we had a grey day, when the sea, the sky, and rocks would be one uniform colour. The landscape presented then a most curious effect, and seemed a picture of the impressionist school. There were no sharp outlines, one thing faded into another. The long stretches of even-surfaced limestone merged into the grey sky above, the sea and the distant mountains all seemed one, the walls between the fields were grey, and even the grass assumed a greyish tinge.

It was on such a day that we left Aran, and as the morning advanced, a thick mist came slowly in from the Atlantic. Some of our friends came to the pier to see us off and wish us a "God's speed" on our journey and a return next summer, when we should find a *Cead mile failte romhainn*—(a hundred thousand welcomes before us); *Go n-éirighe an t-ádh leat*—"May luck rise up before you", said our host, wringing our hands, and giving us the Gaelic wish that always accompanies the parting guest.

We crossed the gangway, and were again aboard the *Duras*. The paddles turned, and we were off. After a few minutes spent in settling our places, we thought to have one more look at Aran, and went over to the stern. But the island, caught in the arms of the mist, was no longer to be seen; Aran had disappeared from our sight, as quickly as Hy-Breasil vanishes before the eyes of the seeker.

CHARLOTTE DEASE.

## *M. Briand's Real Sentiments.*

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M. BRIAND has disowned two trenchant expressions of anti-clerical hostility which, after having been publicly ascribed to him in his own country without encountering any protest, passed last summer into the English and American Catholic press, by which they have, very naturally, been frequently reproduced. Two years ago he was reported to have said, to a gathering of teachers at Lisieux :<sup>1</sup> "We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the schools, the university, the hospitals, refuges, even prisons and madhouses ; it remains to expel him from the government of France." And as late as last August he was reported to have said to a gathering of teachers at Amiens that "we must get rid of the idea of Christianity." To the Paris correspondent of the *Times* some six weeks ago, and to the Paris correspondent of the *Standard* quite recently, he denied that he had ever used such language, or that it represented his mind.

I have never in my life [he said to the latter], either in public or in private, used words which could by any process of torture be made to resemble those imputed to me by Cardinal Gibbons ; they are absolutely contrary to my views. I am a free thinker, and for that reason respect profoundly the right of every one to follow the dictates of his own conscience, and to practise his religion in absolute freedom. These principles have guided me in framing the legislation which has been so severely criticized at home and abroad ; yet it is on that that I shall ask the English people to judge me.<sup>2</sup>

It appears to be the case that he did not use these expressions, and that being so it is most regrettable that they should have been imputed to him. The spokesmen on his own side—such as the Paris correspondents of the English papers—have not indeed shown themselves over-scrupulous in imputing

<sup>1</sup> See the *Saturday Review* for Dec. 15, 1906.

<sup>2</sup> *Standard* for Feb. 12.

to the Pope and the French Catholics thoughts and intentions, and even language, which they have never entertained or employed, and which are at variance with their known sentiments. For instance, the statement, so categorically put forward more than once by the *Times* correspondent, that the Religious Orders were at the back of the Pope's rejection of the *Associations Cultuelles*, and that their motive was the desire to compel a recourse to private (in lieu of public) worship out of which they themselves might profit, can only be characterized as an utterly unfounded and purely malicious fabrication. Moreover, feeling at last that for an allegation so monstrous some semblance of proof might be expected of him, this person ventured—on the faith of an anonymous “informant” of an anonymous French Bishop, as reported by an equally anonymous contributor to *Le Petit Parisien*—to name Père du Lac as a Religious who had expressed these views. Père du Lac wrote to the *Times* denying that he ever said or thought such a thing, and yet his traducer never condescended either to justify—which indeed he could not—or to retract the personal libel, but merely continued to repeat his charge against the Religious in general. Still, the ethics of Catholics persecuted for justice' sake should be purer than those of their persecutors, and now that M. Briand has repudiated the language imputed to him, and no sufficient authentication of it has been found, it is becoming that Catholic writers should express regret for having credited him with it.<sup>1</sup>

It is a further question, however, whether this language, though in terms never used by him, gravely misrepresented his thoughts and aims, or even his language as otherwise expressed. True, we have heard him say that never in his life has he used words “which could by any process of torture be made to resemble those imputed to (him) by Cardinal Gibbons.” But we are entitled to test the justice of this disavowal by comparison with such other words of his as are on record; and his cordial acceptance of M. Viviani's recent pronouncement at once occurs to the mind.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> May we take this opportunity to exhort those French papers on which we over here must necessarily rely for our information in these matters, to be more careful in adding the reference, with page or date, of any such important statements as they take over from adversaries. It is usually through the want of these references, and the consequent impossibility of constant verification, that spurious citations are able to become current.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal Officiel*, Sitting of November 8, 1906. All our quotations from the Debates are taken from the *Journal Officiel*.

All of us together, by our fathers, our elders, ourselves, we have devoted ourselves in the past to a work of anti-clericalism, a work of irreligion. We have torn all religious belief from human consciences. When some wretched being, wearied out with the burden of the day, has bent his knees we have raised him up and told him that beyond the clouds are nothing but chimeras. All together, and with a magnificent sweep of the hand, we have extinguished in heaven the lights which it will never rekindle again. Such has been our work, our revolutionary work, and do you think that this work is finished? On the contrary it is beginning, it is boiling up, it is overflowing. How are you going to respond, I ask you, to the child now grown into manhood who has learnt from your primary instruction—further completed, too, as it is by the post-school works of the Republic—to contrast his own condition with that of other men? How are you going to respond to a man who, thanks to us, is no longer a believer, whom we have deprived of his faith, whom we have told that heaven is void of justice, when he seeks for justice here below?

It surely does not require "any process of torture" to make these words of M. Viviani resemble those repudiated by M. Briand, and yet M. Briand's commentary on them, in the sitting of November 9, was that his colleague and friend, M. Viviani, in a splendid discourse, has "traced for you his ideal, *which is also mine.*"

In his letter of February 12th, the *Times* Paris correspondent has, we are aware, claimed that this acceptance by M. Briand of his colleague's ideal referred only to the ideal of social legislation calculated to give the poor and the miserable a paradise in this life. But M. Briand himself made no such reservation, nor does it seem natural in M. Viviani's ideal thus to separate his social projects from the underlying conceptions to which he appealed so solemnly as requiring them. Besides, as M. Piou reminded him in the debate of November 12th, "the applause which greeted (M. Viviani's) defiance of God proceeded from the Ministerial bench and blended with those of the Left." But in any case we have other words of M. Briand's, of a more extended character, from which we can judge whether his agreement with M. Viviani is to be thus limited. We have in mind his address last summer to the Congress of the Ligue de l'Enseignement at Angers:

We are come here [he said] in close proximity to a district where fanaticism is still more narrow, sectarian, and tyrannical. We have resolved to affirm, in this somewhat hostile environment, just because it is hostile, our democratic faith, our secularist faith (*foi laïque*), and to

say that we wish for a country, and a Republic, liberated from all the lies and all the tyrannies of the creeds (*confessionnelles*). Yes, it is just for this that the League is holding its twenty-sixth national Congress in the Angevin territory. . . .

It is the generations formed to the spirit of secularism, and the hopes of democracy, which have gone forth to the battle. The bullets fired at the reaction which have strewn the battle-field with the bodies of its slain were cast by the schoolmaster, and if the schoolmaster has been able to work so efficaciously for the benefit of republican institutions, it is because you [the *Ligue de l'Enseignement*], you, the propagandists of secularism (*l'idée laïque*), have caused them to be free in their action and doings;<sup>1</sup> it is because you by your propagandism, by the works with which you have surrounded the schoolroom, and the moral support you have given to this principle, have created for it this atmosphere of independence and of liberty, without which it could not have lived, or at all events, without which, it could not have developed. . . .

I would wish the professors and teachers to be in their teaching not mere instructors, but educators, who make the man out of the child, and teach him not merely dry formulas or rudiments, but can initiate him, foolish prejudices notwithstanding, in the living realities, by teaching him to love life in spite of all the perils and sorrows which it may have in store for him. In this way they will form the true man, the citizen of the true democracy, the man whose brain is not obstructed by preoccupations concerning mysteries and dogmas, the man who sees clearly in front of him, and sees there life such as it is, fair and worthy of being lived, and who will live it. It is in such a man that divinity is indwelling, and if God has hitherto been so often powerless, stumbling, and bent beneath the burdens of life, it is because lying and ignorance have far too long held His endeavours in fetters. It is for us to deliver Him.<sup>2</sup>

There can, at all events, be no question but that these are the authentic words of M. Briand, for not only were they reported at the time by an organ of his own party, but he himself, when challenged in a subsequent debate in the Chambers, both accepted them as his own, and acknowledged that it was the creed and life of the Catholic Church which he had in view when he spoke of "the lies and tyrannies of the Church," and of "brains obstructed by preoccupations

<sup>1</sup> It might have been better had M. Briand explained in what way the *Ligue* had secured this "freedom" for teachers of its own sort, namely, not only by procuring for them State support and State subsidies, but by arbitrarily closing multitudes of Christian schools, and so compelling multitudes of helpless Christian children to sit under the desk of these teachers and its punitive sanctions.

<sup>2</sup> *Le Radical*, August 6, 1906.

concerning mysteries and dogmas." The challenge was given by M. Groussau in the Chamber of Deputies on November 6th, and the episode is sufficiently interesting to be worth quoting at length, illustrating as it does not merely the opinions of M. Briand and of his party, but, in contrast with them, the courteous and conciliatory advocacy of the Catholic deputies.

*M. Groussau.* I finish by drawing a conclusion which is deeply rooted in my mind. It is that the present situation, grave as it is, is but a simple episode in the war against religion (*Interruptions on the Left*). I do not say that it enters into the intentions of all the members of the Government to make war on religion, but I affirm that when M. le Président du Conseil said that religion is not concerned in this debate, he made an assertion which in my opinion is utterly erroneous. . . . M. Briand, you yourself, as Minister of Public Instruction and of Worship, have felt able to pronounce at Angers words which for the Catholics are really cruel. You were taking part in the Congress of the Ligue de l'Enseignement, and you ventured to say that the Republic must be delivered from all the lies and tyrannies of the creeds (*Exclamations on the Right. Applause on the Extreme Left and on several benches on the Left*). Do you consider that such expressions are compatible with what is called respect for beliefs?

*M. Pechadre.* It is respect for the truth.

*M. Briand.* M. Groussau, this incident has nothing to do with the question which occupies us.

*M. Groussau.* How? Nothing to do with it! What were you referring to when you spoke of the lies of the creeds. Were you referring to the Church?

*M. Briand.* I cannot venture to deny it (*Smiles on the Left*).

*M. Groussau.* You do not venture to deny it. That is the answer of the Minister of Worship at this moment in the French Chamber! (*Applause on the Right*). I ask him if, when he spoke of delivering the Republic from the lies of the creeds, he did not refer to the Church, and he says, "I cannot venture to deny it."

*The Marquis de Rosambo.* How can you wish him to deny it when it is self-evident?

*M. Groussau.* Understand then, M. le Ministre, what good ground we have for perceiving that it is religion you are aiming at! (*Very good! very good! on the Right*).

*M. Briand.* You cannot expect of a politician, even of a Minister, that he should abandon his personal opinion (*Very good! very good! on the Left*). All that you have a right to demand is that the Law should not persecute any form of belief.

*M. Charles Dumont.* Just so? Very good.

*M. Briand.* And the law of 1905 is not a law of persecution and tyranny, as you have pretended.

*M. Groussau.* It is very difficult to distinguish between the man and the Minister; and when the Minister confers on himself the right to interfere with the organization of worship, and declares that the lies of the creeds must disappear, one is justified in expecting from this Minister persecution and war.

*M. Briand.* Have you had persecution from me? (*Very well! very well! from the Left*).

*M. Groussau.* When M. le Président du Conseil, in his numerous journeys, has manifested—I do not wish to repeat his words, they are present to the minds of all—sentiments of hatred for the Church (*interruptions on the Left*), there can be no shadow of doubt as to the expression of his sentiments. And there have been on the part of the Government acts which not only do not inspire us with confidence in them,—and the Government, I know, does not require our confidence—but which justify all our present distrust, and at the same time show us with luminous distinctness that it is precisely religion which is aimed at, and that what is desired is to fight against the Church and make her disappear.

*The Marquis de Rosambo.* That is quite natural, for it is the *raison d'être* of the Republic to dechristianize the country. Unfortunately, there are many on our side who do not yet recognize it.

*M. Groussau.* M. Viviani did not fear to say recently—it is true he was not as yet a Minister—that it was of no importance to know whether such and such an association was in schism or not, but that it was enough to know that both sides had a religious belief, and then this belief must be fought against.

*M. Viviani (the Minister of Labour).* I said it at the Tribune, five years ago.

*M. Groussau.* You said it, I know, in a very eloquent speech. But permit me to draw the conclusions. The members of the majority must not maintain that they are not making war against the Church; they are making war against the Church. They have organs that are boasting at every instant that they are engaged in a war against the Church. There is a newspaper which is distinguished for this in quite a special manner, and it declares every day that, as long as there is a Catholic left, the fight must be continued till he disappears. It writes that the Republic—it is its expression—is the enemy of the Church.

*The Marquis de Rosambo.* That is obvious.

*M. Groussau.* The newspaper to which I allude is not merely one that comes first to hand. When the Government was formed it published an article entitled, "Our Collaborators," and it said: "In the late Ministry we had two Ministers as our collaborators, in this we have four." It is fitting then when we quote from *La Lanterne*, that powerful nursery of Ministers, to bear in mind the influence which it exercises in Ministerial quarters. And this is the newspaper which



repeats day by day that the final contest with the Church is more necessary than ever. Is it then this final contest with the Church which you have down on your programme?

Having thus shown that the measures taken against the Church amounted to a religious war for her extinction, M. Groussau went on to suggest the course which, if it were true in spite of appearances that the Ministry wished to be fair and just to the Catholics, they ought to take to relieve the impossible situation they had created.

It should recognize that it has not succeeded in creating an organization for worship which will work in France, that it is time to enter upon a work of pacification . . . and that it must take the Catholics as they are, that is, united with the Bishops and the Pope, and should seek to have an understanding with the Holy See. . . . This is the only policy which can lead to the pacification of the country. Without it you will be forced to fight by arbitrary acts, sometimes by cunning, sometimes by violence, and you will inevitably be reduced to employing means which will profoundly agitate the country. You yourself have said, M. le Ministre des Cultes, that the worst thing that could happen in a country was to unchain religious passions.

Our readers have now before them M. Briand's address at Angers, his subsequent avowal of it in the Chamber of Deputies, and certain facts illustrative of its significance furnished by M. Groussau. They can judge therefore how far M. Briand spoke the language of sincerity when he protested that he had never used words which "by any process of torture" could be made to resemble those imputed to him without warrant. To us, at least, it appears that the phrase "we must get rid of the Christian idea," is but a simple summary of his speech at Angers, and we cannot but think that it is just thus it originated, Amiens being a mistake for Angers. And, unless it be unlawful to assume that this Angers speech stood in some relation of reference to the details of the movement whereby the Ligue de l'Enseignement and the party behind it have carried out their purpose of "liberating the Republic from all the lies and tyrannies of creeds," it does not seem excessive to credit the speaker with having found satisfaction in the thought that his party had "hunted Jesus Christ out of the schools, the university, the hospitals, the refuges, even the prisons and mad-houses."

M. Briand might indeed contend that his Angers speech

proves only that he is anxious for the extinction of Christianity, and is working for it through such agencies as the Ligue de l'Enseignement, but it does not follow that he conceived the Separation Law, or Laws, with that object. It was never suggested, however, that the two spurious statements asserted as much as that, but only that they declared the motives by which his mind was dominated, and that in the light of these, the special character of his legislation, which unmistakably tends to the destruction of the Church, must be interpreted as having been conceived with that object. And that apparently is the conviction of the French Catholics generally, who in consequence profoundly distrust M. Briand's repeated protestations of equitable and conciliatory intentions. They recognize, indeed, the shade of difference between him and admirers of undisguised brutality like M. Combes, M. Buisson, or M. Allard, or even between him and his governmental chief, M. Clemenceau, but they take it to be a difference of method, not of aim, and inspired not by kindlier feelings for the victims, but by a sounder and shrewder estimate of the possibilities of the present situation.

As for ourselves we recognize the difficulty of estimating correctly the personality and motives of a foreign statesman of whom we have no knowledge save through his actions and utterances. To judge, however, from the *data* in the case of M. Briand, we can only say that they easily fall in with the estimate of his character which the French Catholics who do know him have formed. He is indeed profuse in his professions of benevolence, but we cannot be expected to take these at his own valuation. We must test their sincerity by his deeds, and we find invariably that the concessions which he offers as most generous contain within their folds sets-off which practically withdraw what purports to be conceded. This was the vice latent in the anti-hierarchical organization prescribed to the *Associations Cultuelles*,<sup>1</sup> and in the terms of simple use without administrative

<sup>1</sup> See on this point THE MONTH article for January. We may refer also to the luminous speeches of MM. de Las Cases and de Lamarzelle (Senate, Dec. 28th), of M. Brager de la Ville-Moysan (Senate, Jan. 22nd), and especially of M. Piou (Députés, Nov. 12th, since published separately by the Action Libérale Populaire, 7, Rue de Las Cases). As, however, M. Briand still persists in repeating the oft-refuted misrepresentation, we may remind him of his own words, spoken whilst *rapporteur* of the Separation Bill during the late Parliament, and quoted by M. de Lamarzelle on Dec. 28th: "Our preoccupation has been not to leave the faithful tied to the discipline of Rome"; remind him also of the words of his present chief, M. Clemenceau, in an article in the *Aurore* last autumn, and quoted by M. Delafosse

powers on which alone, by his circular of December 1st, 1906, the clergy and people are allowed to continue worshipping in the churches stolen from them; as likewise in the progressive acts of spoliation annexed to his progressive acts of apparent concession. Recently in connection with the Bishops' Declaration of January 30th, M. Briand gave another instance of these catches which render his intentions so suspect to the French Catholics. The Bishops, after their meeting in January, published a Declaration in which, after recording another protest against the injustice which had robbed the Church of its property, and against the supposition that any settlement could be deemed final as long as this property remained unreturned to its owners, or the robbery condoned by the Sovereign Pontiff, declared that, "in order to maintain to the last hour the exercise of public worship in the churches and to defend those sacred places from profanation, so far as depended on themselves," they were prepared to make trial of a mode of organization of public worship which could be brought under the new law of January 2nd, 1907, provided that certain obscurities in its text were satisfactorily explained. What they proposed to do was to invite the *préfets* in the case of the cathedrals, and the *maires* in the case of the communal churches, to grant leases of eighteen years (the limit of time to which their power extended), to the Bishops and *curés* respectively, on terms which would confer on them the full right to administer the churches during that period; but on condition (1) that the lessees should be the Bishops appointed by the Holy See, and the *curés* appointed by the Bishops, for as long as their legitimate tenure of office endured, which tenure should then vest in their legitimate successors according to ecclesiastical law; (2) that leases of this kind should be given everywhere by the civil authorities concerned, and not here and there only. This would seem a fair offer, and one which the civil authorities, if really actuated by conciliatory sentiments, should be ready and glad to accept. And the *maires* have

in the Senate on Nov. 6th: "Why should there be only one *Association Cultuelle* in each parish? Doubtless there will not be more than one at the beginning of the new *régime*, but soon the time will come when they will not be able to avoid the fatal differences which are to be found in men in all countries. These differences the Church has in the past suppressed one after another by violence in the first place and then by the means of State privileges. Liberty will make them spring up again, and the authority of the infallible Pope will suffer cruelly from them. From the rivalry of cultural societies to schism there is but a step."

with few exceptions throughout the country shown a readiness to accept it. But M. Briand in his Circular of February 5th, whilst professing to accept it, tells the *préfets* and *maires* that they must not allow the leases to be so framed as to allow of their transmission from the contracting *curé* to his successors without the latter having to receive in each case of transmission the "adhesion of the *maire*." The clause is obscurely worded and may mean either that the *maire* must in each case be satisfied that the successor who offers himself is the proper person to succeed in accordance with the law of the Church, or that in each case of vacancy the *maire* retains the right to accept or decline the successor offered to him. The second of these meanings was the more probable, as the *Journal des Débats*<sup>1</sup> acknowledges, and we may, perhaps, without doing him an injustice, infer from his fondness for such catches, that this was the sense that he hoped to make prevail. But it was a sense which, if insisted on, would make it impossible for the Bishops to persevere in their offer, for it involved the same vice as did the *Associations Cultuelles*, namely, of setting aside the hierarchical constitution of the Church. And more recently M. Briand has declared that the other sense, to which no objection can be taken, was the one he meant. There is then to this extent a possibility that a *modus vivendi* will be arrived at—for the Chamber, by their vote of February 20th, have ratified M. Briand's policy as against that demanded by the more intransigent section of the Left. And yet even now one can have no confidence that this desirable result will be attained, for M. Briand still continues to haggle and invent fresh conditions which may serve to hamper the administrative liberty of the contracting clergy.

Still the probability is that an agreement will be reached which the Bishops can accept without sacrifice of principle, M. Briand being now under the influence of a change of situation, the gravity of which he had not foreseen. In December, when he first began to apply the Separation Law, he anticipated that the country generally would applaud his action, and the Church collapse under it like a burst bubble. Thus in the debate of December 28th he said self-complacently, that "the principle of separation, together with the circumstances and conditions under which this reform had been voted, were approved with practical unanimity by the citizens

<sup>1</sup> For February 5th.

of France ;" that the Government "had with them the public opinion of the country ;" that "calm and order were complete and absolute, because the Catholics themselves perceived that the Government wished to leave them an entire liberty to practise their religion." Now he is less satisfied with the way in which the people have taken his measures, and he harps rather on the need of pacifying the country, and points to the impracticability of much wanted social legislation until the religious crisis has been terminated by the discovery of a *modus vivendi* for the Church. And no wonder, for as even his advocate in the *Times* is constrained at last to admit,

The large number of the mayors in the provinces who have shown themselves eager for an agreement on the question of the leasing of the churches, furnishes evidence of the growing lassitude at the protracted politico-ecclesiastical conflict. Indeed, all over the country there are unmistakable signs of impatience and of a keen desire to see the last of it. It may fairly be said that the voice of the country clamours for peace, while, on the other hand, the French Episcopate is driven, by the circumstances explained in my recent despatches [?], to try and make the best of the situation. The time for Ministerial squabbles and Parliamentary intrigues, in so far as they are connected with the Church and State trouble, is over, and there is discontent on all sides with the confusion to which they are giving rise.<sup>1</sup>

Let us trust then that an arrangement such as the Bishops find tolerable, may come of the negotiations now going on. Still it will be well to remember that even thus the wounds and losses which have been inflicted by its present persecutors on the Church of that unhappy country will have been but imperfectly repaired. Her ecclesiastical funds are gone, her charitable funds are gone, her seminaries are gone, the exemption of her young Levites from a military service so incompatible with their calling is gone, her Christian schools are mostly gone, and the rest likely to go soon ; nor does it appear that, apart from the mere faculty to hold services in a portion of the sacred buildings stolen from her, much freedom will be left her for the expansion of her life and the continuance of her many forms of benevolent action. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that her present persecutors are but creatures of a day ; a new and still more ferocious set, of the type of MM. Buisson or Allard, may sooner or later take over their portfolios and rob the Church of the few things temporarily

<sup>1</sup> *Times*, Feb. 19th.

secured to her by the coming *modus vivendi*, that is, if it is to come.

We must not, however, speculate now on the prospects of the future, our present task being sufficiently accomplished, which was to furnish some reliable materials with the aid of which our people here may judge whether M. Briand has or has not been misrepresented by those who have regarded him as, notwithstanding his protests to the contrary, a man engaged in a war of extermination against the Christian religion. It has seemed to us that to settle this question is, for English readers, of more importance even than to follow the course and development of the persecution itself. For English readers are not readily persuaded to pay attention to the details of a movement going on in a foreign country, but are apt to judge of the movement as a whole by the personal character of those conducting it, and are easily taken in by professions of fair-minded tolerance, such as M. Briand has indulged in.

S. F. S.

## *Lois.*

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### CHAPTER XL.

#### THE LIGHT IS LEFT BEHIND.

AND now Lois's last hours at Croyde were passing swiftly. To the wood once more, for an hour alone there, and then back to the house. She knew Aloysia was engaged for a little while, and, the gate of the chapel enclosure being open, Lois went up the walk and in at the open porch-door. She had learnt long ago the custom of the bent knee on entering: a custom, she said to herself, which it would be a breach of courtesy to omit. But here, after the yesterday winding up the visit that had given her things to come back to her again and again, she knelt for some minutes. This was the house that Giles and Aloysia and Father Kingdon, whose hearts seemed all full of fire and light and sweetness, loved so much—and not for its beauty, or its associations, or because it represented to them a certain success in aim and in deed; though all these things might have been there. To them there was a Presence.

She knelt, looking towards the curtained tabernacle. No, it meant nothing to her: nothing, nothing, nothing. And she was false to her colours, here luxuriating in this atmosphere of—idolatry. What would Katey think? What could any truthful-hearted person think, but that she was a foolish, emotional person, driven like a straw before whatever wind happened to be blowing?

She would collect her thoughts, gird up the loins of her mind; see all; love the beauty that floated like a veil over these things; but not love them—no—she would love—Truth—or she would love—what?

Here she had come again after ten years. Careless then; letting those things slip from her which had seemed at least to be hers in childhood and girlhood, but which she looked on now—sometimes—as emanations from the dear personalities of

Uncle James and Aunt Esther, and all the environment that had shaped her long ago. And now, what was she? She, who was writing what a Catholic might have written, what Catholics were delighting to read? A free-thinker, she would have called herself; a putter-away of revealed truth; a rejecter of that Jesus whose teaching, she had suffered herself to be told, had destroyed the beauty of the equilibrium of life, with its false ethics of sacrifice, of propitiation, of repression, of reward and punishment.

If she were the owner of Croyde, what would this beautiful chapel be? Would it be any longer the home of a false asceticism, an enslaving superstition? Should it not rather be a place where the people should hear lectures on art, on ethics, on history, on all that would help them in the path to—where? Culture? Music should be heard there: the organ should keep its place; yes; but no *Kyrie eleison* should go forth, and thrill emotional people as it had thrilled even her, with its vain, useless, fruitless, cry; a mere indulgence of emotion; a mere sentimental wail. All should be nobly healthy. There should be taught the delight of life; the joy of existence; the rapture of beauty: or the dignified embrace of fate, the grand and austere acceptance of the inevitable. Lois! Lois! we die to-morrow! But to-day there is around us, around some of us, high thinking, great doing, some of it blent with fanaticism and superstition, yet great as we only as yet know how to count the greatness of things. The air is alive with discovery and invention. Science is day by day revealing what once was hidden, or explaining what of old was mysterious. Listen to what they have said to you, who think they have learned. Art is enlarging her borders; her great eyes are looking before and after and to the right side and the left; her fingers touch now where they feared long ago lest in the touch they should be polluted; her voice can sing of things that once were unsung; for nothing is clean or unclean in itself: all is material for Art, art unfettered by convention, unswathed by prudery, uncrippled by hesitancy. This they have told you, Lois, and you have given it no denial: only you have gone for your inspiration—not there.

Lois, you are a poet! Sing how the life-banquet is great and fair. Let us eat and drink thereof, this etherealized sensuousness, this pride of life; for to-morrow we die! To-morrow we die! Let us go out bravely, having lived the



very fulness of such life as we could live ; having drunk of the river of earth's pleasure. Let us go out, in the darkness, into the darkness unlit by glaring torches, unshone upon by sun or moon or stars ; go out into the quiet, untroubled by restless hope, untortured by morbid fear. Our body to the earth, to repay its old debt, and help in the making of flower and living creature as their kind have helped once in the making of us. That is all. That is all—*all*.

This and the like seemed to Lois the expression of the phase of non-belief which she was trying to make herself think she had accepted as final. And there was no insincerity in this, at least none conscious. But she was shielded from the likelihood of an attempt to carry into action any theory of pleasure like this, by more things than one. Hers was a sheer and absolute ignorance of the side of life we often call euphemistically by a name which is not the one St. John calls it by : and this involved an unconscious hypocrisy in her self-supposed acceptance of it. Again, there was at Lois's heart a tremendous pity for those who had had no fair start ; for the failures ; for the sufferers from the injustice of "Fate." "If I believed in a God," she had said, "I should hate Him with all the hatred I was capable of ; for He would be a monster of injustice, guilty of the favouritism we condemn in men, and the cruelty that we shrink from in them."

Another protection for Lois was that illogicality which God in mercy so often uses to save us from the consequences of thought undisciplined and erratic. If she supposed herself militant against the ideal of sacrifice, she, like Katey, whom she saw giving up time, strength, pleasure, to help, would gladly herself have helped ; helped in the concrete, while she practically raged against the abstract. Katey insisted on the falseness of the ideal of the Cross ; but Katey, with many and many another, had entered into the Valley of Sacrifice. How many are, unknowingly, kissing the blood-stained Footmarks that lead up to Calvary ; the Footmarks which the logic of their position would have led them to scoff at as blurs and blots on the fairness of the ground !

If you had said to some of these, "Suppose it were possible to give the world the ideal of self-development instead of the ideal of sacrifice, and you were the ones to decide the matter, which would be given?" they would unhesitatingly have answered, "Self-development ! It is the truer, the more natural,

therefore the more right!" But if it had been a question of leaving out one little bit of human kindness or thoughtful courtesy, to say nothing of the vaster givings-up for the sake of self-development, the old belief, written so large and red on the heart of Christendom that nothing can efface it, would have triumphed without a struggle.

God be praised that we are illogical!

When Aloysia came to look for Lois, Lois was weeping as she had not wept for many a year.

The Egertons had asked Lois if she could not arrange to stay longer with them; they would be so glad if their cousin could do some work there; she should be quite undisturbed. And now Aloysia said, when Lois had come into the house with her, "Lois, won't you come again, and stay with us for a longer visit? Do! We are kinsfolk. We won't let you be worried in any way."

"No, no, Aloysia. You are very good to me, and I love you already; but I cannot stay with you. You don't know how I feel about the things that are sacred to you. You have been all that is kind, you and your father. You have said no word of controversy; you have only been what you are, something too beautiful for me to bear; something it seems to hurt me to be with. Dear Aloysia, you look so grieved—you don't know, you don't know what it means to believe nothing—literally to be without any hope, any faith."

Aloysia drew her into the library, and sat down with Lois's head on her breast. The arms of Lois's own kin were around her, and she felt them as such.

"Dear—cousin,—Lois, let me send your friend a telegram to say you will not return to-day, and stay just a little while. I think we could help you, if you would let us try."

"You could not help me, and I should only be drawn into insincerity, which you, who are truth itself, would hate. I think I have been wrong to stay. I see symbols all around of what is to me a hopelessly wrong belief. All belief seems wrong: and sometimes all unbelief too. O Aloysia, it must be dreadful to you to hear me say these things. It must sound to you like blasphemy. You know nothing of it."

"Dear, I am so sorry, oh, so sorry. No, I do not, thank God, know this by any actual experience, but unbelief has come to more than one whom I have known. And, Lois, more than

one has gained a greater hope and a larger faith when he has come out of it. There are two men now, both of whom are dear to us, and one of whom is near both in friendship and by blood. The one has come back to the Faith after years of semi-unbelief and slackened grasp—almost letting go: and the other, who was for some time a free-thinker, and who even preached against the Faith, now loves it—I think he loves as St. Mary Magdalene did, the much-forgiven one who loved much. And both these friends will one day, as we trust, set forth the Faith as priests and preachers. You may have heard in London of my cousin, Ralph Comyn."

"Oh, Aloysia! I knew him!"

And Aloysia guessed something of the rest, and suffered for Ralph as for herself; and for Lois too.

Then it was time for Lois to go.

"You won't forget your cousins?" said Mr. Egerton, as he said good-bye to her.

"No, indeed, I won't."

And Aloysia said, just before they parted at the door of the *coupe* in which Lois was alone, "You will let us hear of you sometimes, Lois? Ah, you will not say. I think we shall meet again. Good-bye, God bless you, Cousin Lois."

And Lois's heart said *Amen* if indeed her lips were closed.

Immediately after Lois's departure, Giles Egerton sent for his lawyer, and made a codicil to his will, under which his cousin, Lois Moore, would, at his death, receive an annuity. He knew that it well might have been, had Philip not died intestate, that Lois Moore would have been the owner of Croyde. And, in any case, her kinship to him and his child gave her, he thought, a claim on him which ought to be acknowledged, all the more that, from what she had told Aloysia, he gathered that she had no income except what she could make, independently of Katey Stuart.

"And Miss Stuart is nothing to her, and we are."

Aloysia was glad.

And, beside the relationship, the look that was in her face, the kind of likeness to his child, drew Giles with a certain affection to his kinswoman.

The ring had been given to Lois, and she had taken Mr. Egerton's hand and placed it upon it. "It is yours, you

know, Mr. Egerton—Cousin Giles. It would be to me only a little relic, but it is a part of your belongings, as it were."

So Giles kept the ring. It came back to Lois one day, doubly a relic.

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## CHAPTER XLI.

### AMELIORATORS.

KATEY STUART met Lois at her terminus, and they drove home together, talking very little—they both disliked talking in cabs and omnibuses—but very glad to see each other.

Latterly they had been a good deal apart. Lois had liked best to work at the Surrey cottage, and Katey had been more and more absorbed in work and thought of various kinds. Much of this she talked over with Lois when they were together. But among the numerous little Societies and Brotherhoods and Confraternities and Associations for the higher, or at least the unconventional thinking, and the plainer, or at least the unaccustomed living, to which Katey belonged, was one which, by tacit consent, was never mentioned between her and Lois. Katey saw that, however else Lois might be shaken, there was one ground on which she would stand firm, one sacredness that for her would always be untouched.

This Society had been formed by some who were discussing, at first with hushed voices, afterwards with louder ones, the question of the relations of men and women to each other as men and women. The grounds on which most of these people argued were those of "nature," "society," "expediency." No reference was in any way made to the sixth commandment, either in its letter or in its spirit. "What is best?" "What is needed for me?" "What is expedient for society?" Lois recoiled from this. It was unbearable to her. Whatever kept her away, the atmosphere she had been brought up in, the instinct of modesty, the hand of her guardian angel, the chastity of her nature—whatever it was, she would have none of this. Women good and sweet and noble entered into these questions; better, sweeter, nobler than she, perhaps: but she did not, for she could not. Women debated them with men, young women with young men, unripe and ignorant with unripe and ignorant. And some older people joined in: more than one voice had been raised to preach the doctrine that marriage should be

considered a civil contract, terminable at pleasure, and was heard at this "Brotherhood of the Ameliorators."

There was gravity and earnestness; there was sometimes lightness and flippancy. And the debates went on. Some, many of the debaters, wanted to know what was best: they would have been willing to deny themselves pleasure if they saw it was not for the best. And others, knowing their own tendency to self-indulgence, wished to have set upon it the seal of social approval.

Hugh Carson had started the Brotherhood. He wanted the basis of social life thoroughly examined, and altered if found lacking. He wanted thoughtful people to talk over these matters and compare notes with one another, quietly, unobtrusively. Then, later on, they might give serious help in the great upheaval which he was sure would come, must come, ought to come.

Katey Stuart loved Hugh Carson for a long time without knowing that she loved him. They called each other "Comrade," and Hugh and Katey and Lois all three for some time thought that the relation between Katey and Hugh was the same as the relation between Katey and Lois, and between Lois and Hugh. After a time, only one of the three supposed this. It was Lois. Hugh had made a mistake when he still was a mere lad: he had married a woman whom a few weeks' post-nuptial experience proved, as he thought, to be indeed unmeet to be with him. The gap between them widened, and at last they separated by mutual consent. They had not worked for the finding of sympathies, but had continually dwelt upon differences. And Hugh then threw himself into preaching some sort of a gospel, working among men in the slums. His gospel was a kind of Socialism that often implied Christian principle, though professedly in antagonism to Christianity, for all that is noble in Socialism is simply the essence of the teaching of the One Man who died for the people: but the men to whom he preached it heard it through a medium gross with class prejudice, the offspring of those years of wrong social conditions which will one day be realized as the outcome of the cataclysm of the sixteenth century. Hugh Carson, like others, looked back to the Middle Ages, with their guilds and their relation between craftsman and craft, artist and art, man and man. But like these others, he harked back without the faintest realization of the meaning of that relation, with its roots in the great society where is the meeting of man with man, because of the taking

of Manhood into God. Even the one Holy Catholic Apostolic Church.

Lois had yet to learn that something had happened which was to bring about a great and terrible sorrow ; a sorrow that seemed greater than she could bear.

A little while back Katey had learned that Hugh loved her ; that Hugh wanted her to be openly as his wife.

It was no shock to her. She was sure, she said to herself, that those who love each other truly are husband and wife, as those cannot be who do not ; yes, she went on repeating this over and over again. Do we say over and over what we are quite, quite sure about ? Say over and over that on which no shadow of a doubt has ever rested ?

Sometimes, yes. Hardly, I think, in a case like this. But now it was put before her—the choice to live thus in the eyes of all. What would it mean to them both ? Hugh said they could go hand in hand and do work together such as they never could do if they kept separate. And Katey listened. Then Hugh told her he knew there would be things to face ; worse for her than for him ; always the woman has the heavier burden, he said. That is true : does it come out of the woman's having the greater love ? She would, of course, bear his name ; but they must be prepared for questions, doubts. She would have to face the almost certainty of suffering what, for instance, a great woman-writer had to suffer.

Could she bear this ? Not for his sake merely, but for the sake of a great principle ; the principle that men and women are not to be slaves to mistakes ; the principle that no life is to be sacrificed to the fetish of an inherited superstition enforcing outward obedience to a certain code ; frequently at the cost of bringing rottenness into the life of the victim, the rottenness of untruth, of rejection of the false bond while seeming to submit to it ; perhaps even worse, the taking of absolute license where liberty had been denied. And Katey refused. She refused, as she told Hugh, for Lois's sake. She had won Lois's love ; she had brought her to make her home with her. She could not bring this pain to her. He did not know what Lois was. He did not know what this would mean to her. "I love you, Hugh, but Lois is mine ; she loves me, she trusts me."

"Katey, this is madness. Who ever heard of two women being celibates for each other's sake ? Do you suppose for one

moment that Miss Moore would for your sake refuse to marry, if she wished to do so?"

"No. But this is not a case of marriage. If we could marry, Hugh, and you could give me the right to bear your name, it would be a different thing. Then Lois could live with us, your sister as well as mine. But not for one moment could I bring her to such a home as ours must be. Remember, Hugh, I do not think it would be wrong for us to do it. I think that freedom is the most sacred thing, and that we should show that we think it so."

"Then why not show it?"

"I have told you, dear Hugh. I made the bond with Lois long before I knew you; and I will keep it. Let us be friends—comrades—lovers."

"More than that!" said Hugh. "Katey, if you loved me, you could not set Lois against your love for me. It would be impossible. Let it be then as it has been."

Katey had kept the secret of this love from Lois. It would have been far more difficult to do so, but for the fact that they had been so much apart lately: Katey mostly in town, Lois a great deal in the country. It was a burden to her, the secrecy, a thing she naturally hated. But one thing was clear to her; Lois must never know.

Hugh wrote to Katey; a long letter in which he strongly urged her to think the matter over. They loved each other: they could show a noble example. They could work together. Difficulties would soon be lived down. And Miss Moore would see that she must not stand between Katey and her happiness in her life and in her work. "For you will be happy, Katey; I will make you happy, my dearest. You are not the only woman I have ever cared about, but you are the one woman I have greatly and entirely loved. Trust Miss Moore, Katey. I indeed would not have you untrue to your friendship, but I think you are making a great mistake, and spoiling life and work, or at least injuring it, for the sake of an entirely quixotic idea of faithfulness. Miss Moore is too noble to allow you to sacrifice yourself. There is that between us, beloved, that cannot be ignored. We belong to each other." Much more of this. And Katey had slipped at the edge of the gulf; but she was clinging to its side, just held up by her love for Lois, by her loyalty to the friendship between them.

Katey met Lois at the station, and they drove home together.

Lois was glad to see Katey, and glad to feel her comfortable presence in the cab as they drove home. And after dinner, Katey put her on the sofa, and sat down close by her, and made her tell about Croyde, and the cousins, and the beautiful village, and the beautiful work.

And Katey liked the lace Lois had brought her, and the afternoon tea-cloth, and purred over them.

There was something in her manner that Lois felt as different from usual, a graver tenderness, a sweeter kindness ; a something as of a mother's affection to her little child ; her little tired child. For Lois was very, very tired.

A sort of feverishness clung about her for a few days, and she could not work. Katey took her down to Surrey and stayed with her until she was well, and promised that if Lois did not come up to London, she would come again on the Saturday, and stay the week-end.

"It speaks ill for the Croyde air, Lois," said Katey, the day before she was to return to London, "that you should come back so done up."

"Katey, the Croyde air is perfect, and my cousins are perfect too, I think !"

"You little emotional idolater ! The idea ! I don't believe they're a bit better than other people—only they have a pretty, graceful, artistic sort of religion which captivates my Lois. We shall see her a Catholic one day !"

"Oh, no, Katey, never, never !"

"Talking of Catholics," said Katey, "it was very funny what I heard to-day. It was in the train. I often hear funny things in the train. There were two men talking—very respectable-looking men ; I suppose they may have been clerks or shopmen, but not belonging to a big concern—third-rate, whatever you like to call it. They were discussing a letter—an Australian letter from some one called Jo, and the one who had the letter said, 'Jo says he saw a grand Corpus Christi procession.' The other said, 'Who was Corpus Christi ?' And wisdom's reply was, 'Oh, a great man among the Roman Catholics.'"

They laughed heartily together, and then Katey said, "Lois, my darling, if ever you want to be a Catholic, you won't be afraid to tell me, will you ?"

"I shall never want to be that *all round*, Katey. But why do you say this ?"

"Because, my dear one, I think you are just one of the



people who don't seem as if they could be themselves without some kind of faith that they can definitely hold. I don't think free thought is good for you, Lois ; and I sometimes feel as if I had been wrong in doing so much to upset your faith."

"If my faith was not a real thing, it was better it should be upset. You love me, Katey, don't you?"

"I would die for you, Lois."

"Oh, thank you, thank you. Katey, you have been very, very good to me."

"Lois, don't you remember in *Le Roi s'amuse*, when the Court jester's daughter says to him, '*Comme vous êtes bon,*' he says, '*Non, Je t'aime, voilà tout.*'"

"O Katey, dear Katey!" And Lois nestled closer to her.

The next day Katey left her. Two days afterwards there came a letter to Lois.

EMILY HICKEY.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **The Doctrine of Intention.**

THE methods of anti-Catholic controversialists are, as we well know, not scrupulously nice, but we have seldom met with anything so discreditable and dishonest as a leaflet now circulating, with no name of printer or publisher, but an appended notice that whoever wills has the author's permission to reprint his effusion in its completeness.

This leaflet purports to exhibit "The Doctrine of Intention as held by the Roman Catholic Church," with the added query, "Am I really a Catholic?" It is as a Catholic that the writer professes to speak, but in fact, he does but expand the argument of that unscrupulous controversialist, Dr. F. Littledale, as exhibited in his *Plain reasons against joining the Church of Rome* (§ X.), and the manifest purpose is to show that owing to what he represents as the doctrine of the Church on this subject, no man can be sure that he really *is* a Catholic, and that Protestants are therefore in far better case, inasmuch as their doctrine of salvation by Faith alone, whatever be its objective worth, at least secures them peace of mind, which for Catholics is impossible. He winds up his case thus :

For anything that can be proved to the contrary, one half of our bishops and priests are still laymen ; and the awful misery of it is that the faithful cannot discover who they are. Oh, what a sandy foundation we are all building upon ! When I think of this wretched state of things I am almost driven to become a Protestant, although my Church has taught me to hate the very name. I am afraid I shall turn infidel and believe nothing at all.

The reason alleged for this hopeless state of uncertainty is the impossibility of knowing whether bishops are really bishops, or priests really priests, inasmuch as we can have no certainty that those who consecrated or ordained them had the right intention, failing which no Orders would be conferred.

What the requisite intention is, however, our critic entirely misapprehends, or at any rate misrepresents. He supports his contention, for instance, by so childish an argument as the following :

Any priest whilst performing his sacred office may have a sudden seizure of lumbago, rheumatism, gout, toothache, neuralgia, or any other painful affection, which would almost necessarily divert his attention and fix it upon the seat of pain, in which case the words of the office may be correctly repeated, but the necessary *intention* would be absent, and invalidity result.

From which it would appear that the writer does not understand the difference between *attention* and *intention*. It might as well be argued that a traveller proceeding on business from London to Dublin has no intention of transacting that business, because the pangs of sea-sickness in the crossing make him forget everything else.

In another illustration he supplies clear evidence that he is attempting to sail under false colours.

A priest [he writes] may fall off his bicycle without the intention, but how he can take a child into his arms for holy baptism, or the host in his fingers at the blessed eucharist without the intention of doing so, is more than most people can comprehend.

He should have made himself better acquainted with the language he undertakes to speak. Catholic priests do *not* take children into their arms when they baptize, but, on the other hand, Protestant ministers *do*. No Catholic would use, or indeed understand, such a phrase as "at the blessed eucharist." What seems to be meant is, "at the Consecration."

As to the whole argument set forth to prove that Catholics can have no assurance of the Apostolic succession of their clergy, or the validity of their sacraments, it is of course a very old one, which has been urged, amongst others, by Chillingworth and Macaulay, and effectively answered by Newman.<sup>1</sup> It is, says the Cardinal, the authority of the living Church that assures her children that her ministers and sacraments are what they claim to be ; and the Church they know to be God's representative, speaking in His name, and sustained by His omnipotence, because of her Notes which proclaim her "the creation of God and the representative and home of Christianity."

Nor [he continues] is the Apostolic descent of her priests the direct warrant of their power in the eyes of the faithful ; their warrant is her

<sup>1</sup> *Essays Critical and Historical*, vol. ii. Note on Essay ix.

immediate, present, living authority ; it is the word of the Church which marks them out as the ministers of God, not any historical or antiquarian research, or genealogical table ; and while she is most cautious and jealous that they should be ordained aright, yet it is sufficient in proof of their ordination that they belong to her.

It is this neglected element of God's Providence, abiding continually with His Church, which leads those who do not know her as she is, so to travesty the Catholic position as does our author.

J. G.

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“*Mass.*”

It is generally agreed that the etymology of *Missa*, whence our *Mass*, is no longer matter for dispute, and it is here assumed.

The controversy has however been revived lately in the *Examiner* (edited at Bombay, by Father E. Hull, S.J.),<sup>1</sup> and, in place of the ordinary derivation, with characteristic light-heartedness, the opponents of tradition have offered at least five others, in no way inter-connected, but apparently of equal credentials as the parent word of *Mass*.

Mensa, mess, *μᾶζα*, missah (Hebrew : = “sacrifice” ; *sic*), and Persian Mizd—“a round wafer eaten in the Mithraic cult,” are all suggested.

Each of these words had a distinct history. The Sanscrit root MAK' gave *μακ* and *μαγ*, &c., in Greek, from the first of which is derived *μάσσω*, to knead ; from the second, *μᾶζα*, a kneaded thing, afterwards specified as coarse (often barley-) bread. The word never developed further, even in proverbs, and had nothing to do with the Latin *mensa*, which is from the Sanscrit root MA, whence also *metiri*, &c., the idea contained in it being measure. No doubt, from this word came also the German Messen, to measure ; Messer, knife ; Masse, bulk, &c., but never our Mess : this Murray (fascic = Mesne—Misbirth) derives from the past participle of *mitto*, to send, which in Low Latin came to mean “to put” ; French *mets*, = viands ; Italian *messò*, a course of a repast. Here we find the closest connection between Mass and Mess. They are sister words, if you will, but are not to be identified ; they are not even twins.

Again, it seems absolutely safe to say that, according to the highest authorities, the statement that Missah means “sacrifice” can only be due to a mis-rendering of the form Missath in

<sup>1</sup> See numbers of Nov. 10, 1906 ; Jan. 5, 1907.

Deut. xvi. 10, which certainly does not mean "sacrifice," and almost certainly is rightly translated in the R.V. margin (though not in the text or Vulgate), which implies that the root idea of the word is "sufficiency," or "enough." The only reason for hesitation is that the word is a *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον*, and the derivation rather obscure, though never suggesting "sacrifice."

As for the Mithraic "Mizd" (to be identified with the Pehlevi Mazd or Myazd), we are enabled by the courtesy of Dr. D. S. Margoliouth, Laudian Professor of Arabic at Oxford, who gives references to West,<sup>1</sup> to assert that the word definitely means "feast," and not "cake" (or wafer) for which another word is used: indeed, "it rather signifies 'festival' than 'feast.' I suppose it to be identical with the modern Persian *Mayazd* or *Mayzad*, translated 'compotatio,' 'vinum,' 'epulae.'" "Without historical evidence," concludes Dr. Margoliouth, "of the 'Mass' having begun in Persia, I should think the derivation of the Latin Missa from it might be regarded as wholly unscientific."

Sir E. Cox, who offered the derivations quoted in the *Examiner*, seems to give no references. I find, however, an allusion to the *Myazd* or *Myazda* in Mr. J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*, p. 335, and to *mizd*="sacred cake," on p. 352; in the note *ib.*, *μᾶζα* is suggested. We are, however, sent to the same author's *Short History of Christianity*, pp. 237—9, for a treatment of the ordinary etymology. This, we there learn, is "from the formula of dismissal, *Ite missio* (sic) *est*." But<sup>2</sup> we also hear that name and thing are alike pagan; of older date than Gregory the Great, we are told, is "the administration of the bread in the form of a wafer, this being admittedly an imitation either of the ancient pagan usage of consecrating and eating small round cakes in the worship of many deities, or of the Jewish unleavened bread of the Passover. It may indeed have come through Manicheism, which at this point followed Mazdæan usage; and as the Manicheans also had the usage of bread without wine, it may be that both practices came from them in the mediæval period. But as the priestly practice of turning round at the altar (?) was taken direct from ancient paganism, with the practice of shaving the head, it is likely that the wafer was also." The pleasant passage about the priest at the altar shall not entice us to do more than point out that, within some dozen lines, the wafer dates from before Gregory

<sup>1</sup> *Pehlevi Texts*, Part i. pp. 346, 388, &c.; Part iii. p. 273.

<sup>2</sup> P. 238.

the Great, but may equally be of mediæval introduction. It is *admittedly* pagan or Jewish (there is presumably some difference of value in these alternative origins?), but *may* be Manichean; and again it is *likely* to be pagan.

But Mr. Robertson bases himself upon Mr. C. W. King,<sup>1</sup> "The Bread used [in the Mithraic sacrifice] was a round cake . . . called Mizd. In this name Seel discovers the origin of Missa . . . the Bloodless Sacrifice of Mithra, assuming that this Mizd was the prototype of the Host (*hostia*), which is precisely of the same shape."<sup>2</sup> Mr. King also<sup>3</sup> rejects the derivation of *missa* from *mitto*, because, "according to the rule in all such cases, the *object* sacrificed gives its name to the ceremony, rather than a phrase for the ceremony itself, and this object had from time immemorial gone by the name of *hostia* or 'victim'" Amongst whom? The Jews? The Christians of the fourth century? And in the earliest, pre-republican ceremonies of Rome, an extremely small number of names have anything to do with the *object* sacrificed, very many with the god or *intention* or of the sacrifice, several precisely with the ceremony itself, *e.g.*, Tubilustrium, Armilustrium, Poplifugia, probably Agonia, Feralia, and very likely others. Exactly the same holds for the Greek festivals: Thesmophoria, Skirophoria, Oschophoria, Panathenaia, and many others. In fact, a name like Bouphonia appears unique. And Mr. King himself gives us an instance, when he immediately reminds us that the

early Christians were quite as partial as the Gnostics to the naturalizing of the Hebrew terms . . . thus the old Covenant went amongst them by the name of Phase, for example, *In hoc festo novi Regis | novum pascha novae legis | vetus Phase terminat.*

It would be unkind to comment on the quotation of a thirteenth century hymn as an illustration of the ways of the early Christians; but we may point out that unless *Pascha* is to mean "cake" or "sacrifice," and not a "skipping over," we have here a considerable exception to the rule that the *victim* should name the ceremony.

It is unfortunate that Mr. King should rely so much on Seel's *Mithrasgeheimnisse*, &c., (published 1823, before any scientific study of Mithraism really existed) of which M. Cumont, the

<sup>1</sup> *Gnostics*, Second Edition, 1887, p. 124.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, circular. But already on the altar at Sant' Ambrogio at Milan the hosts are flat. The Mithraic cakes (Cumont, *Textes et Monuments*, &c., i. fig. 10) were thick and domed.

<sup>3</sup> p. 125.

well-known Catholic professor at Gand, and the acknowledged authority on this subject, says:<sup>1</sup> "Seel expose sa propre opinion: c'est une suite de rêveries fantastiques." His notes, again, are "la plupart sans valeur."

So much would not have been said of works largely discredited to-day as to method and conclusions, were it not for the undoubted erudition of their authors, and for the fact that it is on them the enormous rationalist press of this country battens. But we are far from dissociating our sympathies from the scientific study of religions, in which, as in most other methods, potentiality of good and evil so varies as to enable us to judge of the one by what we know of the other. That the conclusions of this study are as yet usually tentative and hypothetical, we count to its honour. That they are often false and sometimes even ridiculous shall not make us despise it.

C. C. M.

### Eclipses in the Middle Ages.

In our last issue we had occasion to make some remarks on the astounding notion, gravely advanced by Professor Draper, that Pope Calixtus III., and his contemporaries of the fifteenth century, were so grossly ignorant and superstitious as to imagine that in an eclipse the sun or moon was threatened with extinction by some monster, which could be scared away by shoutings, the ringing of bells, and other clangour. The fact that an idea so absurd can be published by an author whose book is included in the *International Scientific Series*, makes it perhaps worth while to add something more on the subject.

That in the earlier ages of Christianity the practice of making a hubbub during eclipses largely prevailed amongst various peoples, there can be no doubt. It is no less certain that this was inherited from paganism, and that the pastors of the Church consistently condemned it, as strongly as the most ardent "scientist" could desire.

In the fifth century we find Maximus of Turin vehemently inveighing against the custom as senseless and superstitious,<sup>2</sup> and in the seventh to the same effect speaks St. Eligius,<sup>3</sup> whose name is familiar on account of the time-honoured calumny against his teaching so ruthlessly exposed by Cardinal Newman in his *Present Position of Catholics*.

<sup>1</sup> Op. cit. i. p. xxv.

<sup>2</sup> Migne, *PP. Latini*, lvii. 487.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* lxxxvii. 528.

Still more instructive is the evidence of Rabanus Maurus in the ninth century. In a homily replete with indignation, not untinged with humour,<sup>1</sup> he upbraids his flock for what had recently occurred. A few days previously, at nightfall, whilst quietly at home, he had of a sudden heard such screaming and screeching as made the welkin ring. Enquiring the reason, he was told that an eclipse of the moon was in progress and people were succouring her in her distress. Though constrained to laugh at such an explanation, he could not but marvel at the folly thus displayed. Next day he learned that even greater absurdities had been committed. There had been braying of horns, as if calling to war, and grunting of swine. Some had hurled darts and shot arrows, or cast burning brands, towards heaven, declaring that some monster was devouring the moon. Some had hacked down hedges with their weapons, or smashed their domestic crockery, all by way of helping the moon! What folly is this! Does God need our assistance to carry on His creation? Do we think that we can render assistance to the heavenly bodies, wretched children of earth who can scarcely manage to subsist ourselves? All this is but a relic of paganism, of which Christians should be ashamed. That there may be no excuse for such absurdities in future, let them understand that there are no monsters or portents at all in question. Eclipses are purely natural phenomena, which are bound to occur. The sun is eclipsed when the moon gets between it and our earth, which its rays consequently cannot reach; and the moon is eclipsed when the light of the sun, by which it shines, is shut off by the shadow of the earth, which can only be when she is at the full, and therefore has our globe between her and the sun. Let there, accordingly, be no more of this nonsense, but leave the Creator to manage His own universe.

Such was the teaching delivered to the people of Mayence, more than six centuries before the days of Calixtus III. Professor Draper himself could hardly have explained things better.

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* cx, 78. It is remarkable that all three writers speak of eclipses of the moon only as eliciting these demonstrations.



**Catholics and Anthropology.**

It is gratifying to find Catholic experts taking up with so much zeal the study of so important a subject as Anthropology.

In connection with this a new Catholic periodical has been launched, and has set out on its first voyage—*Anthropos*, an international review on Ethnology and Linguistics, comparable perhaps to *Man*, the publication of our Anthropological Institute.

In the first number there is an excellent article by Mgr. Alexandre Le Roy, entitled "Le rôle scientifique de Missionnaires," setting forth the aim of the periodical, which is to induce Catholic missionaries in all parts of the world to use the excellent opportunities they enjoy of combining really useful scientific research with their missionary labours. This first number also contains a most interesting article on "The Religious Rites and Customs of the Iban, or Dyaks, of Sarawak." Written by a Dyak, Leo Nyuak, it is translated by Father Edmund Wynne, Prefect Apostolic of Labuan and North Borneo, who prefaces his translation by a general account of the religious customs and beliefs of the Dyaks. The Dyaks are a race inhabiting the country on the west coast of Borneo. The tenets of their religion are somewhat similar to those of Manichæism; they attribute the good and evil that come upon them to the influence of distinct good and evil gods or spirits.

Their version of the Creation and Deluge has many traits of similarity with the account in Genesis. As a punishment for the act of one of their race who had killed and eaten of a "spirit" serpent, which was devouring their crops, a deluge of rain fell for many days, till the plains and smaller hills were submerged, and those only escaped destruction who were able to reach the summits of the highest mountains.

The article is of more scientific value from the fact that Father Wynne has placed the account in the original Dyak in parallel columns with his translation. We look forward to a further chapter of this interesting sketch.

The international character of *Anthropos* is certainly brought out in a strong light, for besides the above-mentioned article in Dyak, we find contributions in French, German, Italian, and Spanish on various subjects. Thus there is a description, by Father Völling, of the different modes of wearing the hair in vogue among the Chinese. Another article, by Father

Witte, describes two forms of song employed by the Ewhe blacks of West Africa. The songs, of which he gives several examples, are extremely simple, and are perhaps rather refrains than songs in our ordinary use of the term. But their simplicity is combined with great charm. This account also is to be continued in the next number of *Anthropos*. Assuredly the publication gives promise of good work to be done by Catholic anthropologists.

Anthropology is a science of extreme importance at the present day, especially in connection with the question of evolution. Moreover, it is a science that is in its infancy; indeed, as Mr. Andrew Lang has justly said, "it is scarcely a science, but only a skirmishing advance" towards the true solution of problems concerning man. There is need, therefore, of Catholic specialists, who may take up the subject and strive to check hasty theories which are exploited in the name of the science of Anthropology, and in the interests of unbelief. Wherever civilization has penetrated, and indeed in many places not yet under the influence of civilization, Catholic missionaries are to be found. For this reason the Catholic Church enjoys opportunities for research in Anthropology unrivalled by those of any other body of men.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that for some time past there has existed at Stonyhurst an Anthropological bureau, which has collected material from all parts of the world, for publication in various leading Anthropological periodicals.

G. W.

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#### **"Latest Intelligence."**

"Princess Trixie" has suddenly risen into fame. She is an intelligent young mare, and is causing quite a sensation in London with her intellectual feats. She cannot, however, claim to be the cleverest of her kind. "Clever Hans"—a Berlin horse—for a long time baffled even his own trainer. In the end, however, he was found out and run to earth by that most infallible of all agencies—a special commission.

His master, Herr von Ostern, caught him one day in the act of lifting the lid of a vessel, and at once recognized true genius. With a considerable amount of difficulty Hans was persuaded to do it again; and a carrot was the reward. Four years of training and carrots followed, at the end of which time "Clever Hans" made his first bow to the public. He soon created a sensation. He could read from the blackboard, do simple sums

in arithmetic, solve problems which he had never seen before, —taking due time for consideration when necessary.

One German psychologist presented him with a circle and asked how many corners it had. But Hans was not to be taken in: he solemnly shook his head. The next question was, "How many sides has it?" "One," answered Hans. Was he right? Perhaps this question was too hard even for "Clever Hans." Such tricks exhibited daily soon brought about a special commission. They decided in the end that Hans had no intellect. But for a time they were nonplussed. On several occasions before his examination "Clever Hans" had put his foot in it. A gentleman showed him his watch and asked what time it was? It was eleven o'clock. Hans "pawed out" eleven. Unfortunately he never looked at the watch. Fourteen boys were sitting on a wall outside the stable. Hans was asked how many there were. He answered "fourteen," but did not look out of the window. These and similar cases led the commissioners to think that "Clever Hans" was clever in reading his trainer's face. The trainer was therefore excluded, and the examination proceeded with. Hans still gave his answers correctly, yet when he was blindfolded he could do nothing. Then one of the commissioners got a happy thought;—even a special commissioner can get a happy thought. Standing in front of the horse's head, he gave him a simple sum in arithmetic, and meanwhile thought of a number which was not the correct answer. Hans pawed out the number the questioner was thinking of.

Frequent repetitions led to the same result. Here was the solution. Hans was endowed with extraordinary powers of perception. He could see movements of the face which nobody else could see, and he had learnt to "paw" until he read "stop" in the questioner's face. To have exceptionally keen sight, and to have learnt by dint of carrots that a certain look meant "start pawing," and another "stop pawing," needed no intelligence. The commissioners considered that with such a wonderful power of perception the least grain of intellect would have been clearly manifested, and that "Clever Hans" had none whatever. This was the last of "Clever Hans." We have heard no more of him. A similar explanation may very well be true of "Princess Trixie," though some recent writers to the Press would seem to favour a more prosaic and less interesting explanation. They are inclined to suppose that the animal merely thinks.

J. S.

## Reviews.

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### I.—LAWS OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.<sup>1</sup>

THIS new volume of Father Maturin's is a book which may unhesitatingly be commended for the reading of all classes of persons. In form it has taken the shape of a series of eight conferences upon the Beatitudes, with an introductory conference upon the principles embodied in this code of supernatural wisdom. Like the late Professor Henry Drummond, Father Maturin believes in the existence of "natural law in the spiritual world," and readers acquainted with the older work will find an additional interest in comparing and contrasting the methods of treatment adopted by the Catholic priest and the Nonconformist professor of science. Even from the point of view of *verve* and literary presentment, Father Maturin's work does not suffer from the comparison; and in its spiritual and practical character it need not be said that a Catholic reader will find it immeasurably superior. The book before us will not be the less acceptable because it is in a remarkable degree characteristic of its author. Those who are at all familiar with Father Maturin's addresses, will over and over again fancy that they hear him saying the words which seem to take voice and intonation as they stand out from the page before us. Probably the best commendation we could offer of the many good things contained in this book would be to quote from it generously. Unfortunately, however, Father Maturin, more than most writers, obtains his best effects, not from isolated utterances, but from the gradual working out of a train of thought or the building up of an idea. His work cannot, therefore, be fairly represented by any short paragraph torn from its context. Hampered as we are by considerations of brevity, we are forced to select almost at random such a passage as the following:

In human relations there is nothing like suffering to show us who are our friends. Some whom we trusted depart and leave us, from others of whom we expected nothing, we get much. It is an experience worth a good deal of suffering to learn the unexpected kindness it draws forth. To many it has been a revelation. It has shown us a gentleness and sympathy in people in whom we least expected to

<sup>1</sup> *Laws of the Spiritual Life.* By B. W. Maturin. London: Longmans, 1907.

find it. Many a man who has had the character of being hard and inconsiderate has, in presence of suffering, revealed himself almost like a different being. There are children who have never known their parents, wives who have never known their husband till suffering came and broke through the reserve that concealed a deep and rich side of their nature, and they might have lived and died without ever disclosing it, if suffering had not come and forced them to reveal it.

Like many another striking passage in the volume before us, this quotation at least shows that the writer has comprehension for and sympathy with the deeper currents of human feeling. He is a guide into whose hands we can safely trust ourselves when sorrow blights or temptations assail.

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2.—SOME EPISODES OF IRISH HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

The lectures contained in this volume cover one of the most troublous and saddest epochs in the annals of the Sister Isle. The Plantation of Ulster is dealt with by the Rev. S. A. Cox, M.A. of T.C.D.; Strafford, by Philip Wilson, M.A.; "1641" (the year of rebellion), by Arthur Houston, K.C., LL.D.; The Confederation of Kilkenny, by Dr. Donelan, M. Ch., M.B. The picture drawn throughout is a sickening and shameful one, and in view of what Lord Macaulay rightly termed the "frantic misgovernment" to which Ireland was so long and so persistently subjected, it would be wonderful indeed if even a people with shorter memories than those of the Celtic race had not inherited a legacy of hate. It is impossible to read without indignation this record of senseless and brutal oppression—temperately as it is presented—without marvelling at the folly, even more than the wickedness, of statesmen who could fancy that their policy could effect anything by sowing such dragon's teeth, than prepare for future generations an iron harvest.

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3.—MADAME LOUISE DE FRANCE.<sup>2</sup>

No period of national history presents a more appalling picture of corruption and profligacy than that of France under

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in Irish History, 1603—1649.* Being a course of Lectures delivered before the Irish Literary Society of London. Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. Second Series. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 329 pp. 3s. 6d.

<sup>2</sup> *Madame Louise de France.* By Léon de la Brière; authorized translation by Meta and Mary Brown. With illustrations. Pp. viii. 209. London: Kegan Paul, 1907. 6s.

*Madame Louise de France, La Vénérable Thérèse de Saint-Augustin (1737—1787);* par Geoffroy de Grandmaison ("Les Saints"). Pp. v. 207. Paris: Victor Lecoffre. Two francs.

Louis XV., of which the great Revolution was the natural and almost inevitable product. Yet amidst its worst depravity there were exhibited, even in the household of that miserable voluptuary the King himself, examples of the highest virtue, like the water-lily—as the Chinese proverb has it—contracting no stain in filthy waters.

Such an example was presented by the much-injured Queen, Marie Leczinska, and her daughters, who, when their father was smitten with small-pox, and the fear of infection drove all others away, alone dared to attend his death-bed. As Thackeray rather unfeelingly writes: "The whole Court flies from him; only poor old fat Mesdames, the King's daughters, persist in remaining at his bedside, and praying for his soul's welfare."

Still more striking was the example set by the youngest daughter, Madame Louise, who at the age of thirty-three renounced the world and the Court to become a Carmelite nun, in the miserably poor Convent of S. Denis, which the dower she brought saved from extinction, sharing to the full the hardships and privations of the community; but it throws a strange light on the character of the time to find that within three years she was unanimously chosen to be its Superior, and that her royal father was seriously displeased to learn that there had been one adverse vote, which proved, however, to have been her own. To the same office—of Prioress—she was twice re-elected. This and others at various times imposed upon her she appears to have discharged with exact and religious fidelity, sternly setting her face against all relaxations and mitigations, in the case of other Orders as well as her own, such concessions to carnal infirmity being sadly too common in those bad times.

The edifying story of her life is told in the two books before us, that of M. de la Brière confining itself to its religious period, while M. de Grandmaison embraces that previous to her taking the veil. The latter is the more satisfactory from a critical point of view; it takes no notice, for instance, of the story that the ex-princess died by poison, which the other appears to credit on evidence by no means convincing. Both, however, present an extremely interesting and consoling picture of a pure and faithful soul, wholly devoted to the service of God, which makes it by no means astonishing that Mother Thérèse de Saint-Augustin, her name in religion, has been declared "Venerable," and that the process of her beatification has been introduced.

Some interesting light is also thrown on the character of the King himself, which shows that a life of shameless debauchery had not extinguished all sparks of good, and that the faith which he exhibited when near to death had never entirely abandoned him. He evidently had a sincere love for his daughter, and keenly felt the loss which her vocation entailed, but his letters and whole conduct clearly showed that, recognizing the hand of God in the choice she had made, he was willing to make a sacrifice to Him, great as was the cost.

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#### 4.—FATHER BERTRAND WILBERFORCE.<sup>1</sup>

Those who saw Father Bertrand Wilberforce in his latter days when his bloodless face told of the suffering he must be undergoing, and the disease that was slowly killing him, could not fail to be struck by the calm self-possession of his manner, and the gentle address which seemed never to fail him. His friends indeed knew that beneath the surface he had those strong feelings in regard to things that repelled him, which in less disciplined natures are the food on which irritation of temper feeds. But if in him such irritation showed itself it was quickly checked, and served only to reveal the solidity of his self-mastery. His biographer, who is one of the Sisters at Stone, tells of an occasion when one who saw him for the first time said, "What a Catholic face he has." But the impression his bearing conveyed went beyond that. What a man of God he evidently is, one felt, and how well he has learnt to carry his cross in silence, allowing it to stimulate only, and not to deter his apostolic labours. In the present volume we have abundant examples to confirm this impression. We feel, for instance, that he was revealing his own secret, when writing to another he says :

How thankful you should be to our loving Lord and God for allowing you the inestimable privilege of suffering with Him and for Him. St. John Chrysostom says that God does a soul a greater favour by giving it an occasion for suffering, than by giving the power to raise the dead. Therefore, thank God in your pain and grief, even if in your heart you be pierced quite through, and say to Him constantly, "I thank Thee, O God, for doing Thy own will in Thine own way, because it is Thy will."

<sup>1</sup> *The Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, of the Order of Preachers.* Compiled by H. M. Capes, O.S.D. Edited with an Introduction by Vincent McNabb, O.P. London : Sands and Co.

Or one might cite as similarly self-revealing the Rules on p. 89, or indeed a score and more of examples which lie close at hand. The narrative part of the book is quite what it should be, supplying in a quite simple way what the letters could not be expected to tell us. But it is the letters which form the principal part of the contents; and they are most valuable, not merely for what they tell of the writer's personality, but for the wealth of spiritual instruction and exhortation they contain, which is always judicious and often illuminating, being so evidently the outcome of choice reading well assimilated, always aptly and concisely expressed, and everywhere pregnant with spiritual devotion. In an Introduction, Father Vincent McNabb adds some details from his own intimate knowledge of Father Bertrand, which enable us to form for ourselves a more complete conception of his personality. One element is brought out here of which no trace is to be found in the Life and letters, his love of mirth and sense of humour. Amusing, and at the same time pathetic, is the blending of this with his courage under suffering in the episode of his reading *Pickwick* aloud, and almost disenabling his nurses whilst they were endeavouring to relieve him from cruel spasms of pain by applying hot poultices.

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#### 5.—CONTRE LA SÉPARATION.<sup>1</sup>

Illness, we believe, has prevented the Comte de Mun from taking that part in the debates on the Separation Bill which previous experience would have led one to expect from him. He has, however, contributed some striking articles to the papers during the last three years, and these he has gathered up into a little volume entitled *Contre la Séparation*, which will form a useful manual for those who may wish to follow the stages of the present campaign of French anti-clericalism, and to trace it back to its historical antecedents in the proceedings of the great Revolution, and their resumption from the time of M. Jules Ferry onwards. The main point which the Comte de Mun labours is to show the interior connection of the different episodes in this campaign, and to lay bare the plot in which they all take their appointed place.

During a quarter of a century [he says] these men, as I have shown, have demanded the separation of the Catholic Church from the State: it is one of the fundamental articles of their political programme; they

<sup>1</sup> *Contre la Séparation. De la Rupture à la Condamnation.* Second Edition. Par le Comte Albert de Mun. Paris: Librairie Veuve Ch. Poussielgur.



have only adjourned it to the present time because till now they could not find that the circumstances of the time furnished them with a favourable opportunity. And now that the hour is come, now that by dint of agitating the country with phantoms, seeking to form, as M. Paul Bert put it, the atmospheric conditions, they believe themselves to be able to accomplish at last the religious revolution so long dreamt of—they still seek excuses, and endeavour like criminals at the bar of justice to enter a plea of legitimate self-defence.

It is this which explains what we have discussed elsewhere, M. Briand's fair speech just as much as M. Combes' brutal frankness. M. Combes sent M. Loubet to Rome in the full knowledge that the visit must evoke a protest from the Pope, and thereby enable his party to propagate what M. Ribot aptly called the *mensonge historique* that the Pope, not the Government, had made Separation a necessity; and M. Briand, though with superior political skill, is propagating the further *mensonge historique* that the Pope, not the Government, is responsible for the alienation of the Church property. But the present volume does not carry on the history beyond the summer of last year.

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#### 6.—THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR.<sup>1</sup>

We can hardly be mistaken in saying that to the majority of educated Englishmen Italian as a language is more familiar, or, at any rate, less inaccessible, than German. For this reason we cordially welcome the translation into Italian of Professor K. A. H. Kellner's valuable *Heortologie*, which, since its first appearance in 1901, has been accepted as the standard authority upon Catholic feasts and fasts. The book appears under favourable auspices, for the well-known Professor Angelo Mercati has made himself responsible for the correctness of the rendering, and he has had the advantage of using the advanced sheets of the second, much enlarged and greatly improved edition of the German original. Moreover, there is one most important adjunct to a work of this character, in which the Italian version has a great advantage over its prototype. The German index, even in the new impression, leaves very much to be desired, but Dr. Mercati has been at pains to see that the same reproach cannot be levelled at the volume for which he is responsible. Altogether, we can say without hesitation that

<sup>1</sup> *L'Anno Ecclesiastico e le Festi dei Santi* versione eseguita sulla 2a edizione tedesca dal Dr. Angelo Mercati. Roma: Desclée, 1906.

those who are interested in the history of our Catholic calendar will nowhere else find so much accurate and readily accessible information packed away in a volume of relatively small compass. Excellent as the book is, there are, however, a few defective sections, though the new edition, as already noticed, marks an immense advance upon its predecessor. To point out one or two minor details, we may observe that the feast of St. Joseph appears in the West earlier than in the martyrologies of the tenth century, for it is mentioned on March 19th in the Irish metrical calendar of *Ængus* (c. 805): "Joseph name that is nobler—Jesu's pleasant fosterer." Again, it is not quite correct to say that the feasts of the apostles of lesser note only began to be kept in the ninth century, for it seems certain that among the genuine homilies of St. Bede († 735) must be included one written for the feast of St. Matthew. Similarly, the account given of the old Gothic calendar is hardly accurate. If reference had been made to Achelis's article on the subject in the *Zeitschrift f. N.T. Wissenschaft*, 1900, it would have been seen that besides St. Andrew there is mention of St. Philip at Hierapolis on Nov. 15th. We may add also that in the long section consecrated to the Immaculate Conception it would have been worth while to point out that the earliest Western reference to such a celebration is to be found in the already-mentioned Calendar of *Ængus*. But these, and other like shortcomings, are obviously details of no great consequence, and it is a boon to have so valuable a work in a readily accessible form.

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### Short Notices.

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A POCKET edition of Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* (Longmans: 2s. net., in leather, 3s. 6d.) requires no recommendation. It is to be hoped that it will still farther extend knowledge of this wonderful book.

Messrs. Burns and Oates issue a new and cheaper edition of Sir William Butler's *Red Cloud* (3s. 6d.). This is a capital boy's story, replete with all manner of adventures in the "Great Lone Land," to which the author's personal experience enables him to impart a more life-like character than is possible for those who have only their reading to draw upon.

*Recollections of a Humourist*, by Arthur W. à Beckett

(London: Pitman, 1907), is inevitably handicapped by its title, for as experience shows, it is almost impossible for an author to live up to the character of a provider of fun. The long-while assistant-editor of *Punch*, however, has a number of stories to tell which, if not generally very striking, give a pleasing and healthy picture of the literary society with which for so many years he has lived, and in which he has evidently been so great a favourite.

*Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, H. de Balzac.* By Edmond Biré (Lyons: Em. Vitte, 1907). Much attention has lately been directed to Chateaubriand in this country through the admirable translation of the Letters made by Mr. A. T. de Mattos. The sympathetic *étude* which occupies the greater part of the present volume ought consequently to find a hearty welcome in England. The essay is accompanied by two other sketches devoted respectively to Victor Hugo and Balzac, which we are also glad to see. It is well that topics so much discussed should be dealt with by Catholic critics from their own point of view.

*In Tuscany.* By Montgomery Carmichael (London: Burns and Oates, Third Edition, 1906). Mr. Carmichael's charming volume is so well known that it requires no other commendation here than notice of the fact that the demand for it still continues. The book, with its delightful illustrations, is reprinted without alteration, but the author's interesting Preface to the third edition should on no account be overlooked.

*Le Gouvernement de Soi-même, Essai de Psychologie pratique.* Par Antonin Eymieu (Paris: Perrin et Cie., 1906). Almost at the same moment that Father Maturin's helpful volume on *Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline* saw the light in England, the well-known French *conférencier*, Father Eymieu, was publishing a volume of similar scope and almost identical title. For those who know and admire the English work it will be interesting to compare the treatment of the same subject by the French writer. The former book is, we think, the more spontaneous and the more eloquent, the latter the more orderly, philosophic, and, perhaps, somewhat the more practical. In any case, it may be strongly recommended for attentive perusal.

*Guillaume I. Roy des Pays Bas et l'Eglise Catholique en Belgique, 1814—1830,* by Dr. C. Terlinden (Bruxelles: Dewit, 1906). It is probably difficult for an Englishman to appreciate fully the critical character of the epoch dealt with in these two well-digested volumes; but to the many friends and admirers of Catholic Belgium they will be very welcome as throwing

a flood of light not only upon the past but also upon the present religious condition of the country. Every page bears testimony to the diligence with which Dr. Terlinden has ransacked the archives not only of Brussels and the Hague, but those also of Rome, and even the stray papers which have found a home at the British Museum.

*The Golden Sayings of Brother Giles*, newly translated and edited, together with a sketch of his Life, by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. (Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press, 1907). Father Paschal Robinson has given us here a very dainty and scholarly volume on Brother Giles. It must be owned that at the price of one dollar, net, this little book is not cheap, but its general appearance reflects great credit on the publishers. The editor, who is *au courant* with all the modern developments of Franciscan literature, provides an excellent Preface and commentary. The translation, it seems to us, is somewhat more open to criticism. There are few illustrations, but they are of the kind which really help to elucidate the text.

*Dix Leçons sur le Martyre, données à l'Institut Catholique de Paris*. (Paris: Lecoffre, 1906). M. Paul Allard, during many years of study devoted to this special subject, has earned the right to speak with authority on the difficult question of the early Christian martyrs. Many readers who may shrink with some apprehension from the five big volumes in which M. Allard has previously surveyed the whole field, will cordially welcome these lectures, which put within their reach all that is more general and best worth remembering in this important period of Christian history. But it should be said that the book is no mere compendium of older work.

*Le Conventionnel Prieur de la Marne en mission dans l'Ouest (1793, 1794) d'après des documents inédits*. Par Pierre Bliard. (Paris: Emile-Paul, 1906). Father Bliard has presented us in this volume with an excellent piece of historical work. We only regret that the pressure on our space and the comparative remoteness of the subject from English interests, prevent us from doing it fuller justice. Prieur de la Marne was the agent of the Convention in a systematic attempt to foster Republican sentiments in le Morbihan and la Vendée. Of the iniquitous procedure to which he had recourse in the execution of his mission, this book tells the impartial tale. It is almost entirely based on unprinted materials, most of them official documents.

*Thomas à Kempis, his Age and Book*. By J. E. G. de Montmorency. (London: Methuen, 1906). Here is another

work which fully deserves a more ample notice than we are able to accord it here. Mr. de Montmorency re-examines the much-disputed problem of the authorship of the *Imitation*, and pronounces unhesitatingly in favour of the traditional attribution to Thomas à Kempis, despite the fact that in the British Museum Catalogue a change has recently been made at the cost of much expense and trouble, which leaves the question an open one. Mr. de Montmorency's book does not merely contain a restatement of the older arguments, but he for the first time goes thoroughly into what we may call the English evidence for the authorship, including the claim advanced in behalf of Walter Hilton. The volume is embellished with some good and useful illustrations.

*The Goad of Divine Love*, An old English translation, revised and edited by the Rev. W. A. Phillipson. (London: Washbourne, 1907). The *Stimulus Divini Amoris*, a work attributed to St. Bonaventure, but certainly not emanating from him in its present form, was translated into English by a Franciscan Father and printed at Douai in 1642. Father Phillipson has somewhat modernized this version without altogether divesting it of its archaic flavour. We are bound to say that we do not find the treatise quite so remarkably beautiful as the Preface suggests, but it is full of earnest piety, and the editor seems to have discharged his duties efficiently.

*The Life of Count Moore*, abridged from the Memoir by the Rev. A. Barry, C.S.S.R. (Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland). This makes an excellent penny biography. There is much need for more pamphlets of this kind laying stress upon the precedence due to piety over politics, and appealing to the example of a man of our own generation whose upright seeking of the Kingdom of God before all things was and is a lesson to us all.

*Life of St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr*. By Dom A. Smith, C.R.L. (London: Washbourne, 1906). This little Life of St. Agnes is painstaking and well-intentioned, and it will no doubt be read with interest by many devout Catholics. Further, the author does not hesitate to state frankly that the materials he is dealing with are to a great extent legendary. But we must own that the particular combination of legend and criticism which we find here does not entirely commend itself to our judgment. We feel that we should like to understand a little more clearly in what proportion fact and romance are associated in the narrative. The author's work is warmly commended in

a Preface from the pen of Dom Gilbert Higgins, C.R.L., and the book is further embellished with some attractive illustrations.

*Towards Evening.* Daily Memento of Cardinal Manning. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.). At this season, when his remains have been laid in the Westminster Cathedral, this charming little book of Maxims, culled from Cardinal Manning's writings, is very welcome. The selections are, on the whole, well made, and the book is neat, attractive, and portable.

*Folia Fugitiva* (Washbourne) is edited by Father W. H. Cologan, and is a collection of papers read and discussed at the conference meetings of the clergy of St. Erconwald's Deanery. Bishop Bellord appears to have suggested both the custom and the publication, and it is clear what help such a practice must afford to the country clergy who desire to keep their minds fresh and *au courant* with the problems, theological and pastoral, of their sacred profession. The Bishop's own paper is at the head of the series, and is on the Number of the Elect. We cannot agree with him that "only an infinitesimal number suffer the rigorous torments of Gehenna"—that seems to us inconsistent with what we can see with our own eyes of the conduct of a large proportion of men, which we can test by our doctrine of mortal sin—but we are with him cordially in insisting that there is no revelation to decide this matter for us, and that the ancient writers, neither in the case of the heathen nor of the victims of heresy, made anything like sufficient allowance for the possibilities of invincible ignorance. Of the other papers Mgr. Crook's are mostly on pastoral subjects, and Father Cologan's on spiritual subjects. These are all of practical interest, but among them we may particularly recommend those on the St. Sulpice Method of Catechism and on the Ministry of the Words. Of historical subjects Father Cologan has one on the Great Schism of the West, and Dr. Fortescue one on the East which gauges excellently the true causes of that disastrous apostasy. Father Thomas Gerrard's paper on The Grammar of Assent and the Sure Future will be recognized as having already appeared in the *Dublin Review*. Father Thomas O'Hogan's paper on Inspiration deals with a subject as difficult as it is important, but he does not go to the root of the difficulty. It is impossible in the light of the *Providentissimus Deus* to say, so categorically too, that God "has secured to the Bible the highest point of veracity that belongs to human documents

(but that) absolute inerrancy He guarantees only so far as it concerns faith and morals." The problem lies deeper than that.

*Ecclesia, the Church of Christ*, Edited by A. H. Mathew (Burns and Oates), is a book, our notice of which is somewhat overdue. It consists of a series of papers by different writers on the Notes of the Church, on its Infallibility, on the maxim *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, and on Schism and Ignorance. The writers are Dom Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B., F. B. Zimmermann, O.D.C., F. R. H. Benson, M.A., Dom John Chapman, O.S.B., Dom J. D. Breen, O.S.B., the Editor, and Father Peter Finlay, S.J. As this list of names would lead us to anticipate, the papers are ably treated. Father Benson on the Holiness of the Church, and Dom John Chapman on its Catholicity, are particularly good.

*On Religious Worship* (Burns and Oates) is a translation from the Italian of Bishop Bonomelli, of Cremona. In Italy the author's name is associated with some burning controversies, of which English readers know very little. The present volume is, however, on a topic which is independent of them, the character of religious worship, its interior and exterior elements, and some defects in popular devotions. It is pleasantly as well as skilfully written, and enters well into some of the difficulties which English Protestant visitors to Italy are wont to feel, so that it may be usefully recommended to them by their Catholic friends. In his criticism of defects in popular devotions the Bishop enters on a prickly theme. But he handles it with delicacy and moderation, and reaches conclusions with which we must confess ourselves to be on the whole in sympathy. Of the justice of his account of the psychology of devotion in Italian peasants we are not in a position to pronounce.

Father F. M. de Zulueta, S.J., has published *Notes on Daily Communion* (Washbourne), which may be recommended to daily communicants and their spiritual guides. It gives from the time of Pius IX. onwards the text of the different exhortations to frequency of Communion which have led up to the recent instructions, and ample dispensations, of the reigning Pontiff. Several objections to such frequent Communions are discussed, as well as the dispositions required for Daily Communion, and the precise meaning of the permission to sufferers from chronic sickness to take something before Communion *per modum potus*. Readers of the *Catholic Weekly* will recognize this little publication as a revision of some articles that originally appeared in that paper.

## Magazines.

*Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1907, I.)<sup>1</sup>

Some biblical Prologues of Marcionite origin. *D. De Bruyne.* The Abbey of Farfa and its restoration. *H. Schuster.* A Liturgical Critic of the Twelfth Century. *G. Morin.* The auxiliary Bishops of Théroutanne. *U. Berlière.* The *Filioque*. *P. De Meester.* Miscellaneous documents and reviews.

REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. (1907, I.)

The Author of the Passion of St. Perpetua. *A. d'Als.* A Study of the Forged Decretals. *P. Fournier.* The Franciscan Problem and a Brussels MS. *A. Fierens.* Diplomatic Relations between England and the Catholic Netherlands (1598—1625). *L. Willaert.* Reviews and Bibliography.

REVUE DES SCIENCES PHILOSOPHIQUES ET THÉOLOGIQUES. (No. I. 1907.)

[We gladly welcome this new Review appearing under Dominican auspices.]

The Psychological basis of "Mechanicism." *M. De Munynck.* Germ and Leaven. *B. Allo.* The Idea of God in the Old Testament Apocrypha. *L. Gry.* The Problem of Theological Sources in the sixteenth century. *A. Humbert.* Notes, Reports, Full Summary of Periodical Literature.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (February 2 and 17.)

New Methods of Apologetic. The "Blessed" Fra Angelico. Religion and Suicide. The historical origin of the Inquisition. A new anti-clerical Party. The miraculous Picture of our Saviour in the Sancta Sanctorum. The moral aspect of the arrangement of Dante's *Purgatorio*. Reviews, &c.

RASSEGNA GREGORIANA. (January, February, 1907.)

The Antiphon in choir. *K. Ott.* The ancient deaconry of S. Maria in Via Lata. *H. Grisar.* Some remarks on the Quilisma. *Y. D.* The Reform of the Russian Liturgy. *A. Palmieri.* Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES (February 5 and 20.)

Self-discipline. *A. Eymieu.* Fogazzaro's *Il Santo*. *L. Roure.* The Lock-Out at Verviers. *V. Loiselet.* Fruit-tree Parasites. *L. Deshayes.* Gilbert de Choiseul at Tournai. *M. Dubruel.* Galileo and the Jesuits. *P. de Vregille.* The Bishops' declaration. *H. Prélôt.* Reviews, &c.

<sup>1</sup> We regret that by an oversight we summarized in our last issue the contents of the *Revue Bénédicte* for January, 1906, instead of January, 1907.



## *The Shepherd and the Flock.*

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"NEVER has the need of a supreme Ecclesiastical Ruler been manifested more distinctly. Never has the voice of the Vicar of Christ spoken more clearly and more courageously, or with more complete disregard of aught except the spiritual interests of the City of God."

These words of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, in their address to the Holy Father, on occasion of the religious crisis in France, draw attention to an aspect of the questions at issue which would seem to be almost universally ignored. Nothing, in fact, is more extraordinary than the utter misconception which appears to prevail on all sides as to the essential character of the Catholic Church, the nature of her government, and the functions of her supreme ruler. We are all, doubtless, familiar with the notion so common amongst non-Catholics, so incomprehensible to Catholics themselves, that all about which the Church really cares is assent, or at least profession of assent, to certain "dogmas," the acceptance of which constitutes orthodoxy, and the rejection heresy. Let a man subscribe to the Creeds which contain the articles of Faith defined by Ecclesiastical Authority, and he has done all which in the opinion of the world at large the Church can possibly demand. It is this belief that alone is held to matter, and the more utterly sceptical the world becomes as to the things with which belief is concerned, the less does it trouble itself about what creeds men choose to adopt. They are contemptuously left free to believe what they like in matters of religion, just as they are at liberty to hold that the earth is flat or that a man's fate depends on the star under which he is born.

But, what the wisdom of the world cannot endure is that any authority but its own should undertake to tell the faithful not only what they must believe, but what they must *do*, especially when such precepts have any practical bearing on the affairs of actual life. When she enters on this domain, the Church is at once denounced as an intruder, encroaching upon territory which is not hers, and endeavouring to assume a character altogether alien from that to which she has any right.

To the Catholic, on the other hand, the picture thus presented of the Church, bears no more resemblance to the original than those of a sick man's dream. He must, of course, accept and subscribe to what he believes to be the truths revealed by God expressly that he may know and believe them,—but to suppose that with such acceptance his duty ends, is to him so great an absurdity that he cannot imagine any one entertaining it. For him his Faith is no list of formularies or articles of belief,—these are but the soil in which is set the vital philosophy which pervades and sustains his whole life. He is a member of the Church, not because he is labelled or ticketed with certain badges or symbols marking him off externally from others, as the sheep of one flock are distinguished from those of another, but because he is in touch with the shepherd, and under his guidance. The Catholic knows—it is a first principle with him—that he is “in the Church” only so long as he is in living communion with her; and that he is in such communion he feels assured so long as he rightly fulfils the obligations of his own state and position. As every portion of our bodily organism is directly vivified by the heart's blood, through the labyrinthine network of arteries and veins, so every individual Catholic constantly receives, through the appointed channels of Church authority, the same instruction as to his duty, whether in matter of belief or conduct, as every other of his brethren in the faith. And it is precisely the note of unity thus stamped upon her, which not only marks off the Catholic Church from all other bodies in the world, but which has alone made possible her history as it is writ large in the annals of Christendom. It is only because she has ever exhibited herself as a great external fact, with a fixed organization, a unity of jurisdiction, a political greatness, which the world has ever been compelled to recognize, that she has been able to play the part—which beyond all question she has actually played in human affairs. It is not now a question *how* she has played that part, whether the unique claim she makes to supreme divinely constituted authority be well or ill-founded. We are concerned solely with facts, and as a fact it is this claim alone which has made her what she is; without it she would no more be the same than would the British Constitution should Parliament be eliminated. It is perfectly obvious, for instance, that had the Church consisted merely of individuals bound together by no other tie than common acceptance of the

same dogmas, so unsuspected a witness as Professor Karl Pearson could never have spoken of "That mighty protectress of human knowledge, that ardent defender of the poor, the mediæval Church."<sup>1</sup>

Plain and obvious as are such considerations, they appear, as has been said, to be not merely forgotten but unsuspected by the vast majority of our scribes who undertake to inform and instruct the British public on the points now at issue between the Head of the Church and the present rulers of France. It appears to be generally assumed, as a simple truism, that the sole function of the Pope is to define dogmas and articles of faith, and that when this is done his work is at an end. Unless a Bishop or priest or professor should formally and professedly repudiate some definite Catholic doctrine, Rome, it is held, can have no excuse for interfering with or taking action against him. A prelate who, like Talleyrand, should manifest his republican enthusiasm by singing Mass in tricolour vestments, an exegetist who should prove himself thoroughly up to the latest views of the Higher Criticism by explaining away the Virgin Birth or the Resurrection of Christ, a Bishop whose private life made him obviously unfit for the pastoral charge,—with none of these should the Pope be allowed to interfere, for they have denied no dogmas; and if it be urged that denial is involved in their utterances or conduct, the question must be decided by lay tribunals, the members of which need not be Christians, and unless these decide that there has been a formal contradiction of Catholic doctrine, the Supreme Pastor of the Church must not dare to intervene. Thus the members are to have practically no communication with the heart, and mortification can be the only possible result.

Such is obviously the principle upon which M. Clemenceau and his colleagues are acting, and which their English admirers represent as being altogether reasonable. Thus when, on the 2nd of January last, M. Guiller urged in the French Senate that, according to the Law of Separation itself, the French churches were for Catholics alone, and that by "Catholics" must be understood priests in communion with their respective Bishops, and Bishops in communion with Rome,—M. Clemenceau at once interjected, *Au point de vue du dogme*.

Yet who can possibly deny that the present situation in France is fraught with practical questions, in which the Catholic

<sup>1</sup> *Positive Creed of Freethought*, p. 5.

people have from time immemorial been accustomed to look for guidance to their spiritual chiefs? To deprive them of this resource is fundamentally and essentially to alter the whole character of their religion. If ever there was a time when the need of the shepherd's voice was felt, to guide the bewildered flock amidst the troubles and perils that surround it, assuredly, as the address of the Catholic Union says, it is now; and if ever the voice of Christ's Vicar spoke in tones the unworldly dignity of which might seem impossible to gainsay, it is as Pius X: has spoken in this crisis.

But what has happened? According to an old proverb, *Les absents ont toujours tort*. Here, on the contrary, it is the present actual Pontiff who can do nothing right. We were not accustomed during the reign of his predecessor to hear those high appreciations of the policy of Leo, which are now a commonplace with those who would depreciate that of Pius. Had the sagacious old diplomatist still been on the throne, we are constantly assured, there would have been found some way out of the difficulties, and it is always implied that the way would have been a surrender of all the principles for the sake of which the Pope and the Catholics of France alike have unhesitatingly made such tremendous sacrifices—sacrifices for which worldly wisdom, being totally unable to comprehend them, is forced to discover some cryptic motive of Machiavellian cunning. That Leo XIII. would have done anything of the kind there is of course no scrap of evidence beyond the assurance of those who make the assumption that he would have done what they think he should. Nothing indeed is more remarkable than the tender interest which on such occasions writers of this class are wont to take in the Church, the zeal which they profess for her true interests, and their confidence that if she will but listen to them and take their advice all will be well. And this advice is always fundamentally the same: that she should renounce the one claim which justifies her existence, should cease to claim the exercise of any living practical authority; above all, should no longer submit to take orders from Rome. It is her unique pretension to be a vital factor in the world, that in the eyes of her adversaries is her unpardonable offence—till she shall renounce this there will be no peace with her, and when she shall renounce it she will be no more.

One more question suggests itself. On what other subject

would it be possible for men to display, without shame and without reproof, such extravagant ignorance as may safely be exhibited when the Church is concerned? Not many days since<sup>1</sup> there appeared in one of our leading contemporaries—the *Daily Telegraph*—a communication from an ardent admirer of Cardinal Manning, reciting his chief titles to fame. In the first place, it was said, the Westminster Cathedral owes its existence to him, and furnishes his most fitting monument. This is pretty well. But, far more than this. To Manning alone, we were told, is due the present situation in France. For it was Manning who in 1870 made the Pope infallible, and only because of the prerogative of infallibility thus conferred has the present Pontiff been able to force his own line of policy on the French Episcopate, “who in conclave assembled had already recorded an opposite opinion.” To say nothing of this unblushing repetition of a falsehood already again and again exposed—what is to be thought of the intelligence of a writer who supposes that Papal authority began with the dogmatic proclamation of Papal infallibility, or of readers who can unquestioningly accept his account? Is it not the favourite charge against the mediæval Papacy that it interfered with everything—deposing princes, laying nations under interdicts, battling for the right of investiture? What has the dogma of infallibility to do with any such matters? Did not the Catholics of England look to Rome for guidance when Elizabeth commanded them to attend the parish churches, or when James I. wished them to take his Oath of Allegiance, just as they would in similar circumstances at the present day? Did not the French clergy at the outset of the great Revolution await and obey the decision of Pius VI. as to the lawfulness of the Civil Constitution proposed for their acceptance, exactly as their successors have taken their orders from Pius X.? As to the Pope’s authority in such matters of action, the decree of infallibility has made no more difference than in his power of conferring Holy Orders—and had Cardinal Manning been the author and originator of that decree—which, though its strenuous advocate, he certainly was not—it would be merely childish to argue that he was therefore the source and origin of an exercise of power which has been, and from the nature of the case must needs be, characteristic in all ages of him who claims to have received from his Divine Master the charge of feeding His sheep.

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> March 14, 1907.

## *The contrast of English and French concepts of Physical Theories.*

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IT may seem unseasonable, at the present time of the *entente cordiale*, to mark the opposition between the mind of an Englishman and of a Frenchman on any subject at all; but, as the opposition does not regard political matters, and as the comparison grants to both kinds of mind an equal number of qualities and aptitudes, we must not reasonably suppose that anybody can take offence at the contrast. So much the more because, as we shall show, more than one Frenchman is endowed with a mind of the English cast, whereas some Englishmen could reasonably lay claim to a French *tournure d'esprit*.

But we speak in the average, and it may be interesting to look at the influence of both English and French minds on the development of physical science.

There are [says Pascal]<sup>1</sup> two kinds of minds: the one which grasps quickly and deeply the consequences of principles, and this is called an exact mind; the other which can understand a great number of principles at the same time, without mixing them, and this may be named a geometrical mind. The first one possesses the qualities of acuteness and exactness; the second the quality of breadth of view. Each one may exist alone, for a mind may be acute and narrow, or broad and weak.

To broad minds belongs facility in keeping before the imagination a complexus of very different and ill-assorted things; they see it all at the first glance, without making a close inspection, now on one object and now on another; they perceive the whole accurately and minutely, each detail being distinctly seen in its own place and with its relative importance. But this intellectual power has its limiting conditions, for all the things on which it is to be exercised must be those which fall under the senses, those which can be materially seen or touched. Such minds need a good retentive memory, because an abstract

<sup>1</sup> *Pensées*, Havet's edition, art. VII., 2.

idea, stripped of the details which memory can command, seems to them like a confused fog ; an abstract judgment is a void ; long, logical deductions sound to them like the monotonous roaring of a mill. Richly stored with a powerful imagination, such minds have not the aptitude for abstracting and deducing ideas.

On the contrary, it is extremely difficult, or rather impossible, for the acute and narrow mind, to put before the eyes of the imagination a great number of things, so that they may be all seen at once in their complicated relations and as in a succession. For such minds, a number of judgments or abstract principles, all set in one line, without being grouped together by a classification, or co-ordinated in a system, is a dreadful labyrinth in which their understanding is lost, or a chaos in which their imagination faints. By way of compensation, they easily conceive an idea deprived of all that could excite the sense-perceptions of memory, distinctly group the meaning of an abstract judgment which binds together numerous ideas, and follow unerringly the ultimate consequences of any reasoning based on such judgments. For such minds, the power of conceiving abstract ideas is far more developed than the power of imagining concrete beings.

Broad minds are keen. It is keenness of mind which makes a good diplomatist, skilful to notice all the facts, small as they may be, every gesture of the adversary whose affected dissimulation he desires to deceive. It is also keenness of mind which makes a good novelist, clever to mould and animate the characters of his story, to dress them out and give them proper attitudes ; to adorn the scenery in which they shall move ; to make of them all human beings of flesh and blood.

An example of a broad and keen mind is that of the stock-jobber who, from a pile of telegrams, gathers the state of the market throughout the world and, from one glance, guesses if he must speculate on a rise or a fall. Other examples are, the staff-officer who plans the ways by which ten thousand men, marching along together, shall be on the right day at the right place for the coming battle ; and the chess-player who plays five games at the same moment, without even looking at the boards.

A broad and keen mind had Napoleon, a man who possessed an extraordinary power of grasping a complex mass of things, together with so absolute an inability for abstraction and generalization, that he had the greatest dislike for these intellectual

operations. So also was Cæsar, who, as we are told, could at the same moment dictate four letters in four different languages.

The acute and narrow minds, on the other hand, are of the classical form ; they like abstract notions, they are fond of order and simplicity, always choosing, as the best ones, the more general and less concrete words, always unfolding, in a perfect, regular way, the long series of deductions. The acute and narrow minds created the classical geometry, a sequel of axioms and postulates, of theorems and corollaries, all perfectly connected, all logically proceeding one from another. This geometrical method of reaching the truth does not suit broad minds, and so they invented algebra, which requires not so much abstractive power and ability to keep ideas in philosophical order, as aptitude to perceive at once the various combinations which may be obtained from certain signs and figures. Of course, the inventor of many an algebraical discovery, as was a Jacobi, is in no way a metaphysician ; he should be rather considered as a chess-player who leads a knight or a castle to victory.

Minds of both kinds, the keen and the strong, may be easily found in every nation ; but there is a race in which broadness of mind prevails, and this is the English nation, whilst the strong minds are much more numerous in France or in Germany. We can outline the parallelism in intellectual works as well as in the different manifestations of social life.

Let us see what are, in the works produced by English geniuses, the two tokens of a broad and keen mind : these are, first, a great facility to imagine a number of concrete facts, then, a far greater difficulty, to conceive abstract notions and to formulate general principles.

Something strikes a French reader when he opens an English novel, the masterpiece of a Dickens or of an Eliot, or the first essay of a young authoress ; it is the accurate minuteness and the length of the descriptions. At first he is amused and interested with the picturesque and handsome *tableau* ; then, by little and little, all the flashing images vanish before his very eyes ; he is not yet half way through the book and he has already forgotten it all ; quickly and mechanically he turns the pages without reading them, tired of all those enumerations which seem to him "filing off" as in a nightmare. For an Englishman the process is a very natural one, for he sees the



objects, each in his place, with their peculiar details and typical shape, and where a Frenchman could see nothing but chaos, he perceives a charming and lively picture. A French mind welcomes rather the description of a Pierre Loti, which abstracts from the reality and condenses in a few words the *soul* of a landscape.

After having had a look at the novelists, let us look at the dramatists. Here is a hero of Corneille, an Augustus or a Rodrigue, hanging between opposite feelings. How wonderfully, in that fierce passions' struggle, is ordered the discussion! We hear in turn each of the feelings, which speak like two counsels in a court-house, and explain in well-composed pleadings the pros and the cons of the question; and when, on both sides, reasons were exposed at full length, then the will ends the debates with a decision as sharp as a judicial verdict or a conclusion of geometry. But here is now Hamlet or Lady Macbeth. What a bubbling of incoherent feelings, of trifles and heroic actions, of natural and unnatural events. A French spectator quickly gets tired of it; without success does he try to understand the characters, that is, to derive well-formed beings from all these undetermined gestures and somewhat contradictory talkings. An English spectator knows nothing of this labour, for he does not want to *understand* the characters, but he is pleased to *see* them living and moving.

Quite a similar opposition would appear from English and French philosophical works, from a comparison between Bacon and Descartes. No doubt Descartes is a narrow but an acute mind, and from that fact proceeds all his method. He says himself, "He must keep his thoughts in perfect order, beginning with the simplest and the easiest ones, then, slowly, and by degrees, rise to the understanding of the more compound ones, supposing even a fictitious order between the things which do not naturally proceed from each other. And so on, from those simplest ideas, the deductive method unrolls his syllogisms which, like a well-tested iron chain, binds the first principles to the final consequences." There is herein but one source of error, of which Descartes is much afraid, and that is omission; for he feels he is narrow-minded, and cannot keep a general look on a complex mass of things. Indeed, Descartes' philosophical method is the best account of the classical mechanism, and sums up pretty well the French manner of thinking.

But what if we look at the *Novum Organum*? We need

not seek to discover in that book the method of Bacon, for he has none, and the division of his book is of a childish sort. In the *Pars destruens* he inveighs against Aristotle, who corrupted the philosophy of nature with his dialectic and tried to build up the world itself with his categories. In the *Pars aedificans*, he praises the true philosophy, which does not want to construct a clear and well-defined system of truths, but whose object is of practical or rather of industrial interest. According to Bacon's doctrine, the philosophical principles do not teach us the manner of classifying our experiments according to rules, nor the way of distributing our observations; the experiments must be done without any preconceived idea; the observations must be collected at random, and the results roughly registered on tables of positive and negative facts, of degrees, of comparisons and exclusions, in which a French mind can but see a disordered mass of useless documents. And if Bacon institutes categories of special facts, he does not class them, and he simply enumerates them without any order. In no other philosophical book did the broadness of the English mind show as well as here the weakness it covers.

If Descartes' mind seems to haunt all French philosophy, the imaginative faculty of Bacon, his contempt for abstraction and deduction is a quality which we find in all English philosophy. Locke, Hume, Bentham, the two Mills proceed rather by accumulating examples than by connecting reasons; instead of syllogisms, they collect facts. Darwin and Spencer do not close with their opponents in the clever fencing of a discussion, but try to stone them.

This opposition between the French and the English mind, if easily perceived in the intellectual works, is not less perspicuous in the manifestations of the social life of both people. What greater contrast, for instance, could there be between the French law, in which all articles are so methodically classified under titles stating abstract and perfectly definite notions, and the English law, a wonderful mass of ill-assorted and somewhat contradictory customs which, down from the *Magna Charta*, were simply put in juxtaposition and yet work out together in practice?

An Englishman is essentially conservative; he keeps all the traditions, whenever they come, and is not surprised at seeing a Cromwell side by side with a Charles I., for England's history appears to him, as it was, a series of contrasting

events following closely upon each other, through which every political party played its own part, happily or not, in glory or disgrace. Such traditionalism, respectful of the past ages, a Frenchman does not appreciate; he wants history evolving in a methodical way, in which all events follow from his own principles, like the corollaries from a theorem, and if the reality answers not to this ideal, so much the worse for the reality: he minds not if he has to change, omit, or add facts; he likes a clear and logical story rather than a true but intricate history. In accordance with his narrow mind, the Frenchman has an eagerness for order and method which induces him to put down the remains of the past and to build up a new present on what he thinks a perfectly co-ordinated design. Here is the secret of all the French Revolutions.

In short, the social and political life is for the Frenchman an indefinite series of revolutions; for an Englishman it is but a continuous evolution; and as Taine sketched the influence of the classical, that is, of the acute and narrow mind on the history of France, so could we retrace the steps of the broad and weak mind in all England's history.

Things being as they are, and both kinds of mind having been described, let us see how each one conceives the theoretical physics. But, first, what is a physical theory?

The daily knowledge of the natural phenomena constitutes a confused mass which is called empiricism. Empiricism is not science, but the human mind, transforming it into experimental laws by induction and generalization, creates experimental science. As these laws are very numerous, it would be a difficult task to keep them all at hand; therefore, it is necessary to sum up the laws of the same kind, and this is the purpose of the theories.

Generally speaking, a scientific theory is a whole uniting together a great number of experimental laws by more or less verisimilar hypotheses, and all the theories referring to sciences which include historical matter, for instance, geology and zoology, are constituted in that way: the great theory of the evolution of beings tries to explain, with the hypothesis of transformism, the biological phenomena of descent. But the physical theories are of a somewhat different order. They have not to *explain* the natural phenomena, because these are intimately connected with the origin and constitution of matter, a

question on which physics has nothing to say, as it is the business of metaphysics to tell us of the nature and existence of the reality which is concealed under the sensible appearances. The physical theories have to *represent* the phenomena, that is to give us a clear idea of the natural relations between the things, and classify the experimental laws. Now, as to this representation, there exists a great difference between the English and the French point of view. A Frenchman conceives an abstract theory as a logical classification of the laws; an Englishman sketches an imaginative theory as a model of the mutual actions of bodies.

The outlines of the physical theory, as it is understood on the Continent, by French, German, and Dutch scientists have several times been set down by them. Ampère, Fourier, Fresnel, R. Mayer, E. Mach, Kirchhoff, have often described it as an abstractive theory; so also did Macquorn-Rankine, although an Englishman. But nobody has so precisely exposed its constitution as M. P. Duhem, the well-known author of several studies in the history and the philosophical development of science. From him,<sup>1</sup> then, we shall take our next account, as we have already taken from him some of the preceding ideas.

A physical theory, says M. Duhem, is a mere system of mathematical propositions, deduced from a few principles, and by which we try to represent, as exactly as possible, a group of experimental laws. It is constituted by four successive operations.

1. From the physical qualities which we want to represent, certain ones are chosen which appear to us to be simple ones, and from which all others may be said to be derived. By special methods we measure these qualities, and we denote each of them by mathematical symbols or figures which have with them no other relation than the relation of a signifying symbol to the thing signified. Then, by means of various measuring methods, we attach to each state of the physical qualities a special value of the physical symbols.

2. We unite together the greatnesses so introduced, by means of a few propositions which are appointed as the fundamental principles of the following deductions. These principles may be rightly called *hypotheses*, in the etymological sense of the word, for they are the foundations on which will stand the theory, but they do not express true relations between the real qualities of

<sup>1</sup> See *La Théorie Physique*, Paris, 1906.

the bodies, and, as a consequence, they can be stated in an almost arbitrary way. Logical contradiction between the terms of an hypothesis, or between the different hypotheses of a theory, is the one fence beyond which we may not trespass.

3. The deductions derived from these principles shall be next combined, according to the rules of mathematical analysis, which rules are the only ones a scientist is obliged to observe; for, as the greatneses which his calculus concerns do not pretend to be physical realities, and as the principles on which his deductions are built shall not be considered as true relations between these realities, the scientist need not inquire if to the aforesaid operations correspond real or even possible physical transformations. There is but one thing which the physicist must attend to, and that is the correctness of his syllogisms and calculus.

4. Finally, the mathematically deduced consequences are expressed by judgments on the physical qualities of bodies, the correctness of which may be stated by a comparison with the experimental laws which the theory shall represent; if they agree sufficiently well, at least in a degree corresponding to the exactness of the measures, the theory has attained the object aimed at, and may be said to be a good one; otherwise, it must be left as a bad one.

But, what can be the use of such a theory? According to the views of the already named physicists, an abstract theory is first an economy and spares a great deal of intellectual working. The representation of some thousand experimental facts by a short law is evidently a saving of time and work; so is the representation of some hundred laws by the few short principles which constitute a theory. Still better: a theory is a classification of these experimental laws. Between the laws which were all in the same foreground, the theory puts a perfect order, uniting or separating them, distributing them into chapters and articles, methodically making a summary of each part of science.

Our abstract theory is more than an *artificial* classification, for it has an invincible tendency to become a *natural* classification; the physicist feels that the connections it introduces between the groups of laws are in harmony with the real affinities between the things, and that the order established in the experimental laws is the reflection of a transcendental and ontological order.

Of course, and above all, such a theory must be constructed

according to the utmost rigour of logic, each proposition being strictly deduced from the principles ; for, the unity and the logical connection of all the parts so naturally follows from such a conception of physical theory, that a strong mind would never be tempted to break it.

Of a similar kind are nearly all the physical theories created by the most illustrious mathematicians on the Continent ; they are the works of minds which are not afraid of deep abstractions and long deductions, but are fond of order and clearness.

How different is the physical theory according to the English mind, and how contrasting the type which the celebrated English School of theoretical physics, in the nineteenth century, has opposed to the classical type !

There is an element in the English treatises which wonderfully astonishes a French student, and which, as a rule, always accompanies the account of a theory ; this is the *model*. And nothing can more precisely illustrate the difference between the French and the English way of working, than this use of the model. There are two kinds of model, the mechanical model and the algebraical model.

Here is a book which intends to expose modern views on electricity ; a French reader expects to find in it an account of those curious manifestations of the abstractions which the scientists call current, magnetic wave or electric stress ; it is not so. The book treats only of ropes moving on pulleys, of pipes pumping water, of india-rubber tubes swelling or lengthening, of gearing wheels and of racks. Do not suppose you are in the silent temple of reason, for you are in a factory works.

A perfect understanding of what is a mechanical model may be chiefly obtained from Lord Kelvin's scientific works, for instance, from his *Lectures on Molecular Dynamics*, and from Sir Oliver Lodge's *Modern views on Electricity*. For the Englishman, physical theory is not an explanation of the nature of things, no more than it is for the Frenchman ; it is an illustrative representation of the natural laws and phenomena. When a physicist of the English School tries to manufacture a model for the purpose of representing a class of physical laws, he has but one object, namely, to form a visible and palpable image of the abstract laws which his mind could not seize without the aid of this model. Provided the mechanism be concrete and clear to the eye of the imagination, the rest does not matter very much.

The matters from which the English physicist makes his models are not abstract conceptions metaphysically elaborated, but concrete and real things, the very same which surround us, solid or liquid, rigid or flexible, fluid or sticky ; and these qualities must not be understood as abstract ones, but they are expressed with material examples ; for instance, rigidity suggests a piece of steel, flexibility a cocoon-thread, stickiness suggests glycerine. To show more clearly the reality of the things he uses, Lord Kelvin is not afraid of using very familiar words, as strings, jelly, tops, &c. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the models he thinks of have nothing to do with philosophical combinations but with fancy-worked toys.

Now, the use of a model is so entirely connected and united, for an Englishman, with the understanding of a theory, that the confusion of both things is formally accepted and claimed by the man who is, at present, the real personification of the English scientific genius, Lord Kelvin, who admits that the understanding of a physical phenomenon is just the same as the reproduction of it with a model.

But there is another kind of English-made model, and this is the algebraical one. English minds, it is well known, have a general tendency to use symbolic algebras, as the quaternions or the vector-analysis, and this use dresses a theory in a very special Saxon fashion. In some theories, the algebraical portion plays the part of a model, and it becomes a combination of imaginative symbols arranged to mimic the laws of the phenomena, as this part would be played in other ones by material bodies moving according to the laws of mechanics. This explains the singular omission of definitions of all the most important elements, which was quite a rule for Maxwell, and is so wonderful for French and German scientists. This explains also the contradictions and incoherences which a Frenchman or a German are inclined to judge so sternly, because they wish to find a logically built system where they should see but a work of the imagination.

For an Englishman, a theory is not an explanation nor a classification of the laws of nature, but a mere representation ; he may represent, without difficulty, one group of laws by one model, then another group by another model, even if some of these laws belong to both groups ; to represent a law by two different models is not a contradiction, but rather gives to science a delightful variety. So did Lord Kelvin in his *Lectures on the*

*Wave Theory of Light*, and on the gyrostatic adynamic constitution of Ether ; so did Maxwell, so much praised by Lord Kelvin, in his *Theory of Molecular Vortices* applied to statical electricity.

Then, if a French reader is so much astonished when he sees that the models are given by their authors as *unnatural mechanically*, what must be his wonder, or rather his fear, when he perceives in Maxwell's *Treatise on Electricity*, a real want of logic in pure mathematical developments? . . . But Maxwell himself was never concerned with that : he wished to manage a gallery of pictures, which is in no way a chain of syllogisms.

It is a fact, the imaginative and broad-minded physicists created, according to their special needs, a peculiar form of physical theory. The above-mentioned peculiarities were, during a long time, the trade-mark of English-made theories, which were very seldom used on the Continent. But, for some years, they have been more widely known and they are usual to-day both in France and Germany. Let us notice the causes of this diffusion as given by M. Duhem.

First, he remarks that if the sort of mind which Pascal called broad and weak is very common in English people, it is not always found in English people and may be found elsewhere. Newton, of course, had one of the strongest minds that ever was, but his was a narrow mind. On the contrary, Gassendi, the celebrated adversary of Descartes, had a broad and weak mind, for all he was a Frenchman. Both adversaries seemed to understand that their discussion was not on private doctrines, but the phase of a fight between two kinds of mind. "*O anima ! O mens !*" said Gassendi, addressing the champion of abstraction. "*O caro !*" quickly answered Descartes, full of contempt for an imagination which conceived only concrete ideas. As a more recent example, M. Boussinesq, one of the most clever theorists of France, although he differs from Lord Kelvin on the use of logic in the physical theories, agrees with him in many points and states his ideas in quite similar words.

But to reduce the physical theory to be a collection of models, is not an opinion of Continental origin ; it is of English import and an effect of the celebrity of Maxwell. From the use of algebraical models, the German and French physicists quickly went to the use of the mechanical ones. The leader of the movement was Henry Herz, who, without discussing at all the fundamental definitions and hypotheses of Maxwell and



without controlling his results by experience, admitted his equations and developed them in a theory. Ever since, M. Henri Poincaré claimed in a much more expressive manner the right for the mathematical physics to shake off the laws of a too strict logic and to break the bond which held together the different theories. "Perhaps," says he, in the Introduction of his *Treatise on Electricity and Optics*, "the reading of Maxwell's works would be less suggestive, if he did not open to us so many divergent ways." These words which gave an open field to the ideas so remarkably professed by Lord Kelvin, did not remain without an echo, for there were numerous reasons to keep them resounding.

Of course, we shall not dwell on the *snobisme* of those who, in complete ignorance of the French classical theories, praise the English ones as the most fashionable, in the same way that they would praise English tailors. No more shall we dwell on those who, being perfectly weak-minded and unable to use French methods, wish, but in vain, to appear broad-minded. But, amongst other reasons, the rapid development and the various requirements of industries are of no mean importance. A manufacturer is very often a broad-minded man: his daily practice of engines, of business and of men, accustoms him to perceive clearly a complicated whole of concrete things. On the other hand, he is often a weak-minded man, for he is kept away from abstract ideas and general principles and, consequently, the English model is the best fitted to his intellectual wants. Naturally enough, he wishes to see physics taught in this way to young engineers who at the same time, prefer the quick process of the imaginative theories to the long deductions of the classical ones. Thus, the contempt of order and the disdain of exactness come to such an excess that the correctness of any given formula is measured by its usefulness, and theory comes to be looked upon as mere chop-logic and abuse of truth. The bad example set by men of science has been followed by the ignorant mass who make no distinction between science and industry; from the high schools, the fashion has been adopted by secondary schools, in which no ideas nor principles are shown to boys, but only facts and figures.

It must be noticed, however, that many German and French thinkers are afraid of such a situation; they understand that if it is in the power of everybody to be careless of his natural qualities, it is far more difficult to acquire the hereditary qualities of another

nation, and that, in aiming at broadness of mind, one may run the risk of losing one's strength.

Then, we must state a comparison as to their results, between English and French theories. But to appreciate the imaginative physics in a right way, we must not accept it from those who do not understand it, but from the great English physicists whose powerful minds conceived it. If we do so, shall we say that the creation of the models was the origin of many discoveries? We think not, for many discoveries are given as effects of the use of models, which were, as a matter of fact, arrived at in other ways. In more than one case, a model was created to illustrate an abstractive theory, by the author of this theory himself, or by somebody else; then, after a while, the model took the place of the theory, and is now given as the real instrument of the discovery, when it is simply an instrument of exposition.

The physicist who identified most formally the understanding of a theory with the conception of a model, Lord Kelvin, so famous for his scientific discoveries, had not had a single one suggested to him by the imaginative physics, but the most celebrated were made by the abstractive systems of classical thermodynamics and electrodynamics. He himself states that such representations were necessary to his mind, because he could not without them completely understand the theories; when he uses the models, it is not to invent but only to expose the results already obtained and to sum up the abstract deductions of logic. The same may be said of the model of the electrostatic and electromagnetic actions which Maxwell describes in his pamphlet on *Physical Lines of Force*. It does not seem to have been of any use to him for his electromagnetic theory of light, and the manner itself in which he tries to derive from that model the two fundamental formulæ of his theory, proves that the results to be obtained were known to him from other sources; but he wished to find them again at any cost.

Of course, it would be ridiculous to deny all kind of result to the use of the models, as some discoveries were practically an effect of it; but to compare the discoveries which were made in that way with the rich results of the abstractive theories would be just as ridiculous.

Let us then give to everybody the liberty of conceiving theories according to his own mind, Englishmen in the English way, and Frenchmen in the French way; for the best way of developing science is to let each intellectual form realize its own type. Such

liberalism is not opposed to the feeling which haunts all the physicists who deserve the name, we mean that grand aspiration after the unity of science.

It is true, logically speaking, that there is no plain reason why we should ask the physical theories to make one whole ; by no intellectual consideration are we obliged to connect together the different parts of each theory ; but there exists in every mind an intense need of logical order, the genuineness of which nobody can prove, the value of which nobody can test, but which cannot be neglected, for it is stronger than all, being dictated by common sense. We feel that our physical theories must be made of unity and order to reflect the real connections between the things, and this is the reason why all of them have a tendency to become natural classifications.

P. DE VREGILLE.

## *Mary Queen of Scots and the Babington Plot.*

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### I. DOCTOR PARRY.

IT is impossible to doubt that the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, is one of the most important facts in our history. On the other hand, there are few events which, owing to religious or party prepossessions, are more constantly judged according to preconceived ideas. Now the first consequence of holding preconceived views, is to neglect the consideration of details which might modify those views. Much indeed has been written about Mary Stuart, but how few are those who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts! The documents in our case are numerous, but easily accessible, and they illustrate the story in minute detail. If once the ground were mapped out thoroughly and minutely the danger of losing one's way through prepossession and party-spirit would be very considerably reduced. My present object is, therefore, to show how a trustworthy record of Mary's connection with the Babington plotters might be put together. In the present article, however, we shall not be able to do more than to make a bowing acquaintance with the chief characters, and to take a glance at their ways of acting.

As we begin, a certain hesitation arises ; as there always does when one commences to read or write about a special period. What is the precise point of time, which one should take to start from? The Babington Plot, which was concluded with the flight of the conspirators in July, 1586, had only been begun in June. The causes which immediately induced Babington to conspire take us another six months further back, when Gilbert Gifford, the chief *agent provocateur*, put himself at Walsingham's disposal. As for Walsingham, several years had passed since he had come to the conclusion that the Scottish Queen should be removed. As far back as 1572 he had maintained that Mary's life was a step to Elizabeth's death ; and in 1581 he used to write of her in official despatches as "the bosom serpent," to whom all the

dangers of England were due. In earlier years it had been the policy of Elizabeth and Cecil to temporize, as soon as their settlement of religion seemed to be free from immediate danger. Walsingham advocated a more decided policy. War with Catholic Powers abroad, and the immediate extermination of English Catholics at home, were the objects of his predilections. The struggle between the advocates of a "thorough," and those of a policy of moderation will be constantly coming before our notice.

A great opportunity for the advancement of Walsingham's plans came with the outburst of anti-Catholic feeling aroused in England by the assassination of the Prince of Orange (July 10, 1584). This abominable crime had been preceded by his Ban (August, 1580), and by many ineffectual attempts on his life, all of which were attended with disastrous consequences to the Catholics of this country. Before the pronouncement of the Ban we find no indications that assassination plots were much, if at all, feared in this country. The Protestant persecutors of course dreaded that the Catholics would retaliate somehow, if they got the chance; but it was imagined that their chance of regaining power lay, if anywhere, in a "Grand Papal League" of the Catholic nations against the Protestant. Rumours of such a league were not unfrequent abroad, and occasionally they found an echo in England. But it did not at first occur to people to think of the Catholic party, the chief conservative force in the land, as grasping at the extreme remedy of the dagger in order to recover their constitutional liberties.

But when Spain, the first of Catholic Powers, put a price upon the head of the Prince of Orange, and openly defended its right to do so,<sup>1</sup>—Catholic Church authorities, to their dishonour, not protesting—it was no wonder that Protestant suspicions of murder-plots should be aroused, no wonder that the enemies of the Church should industriously encourage such suspicions.

It is only after this that we begin to hear reports of conspiracies against the Queen, and that unscrupulous politicians begin to make use of such rumours for political purposes. The murder of the Prince in July, was followed in England by the formation of great popular *Associations* for the Queen's

<sup>1</sup> The reason given was that he was born a subject of Spain, and being in evident rebellion, and not otherwise within the ordinary power of the law, he might be punished by private killing.

defence against assassination. Though she neither was then, nor ever had been, in the slightest danger, whole counties and provinces joined for her defence with an ardour which would have been admirable had it not been so deeply infected with sectarian fanaticism. The promise of association was taken in the Protestant churches, a new Parliament was elected amid the popular excitement which it caused, and the barbarous code of penal statutes against Catholics, known as that of the twenty-seventh year of Elizabeth, was made law. The outburst of so-called loyalty had resulted in legislation of appalling cruelty. Priests might be, and would be for a century to come, hanged, drawn, and quartered for their sacred character only.

In the same spirit of frenzied fanaticism it was proposed to give the sanction of law to the *Band of Association*, which bound the confederates to pursue to the death the person in whose favour a conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth should be contrived. If this sanction had been given, Mary's tenure of life would have been indeed precarious. A real plot in her favour might have been formed without her knowledge or against her will, or her enemies might have spread rumours of a sham plot, and in either case any of the Puritans who guarded her might have struck her down, as they were ever ready to do,<sup>1</sup> convinced that they were now carrying out an obligation imposed by the law.

But the more moderate party in Elizabeth's Council prevailed to some extent, and it was decided that legal proceedings should be held before Mary's life was to be considered forfeit.

Thus was the Puritan party familiarized with the idea of putting the Queen of Scotland to death, an idea in itself repugnant to the reverence which the English people as a whole cherished for royalty, as well as to the respect they felt for one who was in law the heir to the throne, and with whom many sympathized far more than they dared to show openly.

The first victim of the blood-lust to which the half-religious, half-political agitation had given rise, was William, commonly called Doctor Parry. One phase of his so-called conspiracy has been already described in the pages of this magazine,<sup>2</sup> that is,

<sup>1</sup> In March, 1585, one of Mary's custodians reported "if any danger had been offered, or doubt suspected, the Queen's body should first have tasted of the gall." In July following another wrote, "I will never ask pardon, if she depart out of my hands. . . . If I be assaulted by force, I will be assured by the Grace of God that she shall die before me." Chalmers, *Mary Stuart*, ii. 142; J. Morris, *Sir Amias Poulet*, p. 49.

<sup>2</sup> THE MONTH, July, 1902.

Parry's endeavours to elicit from the clergy some expressions in favour of regicide. We may therefore now dwell more particularly on the connection of this episode with Walsingham's plans against Mary.

It may be remembered that Parry was a ruined courtier, who had incurred the sentence of death for assaulting a creditor with violence. He had been allowed to go abroad, and had there supplied Walsingham and Lord Burghley with information as to the doings of the Catholic exiles and with other news; but his letters, many of which are still extant, did not seem to Elizabeth's Ministers to be of any remarkable value. In 1583 he was engaged in deeper schemes. He left Paris, where his intercourse with Lord Burghley was not unknown, and betook himself first to Venice, and in a second journey to Lyons and Milan. Here he endeavoured to procure the favour of Papal officials, and of some Jesuit Fathers, by saying that he had some rather disreputable things (*cose poco honeste*) to reveal about the English Queen, if he might receive a letter of safe-conduct and protection against the Inquisition, and he hinted that he in his turn was willing to undertake something—anything—against his former mistress. Considering the disregard of life then prevalent, and that he was visiting territories under Spanish dominion, where the attempts against the Prince of Orange were fully tolerated, it would have been no great wonder if Parry had succeeded in finding some unsuspecting priest to play into his hands. But so far as his confessions show he failed in this, though he did eventually obtain from the Cardinal of Como, the Papal Secretary of State, and from others of the clergy certain letters, which, being insufficiently guarded, were liable to be used by the adventurer as credentials.

Returning with these to Paris he was received with full confidence by Mary's representatives, Morgan and Paġet, of whose recklessness we shall often have to speak again as our story proceeds. Parry offered them his services in England, and Morgan soon broached the subject of assassinating Elizabeth; but the details of the proposal were never reduced to writing. Whatever the intrigue may have been, Parry at once made use of it to further his ulterior objects. He wrote anew to the Cardinal of Como and to the Pope, that he was now being employed on a certain good work, as to which he need only say that he was acting under the commission of the leading Scottish Catholics. Would the Pope bless his enterprise and attach a Plenary Indulgence to its execution?

Having sent off this letter, he returned to England, told Elizabeth a long story about the commissions entrusted to him (but no contemporary account of this story is on record), and for confirmation pointed to the letters he had already received, and said that he was expecting the Pope's blessing and Indulgence. These did in fact arrive soon after, and of course confirmed Parry's credit completely in the eyes of the Queen. The crimes, for which he had lately been banished, and even his debts, were now wholly forgiven. He was rewarded, favoured, and finally given a seat at Queenborough in the election of the fanatical Parliament of 1584.

Here another feature of his character came into play to his eventual undoing. He was fond of playing the philosopher, and in truth he was not without some humane and better feelings. He was not the mere brutal, man-hunting sleuth-hound, such as so many other spies were, whom we shall meet later on. Even in his correspondence with Burghley and Walsingham he endeavours to draw distinctions between Catholic and Catholic. He would play the traitor to Papal agents, to the Jesuits and to most of the clergy, but he regretted indiscriminate persecution for conscience sake only of the laity, and of those who were absolutely harmless, which as he knew to his cost made the name of England hateful throughout the Continent. In his interviews with Elizabeth he had touched on this same idea, and she had in brave words assured him that "never a Catholic should be troubled for religion or supremacy so long as they lived like good subjects." Alas, that her laws and her practice so flatly belied her professions!

Her words, however, confirmed Parry in his endeavour to pose as a superior person. His ambition may perhaps be likened to that lately shown by M. Leo Taxil, who endeavoured to win a reputation by befooling and exposing the weak points of the higher clergy, though he did not attempt to do them more serious injury. Parry thought he could take sides against the Catholic leaders, while opposing the persecution of Catholics merely as such. But such an affectation was not calculated to make a good impression on the frenzied Parliament of 1584, 1585.

On December 17, 1584, the bloody code of laws against the Catholics passed the House "with little or no argument," whereupon Parry declared that the measure "savoured of treasons, and was full of confiscations, blood, danger, despair



and terror to the subjects of this realm; . . . and that he would reserve his reasons for so saying for her Majesty."<sup>1</sup>

Though the inconstant philosopher was soon excusing himself on his knees for his speech, he was committed to the custody of the serjeant for his offence, but was freed next day by the Queen's orders. This, however, was the last time that she exerted herself in his favour. She was perhaps scared by the ensuing events, at all events she soon became altogether changed, as irritable and bloodthirsty as the most *exalté* Puritan. "Never," wrote Walsingham, "have I seen her Majesty so much commoved." This, however, is anticipating.

Parry's strange career had in fact reached its term. He was in money difficulties, and thought he saw a way out of them by plying anew his old trade of informer. He talked treason with one Edmund Neville, a returned exile, whom Elizabeth's Government was treating harshly. Each schemer probably wanted to betray the other, but Neville was the more successful, laying an information on February 9, 1585, which caused Parry's arrest and eventually his sacrifice at Tyburn not merely for the words spoken to Neville, but for the whole intrigue with Morgan and the Cardinal of Como. There was, of course the difficulty that Parry had but lately been rewarded for the very same "treasons," for which he was now to be executed. But this was got over by invoking the name of the Queen against whom no reproach could possibly be levelled. During Parry's trial Sir Christopher Hatton said that the Queen was so "magnanimous, that, after thou haddest opened those traiterous practices [with Morgan] in sort as thou hast laid it down in thy confession, she would not so much as acquaint any one of her Highness's Privy Council with it. . . . No not till this enterprise [with Neville] was discovered and made manifest."

It would be obviously unreasonable to offer a set explanation of these cryptic words, before we know if there is any truth in them.<sup>2</sup> Still, the following considerations may help to form some ideas on the subject.

It was, of course, Parry's policy, as it was that of other

<sup>1</sup> Sir Simonds D'Ewes, *Journals of Parliaments during the reign of Queen Elizabeth*, 1682, p. 340.

<sup>2</sup> Although we do not know the exact terms of Parry's revelations to the Queen, we have many of his letters to Lord Burghley, begging for great rewards because of the greatness of his services (*e.g.*, Lansdowne MS. xliii. n. 7). He would not have written thus of services unknown to Burghley, yet there were no other services except his revelations.

courtiers, to make his appeals to the Sovereign in person, when he could. Elizabeth greatly enjoyed hearing about plots, as we shall see. This explains his silence about the intrigue with Morgan in his otherwise detailed letters of intelligence to Burghley. He wished the discovery made to Elizabeth to be dramatic and complete. To a certain extent he calculated aright. Elizabeth was considerably influenced in his favour, as her interference against the Commons plainly showed. On the other hand, his attempt to act apart from her Ministers gave them an excuse for washing their hands of him at the first opportunity. When the Queen had changed her mind, therefore, he had not a single defender, and so received without mercy the reward of his many demerits; protesting, however, to the end that he was "never guilty of any intention of killing Queen Elizabeth."<sup>1</sup>

Before we trace the connection of the Parry episode with Queen Mary's fate, it will not be amiss to note certain characteristics which are distinctly signs of the times. Parry himself may be considered as a rather favourable specimen of the Elizabethan conspirator. He is as usual a spendthrift, one who, though generally respectable, does not stick at crimes of violence, at changing his religion, and at abusing the most sacred rites and professions, when such measures seemed advisable. The corruption begins at Court, and ends in the most debased selfishness. His last letters to Elizabeth and Burghley (the former subscribed "Parry, killed chiefly by your own hard hand")—while pleading for life, make his prayer distinctly conditional. Unless he is promised support he has no wish to live. Yet there is something interesting about the man, a vein of Dickens-like philosophy and a touch of humanity, which lifts him to a higher category than that of the mere spies and bloodhounds of whom we shall meet too many later on.

Elizabeth's Ministers come before us in a very unlovable

<sup>1</sup> If one were to push conjecture a step further, one might surmise that the real reason for Parry's death, was the conflict between Walsingham and the extremists and Burghley and the moderates. Parry in his confessions complains that "two great men" had continually oppressed him—presumably Leicester and Walsingham. The latter had, perhaps, intercepted Parry's letter of February 22nd to Morgan, of which we shall see more immediately, for it is now among Walsingham's papers, though it may have got there later. If intercepted, it would have excited suspicions. Walsingham again would have profoundly suspected the better and more humane side of Parry's character, while Burghley would have liked it. Indeed, it is impossible to doubt that Burghley had steadily favoured him. The tone of Parry's many letters to him leave no doubt as to this, and it is confirmed by Burghley having commended to him his son who was starting on a tour abroad.

light. After encouraging Parry in the dishonourable trade of informer, they do him to death without mercy, when it suits their policy. They perfectly well understood that a man in his position would have to dabble in suspicious intrigues, but his blood would be useful to excite the Puritans to still greater fanaticism, and they remorselessly overwhelmed him with obloquy, butchered him in public, and made use both of preaching and public prayers to impress on the people the idea that the Queen had providentially escaped from murder. The harangues and forms of prayer used on this occasion have been religiously preserved by Strype. If such cruelty was shown to one of their own tools, what justice or consideration were these men likely to show her whom they considered the "bosom serpent"?

On the whole the Catholic clergy came out well from the trial of their spirit cunningly put upon them by the tempter. Not one of the priests, whose opinions he endeavoured to draw out, gave him any handle for an accusation of lax doctrine in the matter of regicide, while nearly all, especially those in touch with England, seemed to have condemned the practice both strictly and clearly. The Cardinal of Como shows to the least advantage, his original readiness to give ear to Parry's stories was unwise and undignified, and his final transmission of the Indulgence, which he did in opposition to the repeated dissuasions of the Nuncio in Paris, was at best a piece of great stupidity. And indeed it must not be taken for granted that he really deserves even this lenient judgment. For it was he who should have protested against the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Ban against the Prince of Orange, and other inexcusable excesses of the Catholic party, but did not do so. He was, moreover, very seriously compromised by George Gifford's proposal for assassination, as we shall see in due course. Indeed, it seems hard to avoid the conclusion that he sometimes fell from the level which the Church upholds to that of the majority of Italian princes of that day, who were notoriously tolerant of the use of the stiletto.<sup>1</sup> But however this may be, there is at least nothing really conclusive against the Cardinal in this case. He may have understood that Parry was to be employed in one of the many dangerous but laudable enterprises on which Mary's servants had so often to embark, *e.g.*, the carrying of despatches, distributing books and pamphlets, visiting

<sup>1</sup> I have gone into details on this subject in the articles quoted above.

prisoners, or arranging escapes. In this case his letter, though unwise, need not be more severely condemned.

Mary Stuart in one sense comes out well from all attempts to implicate her in Parry's schemes. He himself maintained that she knew nothing of them, and her correspondence confirms this. But what are we to say of her continuing her confidence in Morgan, when a case, and even then a fairly strong case, was made out for his having discussed Elizabeth's murder with Parry? This is a serious question which we shall be better able to answer later on.<sup>1</sup>

That Thomas Morgan treated with Parry in earnest about Elizabeth's assassination, is not susceptible of direct proof, but taking all the circumstances into consideration, it seems to be hardly doubtful. On the one hand, the English Government did not in fact produce convincing evidence against him, and there is much truth in Parry's acknowledgment that all depended on balancing his "nay" with my "yea." If that were really all, then the scale ought of course to incline in favour of Morgan; but it is not all. Morgan's most hearty co-operation in the next conspiracy must excite our suspicions of his participation in this. There is, moreover, a letter from Parry to him still extant in the Record Office, to which attention has not yet been drawn.<sup>2</sup> It was written after Parry had been well received by Elizabeth, and while he was trying to keep in touch with all parties. He says:

I have not been careless of the debt undertaken, but being meanly satisfied before my departure from Paris, I laboured by conference with a singular man on the side<sup>3</sup> to be fully informed what might be done

<sup>1</sup> The following passage from Mary's trial was certainly not reported in any friendly spirit, and needs confirmation. Still, it is the nearest we can at present get to her mind on this subject.

"When the Lord Treasurer had mentioned that she knew Morgan well, which had sent Parry privily to murder the Queen, and that she had assigned him a yearly pension, she replied that she knew not whether Parry had done so, but she knew that Morgan had lost all for her sake, and that therefore it concerned her in honour to relieve him; and she was not bound to revenge the injury done the Queen by a friend, that had deserved well at her hands; yet she had terrified the man from such wicked attempts, but contrariwise (she said) pensions have been assigned out of England to Patrick Gray, and to the Scots, my adversaries, as also to my son." (*State Trials*, vol. i. p. 146, i.)

<sup>2</sup> R. O. *Eliz., Dom. Addenda*, vol. xxviii. n. 61. It may however be that this letter was written with the connivance of Elizabeth's Government.

<sup>3</sup> The *Calendar* reads "on this side," which would mean in England; but the original reads "on the side," which presumably means, "on the sea coast," and would refer to his meeting with William Watts, the secular priest, before he embarked for England. In his confession and trial Parry referred again to his having been

with conscience in that case for the common good. I was learnedly overruled, and assured that it ought not to fall into the thought of a good Christian. The service, you know, never passed your hand and mine, and may, therefore, with more ease and less offence be concealed and suppressed. I know that the divine with whom I had conference there by your appointment is secret and honest. If you will travail to satisfy the greatest,<sup>1</sup> and to retain my better sort of friends in good opinion of me, I shall hold it for a singular pleasure ; and if you can use me on this side for you or yours, be assured of me.

This letter was written a year before Parry's arrest ; it was not meant to accuse Morgan. Yet it seems impossible to doubt that Parry is referring to their conferences about the assassination, and if so his words undoubtedly prove Morgan's complicity.

To sum up. In the episode of Parry we make acquaintance with most of the characters, whom we shall have to study as we proceed. The Queen of England we see personally interested in the success of the spy-system, and though of herself inclined to mercy, she is changeable, and ends by yielding to the harsher advice of her Ministers. Those Ministers are strongly possessed with the idea that Mary must die. They have inflamed Puritan feeling to demand her death, and are on the look-out for an occasion to take her life. Elizabeth's court and the retinues of her Ministers contain many men of broken fortune and reckless morals, who, though not otherwise inhuman and uncultured, are most keen on contriving for their own profit plots which they may betray, any of which may be the death of the Scottish Queen. On the other hand, there is a feeling of deep vexation abroad, especially in Catholic countries, at the continued successes of Protestant rebellions and religious wars ; and here and there a miserable readiness to tolerate the desperate remedy of violence. In none is this unholy feeling more marked than in Thomas Morgan, whom nevertheless Mary, ever a bad judge of men, continues to favour and to trust. This was the quarter on which she was most liable to attack, her enemies knew it, and in our next paper we shall see with what perseverance they endeavour to take advantage of the weak point for their own malignant purposes.

J. H. POLLEN.

"overruled" by Watts. While treating with Neville, that is six months after writing this letter, Parry consulted another priest, Christopher Driland. So at least it is stated in an anonymous report, drawn up ten years later. Driland "told them it was not lawful to kill her, nevertheless he concealed it," and for this reason, as it seems, suffered imprisonment until his death (T. G. Law, *Jesuits and Seculars*, p. 135).

<sup>1</sup> Queen Mary is probably meant.

## *A Pilgrim of Eternity.*

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### V. THE HEART OF A WORKHOUSE.

ONE day I received a letter from my friend the Unitarian minister, who urged me to become a candidate at the Guardians' Election. He explained that the three towns formed one Union, but elected their own representatives, who held office for three years; and continuous policy was possible, as the elections for the different towns took place in successive years, so that only a third of the Board retired in any one year. Had I been of his political party, he could have obtained my nomination as candidate, and that without difficulty, and if I wished, he would speak privately to the chairman and the agent of the other side; but he was afraid there was no way to a seat on the Board except through a political door. He would not disguise the fact that cathedral towns were notoriously corrupt in regard to elections; and it would require some strength of character to avoid the whirlpool.

When I had expressed my surprise that he should ask me to venture upon such an enterprise, and at my time of life, he wrote still more vehemently. He quite understood my feelings in the matter, but he did not hesitate to ruffle them, for such important interests were at stake. "You are a Catholic," he said, "and here are God's poor with never a Catholic among their Guardians. Catholic children come here; and there ought to be at least one Catholic on the Board, that the children may be sent to a Catholic home as soon as possible, and receive no harm during their stay in this place. Sick Catholics lie in our infirmary, aged Catholics live in the wards for old men and old women, and in the other parts of the workhouse a Catholic family may have to seek shelter from the destitution brought upon them by the folly or sin of one parent. Among the tramps who sleep in the casual ward there may be Catholics, but no provision is made for any religious influence."

I replied that work of such an amount and such a kind needed someone young and energetic, and not an old body who ought to be preparing for the last journey.

Still he would take no denial. "Catholics," he wrote, "are necessary. There ought to be some Catholics, men and women, on the Board. True, the language of the 'gentlemen' would sometimes disgrace a tap-room, but Catholic men and women ought to face more than that for the sake of the children. There ought to be Catholic men among the Guardians to protect Catholic inmates and to serve on the Finance and Land Committees. And among the Guardians there ought to be Catholic women to see that the sick women are properly treated, that the little girls are protected as much as possible from conversation with the bad women, and that the old women have suitable clothing. Besides, young women sometimes enter just before they become mothers; and at such a time, when they have lost their position among respectable Protestants, they might be touched by the peculiar influence of a good Catholic woman, even if she never spoke definitely of her own creed. I have known a respectable Protestant gentleman sneer at the saintship of Mary Magdalen. But you and those of your communion, if you are as sincere as I hold you, must draw the abandoned to your Master's Cross."

Again I pleaded my feebleness; and again his vehemence increased. Dating his letter from the Board-room, he wrote that he did not look for physical strength in me, and he would insist upon my Catholic profession, which bound me to prove the supernatural life by my work. "It is," said he, "the failure, the ghastly failure of Protestantism to prove itself even human, that has made our Poor Law system what it is. An Anglican parson, who was a candidate, and eventually a successful candidate, for the chaplaincy of a workhouse, told me he regarded the place as a human dust-heap, and a young Protestant doctor assured me that a workhouse practice offered a fine field for medical work, as one could experiment upon the poor. But look at the heart of the workhouse, and see what spirit reigns there. We all are determined in a great measure by our traditions. Those of the English Poor Law began in earnest with Henry VIII. Till then the monasteries, as their account-books and other contemporary records prove, made provision for the sick, taught the children, gave work to the able, hospitality to the traveller, and help to the struggling

farmer. But Henry seized the monastic property. Some of it he gave to courtiers, who turned it into sheep-farms, evicting the tenants for that purpose. Some of it was sold to merchants, who cared only for profit; and to gain this, they ground the faces of the poor. Very many people, having no means of livelihood, were driven to beg, for which they received the whip and the stocks on their first conviction; the second time they lost the right ear; and the third time spelt death. Under Edward VI., the Supreme Head of the English Protestant Church, the Protestant Parliament went further. It enacted that a working-man found without a master was to be branded and sold as a slave for two years, to be fed on bread and water at his master's pleasure, and to be compelled by whip and chain. If he attempted to escape, the slavery became lifelong; he might be bound with an iron ring and sold or bequeathed as a chattel; and if he dared resist the penalty was death. His children also, if they tried to run away, became slaves for life.

"I confess," continued my friend, "it is difficult to read this, but it causes me to feel more intensely that I was morally right, as well as logically true, in denying any claim of Protestantism upon my soul. Let it bear itself ever so proudly, yet it cannot efface those pages which record its enslavement of white freemen for the crime of poverty. Either my Unitarianism or your Catholicism must be right, and if your religion should prove to be the true one, the angels of the children and the poor will impeach many an English Protestant at God's Last Judgment."

"The system of enslavement," went on the letter, "proved a failure, and Elizabeth approved the famous Law which compelled the relief of the poor by compulsory rates, and ordered work for the unemployed, relief for the infirm, punishment for the idle, and apprenticeship for poor children. In her reign, however, our modern English life developed those abnormal and unlovely features, the swift growth of national wealth side by side with a rapid increase in the number of the absolutely poor, and the substitution of compulsory aid for the more humane relief of religious organizations. Under the Commonwealth, when the Old Testament was often on men's lips, Sir Matthew Hale could say that the English nation was then more deficient in prudent provision for the poor than any other Christian State. Under George I. the paupers were



farmed out to masters, who soon discovered the rate in aid of wages, reducing their own payment to a trifling sum, and compelling their workmen to apply for relief. So it happened that a large part of the wages was really paid by the poor rate-payers, who thus became poorer than the very people in receipt of relief."

At this point I laid the letter on the table, that I might recollect myself a little. In my friend there was something I could not regard as the natural condition of a soul. He seemed to me at those times, when he had met some instance of injustice, to be like an inland lake, swept with stormwinds, and wearing out its energy in assailing invincible barriers. As I thought upon this, it dawned upon me his soul had been touched by the Divine Life, so that it could not remain indifferent ; yet it had not been so illumined by the Divine Light, that it could labour calmly in the consciousness of the Divine Love. And through the fume of contention my friend did not always discern distinctions clear to those who dwell in the hush of life. Some of the Protestants whom I knew and know, have lived in strenuous effort to oppose evil and right wrong. Gentle and gracious souls, born into a chaos of religious and social questions, they would do all and more than all they could, even though, through no fault of theirs, deprived of the resources and the guidance, which form the privilege and the responsibility of Catholics. I could not forget it was as Protestant clergymen, Newman and Faber, Ward and Manning, gained much of what availed them later, even as St. Paul's training in Judaism became a powerful factor in his apostolic work.

I knew one, a University man, gathering waifs and strays around him, and surrendering the more attractive aspects of life that he might give the lads a home, an education, a moral character, and above all, the religion of his Master. There were others whom I knew, or of whom I had heard ; and they were labouring in the slums as Ritualist clergymen, or volunteering for whatever work seemed to make heroism possible. It might be as teachers in a night-school, or as oarsmen in a lifeboat ; or it might be in the more dreary toil of municipal committees.

Not all who have inherited Protestantism have inherited the protestings. And of those who have, many protest, not against the Catholic Church, of which they know little or nothing, but against an imaginary horror, created by novelists,

at once crude and ignorant. But men, like my friend, who battle for some purpose, seldom encounter old-world courtesy and generous frankness. Rather, they will probably meet the pushful and overbearing, those who are mutineers when ruled and martinets when ruling. Then, too quickly, they fling their scorn against the whole battalion, without considering those serving in the hospital tents.

Such and many such things came to my mind, till at last I woke from my reverie. Then I resumed the reading of the letter.

"All I have said," he urged, "may seem ancient history, but in human life, nothing is ancient. All achievement lives in our spirit, in our very language. But if you will, turn to the close of the eighteenth century, the period of revolution. Then Germany, France, and England began those phases from which they have not yet issued. Germany attempted an upheaval in philosophy, and rebelled against the reality of the world and the Providence of God.' France slew her king and many of her nobles, for hers was a political revolution. But the English overthrow was industrial; and by means of the new machinery the land became remarkable for factories, in which the bodies and souls of boys and girls were disfigured and mutilated and slain. You think my language excessive. Then I ask you to read any dispassionate account of the time. Because of the shocking immorality in those early factories, the workmen would not allow their wives and children to enter the mills, till wages had been reduced to a starvation level. But the manufacturers made terms with the overseers of the poor, who provided them with workhouse children, on condition that every score might include one idiot. Those boys and girls often worked sixteen hours a day; and spent their Sunday in cleaning the machinery. They worked under blows; they were tortured by sharp instruments, and fed on the coarsest food, sometimes the same as that given to the pigs; there was no discrimination of the sexes; and those who had attempted to escape wore irons on their legs, often to the hips. When they died, it mattered little, for the workhouses held more such factory fuel; but the corpses were buried in lonely places, lest anyone should notice the number of the graves; and no one seemed to care, till vengeance came upon the people, who shuddered before the spectre of fever that rose from those insanitary factories.

"The epidemic shook the bosom, if it could not move the heart of England; and, in 1802, Parliament raised its arm a

little, and enacted that the factory walls were to be washed with quicklime and water ; a sufficient number of windows must be made ; apprentices must have two suits of clothes ; and no one would be permitted to work the children for more than twelve hours a day. But even that measure of reform did not include any factory which employed the children of its own neighbourhood. At last Sadler and Shaftesbury rose to battle for the little ones ; and there are not many stories to compare with the tragedies unfolded before the Sadler Committee of 1833. I would move, but I would not harrow your feelings ; so I will confine myself to the evidence of poor Elizabeth Bentley. At six years of age, she went to the mill, and worked from five in the morning till nine at night. When the children flagged a little, they were beaten with a strap ; and those who were last in finishing any work were systematically beaten, girls as well as boys. She, poor child, had been beaten severely, and hurt excessively ; for sometimes the overseer chained all the girls in a row, and beat them with his thong."

There was much more in the letter, and somewhat moved by it, I wrote that I was willing to do whatever I could ; but those crimes were not taking place in our day, and I did not like the prospect of such an election, as I had never interfered in political matters. Besides, I could not see why political intrigues should be introduced into the local administration of the Poor Law.

My friend explained that the districts had been organized by the agents of the political parties. Then, naturally, when any one became a candidate for a local office, dependent upon the popular vote, he would invite the aid of the political committee to which he belonged or subscribed. It followed that the committees would sometimes initiate the proceedings and choose the candidates. Indeed, this had become almost the custom in our towns. It was by no means a perfect condition of affairs ; but while he was agitating for workhouse reform, he could not fight against the party system. Unfortunately, he himself was compelled to employ it, but if I wished to be free from such trammels, and to vote freely in the election of a chairman and the appointment of officials, I should become a representative of the working classes ; and he, for his part, would bring the matter before the various labour organizations in the town. Nothing, he thought, would be more becoming in a tertiary of St. Francis than to voice the interests of the

toilers ; and I should share a work in which my glorious Saint would have delighted, compelling the Guardians to build schools outside the workhouse.

"You think," he said, "that the influence of the former system has passed away from Poor Law government. It was not long ago a Guardian thought the little ones should be compelled to harder work than is theirs ; for at their age he himself had been a scarecrow. Another complained that the children were treated too well ; and not long after, his little grandsons became paupers. When, on the other hand, I spoke against the children's surroundings and their contact with evil persons, the first reply confessed that these things had been going on for years, but claimed that everything worked very well. Afterwards, it was denied that such a state of affairs had ever existed ; and some people, workhouse contractors among them, who occupied some position in the towns, were brought to the place that they might write testimonials of its good condition. But the other morning I went to the yard of the men's receiving ward and found a boy there. He was standing among some convalescents from the room where we see the foul physical effects of vice and profligacy. I went to the gate and asked another Guardian to inspect the yard. We then entered the Board-room ; but when I rose to speak of the matter the chairman denied it had ever occurred, and persisted in his denial till the other witness confirmed my word. I may tell you that on more than one occasion in the women's receiving ward I have found little girls associated with women who were suffering from sin. The whole subject must be utterly distasteful to you, but if you put your hand to this work you must deal with these questions, which probe the very heart of our social life.

"Now," he continued, "I will counteract the influence of those who came and described this house in such glowing language. As one of them was a parson, I am determined to show the place to a leading Nonconformist. Like many of the ministers among the Protestant dissenters, he is a very honest man, perhaps not highly educated, and certainly not intelligent in regard to the great theological and historical controversies ; but his life is pathetic in its troubles, and he suffers much from some of his deacons. Indeed, I would not credit what I hear as to the life of those unfortunate men had I not seen so much myself. A lady of his congregation asked one good man whom

I know to meet her carriage and take her into church on the one arm, while he carried her cushion under the other. I assure you that is a positive fact, and I tell you all this at so much length in order that you may appreciate the courage of the minister if he dares to come with me, for some of my opponents are members of his congregation."

Soon afterwards my friend came to see me, and when I asked him the result of the minister's visit, he laughed slightly and said, "First of all, I led him to two new hospital wards, which are always shown to visitors. The good man seemed to think I was a rogue, and he took every opportunity of expressing his admiration of all he saw. He stopped the nurses to congratulate them, and to say London could not equal it. I held my head down, and no doubt he thought that a sense of shame was at last filling my breast. After some time I suggested we should go to the heart of the workhouse, where the fresh life-blood was flowing. We then went to the boys' quarters. I opened the door, but the place was empty, not a soul to be seen. The contrast between the new wards and the schoolroom needed no indication; so we went into the yard, which was wet and very dismal. In a corner of it there is a low, wretched shed, used indeed as a class-room for the smallest pupils; and in it we found the boys seated on the forms, and huddled together; and some of them were crying, for they had just been caned for running across the wet yard. When we were again outside the school the minister stood still in the corridor; and putting his hands to his head he told me that he would go mad if he was two days in that place."

As the towns were then showing much dissatisfaction with the increasing rates, I thought it strange to hear such accounts of a place which absorbed so much public money. When I had mentioned this to my friend, he readily answered that vast sums were spent upon the management in salaries, pensions, and allowances. The Local Government Board had acknowledged that the poor received seven shillings only of each guinea collected in poor rates; or, to put the matter bluntly, if you would give one penny to a poor man you must give two more to the man in charge of him. Besides, the waste in such institutions is enormous. In walking round the grounds, he had seen half loaves among the pigs' food. Then, it was necessary to remember that there were often clandestine sources of expense in such institutions. He held evidence to

prove that a merchant, who claimed to have supplied food to the inmates of another workhouse, had, in reality, sent private goods to an official, the instigator of the fraud. A member of a leading firm had complained that they could not get a contract, which depended on one of the subordinate officials, because they would not give the man a commission. And it may naturally be supposed that those who do give such bounties compensate themselves from the goods they supply. So that from the Poor Law expenses we must deduct two-thirds for management, and another fraction for mismanagement in waste and subsidies.

"Beyond a doubt," said my friend, "there are many excellent men and women among officials and contractors, and on them the system presses the more heavily, for they will not help themselves by dishonourable means. On the other hand, not long ago, I saw a Guardian wipe his lips as he came from an official's room; and afterwards, at the Board meeting, I hear him deliver a speech in favour of that official. On another occasion I went to see another official, and in his room I found a Guardian, drunk, and waiting till they could find a trap to carry him home. I brought forward a motion that no one in the house be permitted to treat any Guardian with drink, but it was defeated by a large majority. Now I devote myself to this one purpose, the removing the children from the heart of the workhouse. It is a proverb that those who are reared in a workhouse die in one, and in any case, the removal will brighten those little lives at an age when they are most impressionable; it will ensure a management more amenable to public opinion; and it will protect them from such shameful assaults as that for which an inmate, himself a former pupil of the school, was lately sent to prison."

About the date of my friend's conversion, the schools, for which he had struggled, were opened; and no long time elapsed before the school committee bore witness to the benefits for which he had hoped. And, indeed, I have sometimes thought it not a little remarkable that he and another, the two Guardians who contended most earnestly for the schools, received the grace of conversion on the completion of their work. But I would like to add two extracts from letters he wrote to me in those days of difficulty. "Yes," he assured me, "I feel you are right. The Guardians do not see Christ in the children; and when I quoted that sentence to some of them they laughed, for they

thought the remark absurd. 'Of course not,' said one. 'Christ was God.' But I am doubly thankful for the saying. Though I have heard the phrase from my boyhood it now flashes a light upon my soul; and it gives actuality to the doctrine of the Incarnation. You could not, I think, have so happily indicated the cause of failure, were you not a Catholic, for whom the Word has indeed been made Flesh. Only among you can that doctrine be firm and enduring, for it flows over your thought and devotion into your life and action. Now, the mystery that trembles behind human eyes seems to be unveiled a little; and I cannot look upon a pauper child without thinking of Divine Love in Its humiliation."

In another letter I find the second passage. "Yesterday," it runs, "a little fellow, in the boys' hospital ward, expressed a wish to see me. I went; but it was somewhat awkward, as I am a Unitarian minister, and he knew little, except stray memories of the Anglican catechism. He had been brought up in the school, and apprenticed from it; but he was soon seized by the consumption, now killing him. He knew he was dying; so I asked him to think of God; but he answered me very plaintively that he had never gone to church since he left school; and he thought it cowardly to turn to God at the end. The poor child listened to me; and it came into my mind to tell him that, perhaps, God had sent me just to say, 'Come back.' Then I said what a good boy he had been, and what a good influence he had exercised over the other boys; and I told him I was sure God would reward him for it. I tried to pray with him. It was hard, a little; but the Name of Jesus came so much into my mind, that I asked God to keep the Life and Death of Jesus before the lad; and somehow, as I prayed, I felt my own darkness. The little man bade me good-bye, hopefully I thought. That is all. He has gone from the heart of the workhouse to the Heart of God."

One of my friend's companions tells me that he well remembers an occasion on which the extravagance and failure of workhouses formed the subject of discussion. The Unitarian minister spoke out boldly, and insisted that nothing could compensate for a spiritual motive in such work. Somebody rejoined that the idea suggested a method like that of the mediæval monks; and he agreed. The managers' vow of poverty would save vast sums; and, in return, such workmen asked nothing more than permission to comfort the souls of the poor.

In our day the project may seem absurd, but only because we are enduring a phase materialist and irreligious. "But," said he, "I anticipate a time when the spiritual motives and methods of Merry England shall be revived, and transform the temporal methods and motives of Puritan England. Then our treatment of the poor shall be for the healing of body and soul ; and for my own part, I would welcome the Catholic Church to the labour, for it alone is competent ; and it would be competent, if it had no other ideal and no other motive power than that of the Sacred Heart."

M. N.



## *The Early Cultus of the Blessed Sacrament.*

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ONE of the most perplexing questions of early ecclesiastical history is the problem raised by the attitude of pious Christians during the first eleven centuries towards the Blessed Eucharist reserved for the use of the sick. That it *was* so reserved, whether in churches or in buildings annexed to them, or in private houses, is not disputed. That men like the Venerable Bede or St. Paschasius Radbertus—we need not here discuss the great doctors of an earlier age—believed in the Real Presence, is equally beyond a doubt. There is not even wanting on occasion a certain note of tenderness in the references we find to the Divine Victim who is offered daily in the Sacrifice of the Mass or who comes to His servants so lovingly in Holy Communion. But we meet with very little in those early times to suggest any realization of this privilege of the abiding Eucharistic Presence. If any evidence of what we should now call a “visit to the Blessed Sacrament” can be quoted of earlier date than the year 1100, I confess it is not known to me. Nay, even prayers or hymns in honour of the Eucharist are very rare outside the actual text of the liturgy. Of that “joy in the Presence of Thy blessed Body, sweet Saviour Christ, in the Holy Sacrament of the altar,” for which Blessed Thomas More made daily petition, it must be confessed that we find little trace in the earlier periods of Christian history.

Before going further, it may be interesting to call attention to one or two of the monuments of the faith of our ancestors which do remain to us. It is true that they are connected with Holy Communion, and in some sense lie outside the scope of our present inquiry, but they may help to convey an idea of the mental attitude towards the Blessed Sacrament of those who wrote them. The first is a prayer headed, *In Cena Domini* (“for Maundy Thursday”), from the *Book of Cerne*, a collection of prayers which belonged to the English Bishop Aethelwold, who ruled the see of Lichfield from 818 to 830.

O God, refuge of the poor, hope of the lowly, salvation of the afflicted, who banishing the foreshadowings of carnal victims didst consecrate for us a spiritual and living offering most pleasing to Thy Father, when whilst Thy disciples supped, blessing and distributing the bread and the chalice, Thou didst say: "Take and eat, this is my Body," and again, "This is the chalice of my Blood of the new testament which shall be offered for you, and for many unto the remission of sins," I return Thee thanks, and by this [token] I earnestly beseech Thy clemency, that purified and sanctified by this most holy and saving ransom, I may deserve, O my Lord Jesus Christ, to be redeemed here and in the future. Amen.<sup>1</sup>

This prayer would seem not to be in any proper sense liturgical, but intended for private devotion. In the form in which it appears in the Book of Cerne it must have been copied from some collection compiled for the use of women, for the feminine gender is employed: *purificata et sanctificata*. What I wish to note here is that although evidently meant for Holy Communion, and directed to the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the prayer is not so much addressed *to* the Blessed Sacrament, as written *about* the Blessed Sacrament, and the same feature seems to be observable in all similar monuments of devotion preserved from the early centuries. It certainly is so in the instance of the remarkable hymn of Irish origin preserved in *The Bangor Antiphonary*, which dates from the year 680. I borrow Dr. Neale's translation, with some slight modifications.

Come saints and take the Body of the Lord  
And drink the holy Blood for you outpour'd.  
By that pure Body and that holy Blood  
Saved and refreshed we render thanks to God.  
This sacred mystery, Flesh and Blood as well,  
Has snatched all scatheless from the jaws of hell.  
Salvation's Giver, Christ, God's only Son  
By His dear Cross and Blood the world hath won.  
Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.  
Victims were offered by the law of old,  
Which in a type this heav'nly mystery told.  
He, Lord of light, and Saviour of our race  
Hath given to His saints a wondrous grace.  
Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

<sup>1</sup> *The Book of Cerne*, ed. Dom Kuypers, p. 139.

He that His saints in this world rules and shields  
To all believers life eternal yields.  
He feeds the hungry with the Bread of Heaven,  
And living streams to those who thirst are given  
Alpha and Omega to whom shall bow  
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.

Amen.<sup>1</sup>

There can be no question as to the reality of the faith in the Real Presence to which these verses testify, but it is, as its very heading proves, a Communion hymn. What we are concerned with at present is the attitude of the faithful in the early centuries towards the Blessed Sacrament outside of Mass and Communion. In this regard it seems to me that there is much which we who have been brought up to so deep and constant a realization of the Eucharistic Presence in our midst can only view with astonishment. It is not of course what was said or done in the early ages, but rather what was left unsaid and undone

<sup>1</sup> Hymnus quando communicant sacerdotes :

Sancti venite — Christi corpus sumite,  
Sanctum bibentes — quo redempti sanguinem.

Salvati Christi — corpore et sanguine,  
A quo refecti — laudes dicamus Deo.

Hoc sacramento — corporis et sanguinis  
Omnes exuti — ab inferni faucibus.

Dator salutis — Christus, Filius Dei,  
Mundum salvavit — per crucem et sanguinem.

Pro universis — immolatus Dominus,  
Ipse sacerdos — existit et hostia.

Lege praeceptum — immolari hostias,  
Qua adumbrantur — divina mysteria.

Lucis indultor — et salvator omnium,  
Praeclaram sanctis — largitus est gratiam.

Accedant omnes — pura mente creduli,  
Sumant aeternam — salutis custodiam.

Sanctorum custos — rector quoque Dominus,  
Vitae perennis — largitor credentibus.

Coelestem panem — dat esurientibus,  
De fonte vivo — praebet sitientibus.

Alpha et Omega — ipse Christus Dominus  
Venit, venturus — judicare homines.

*The Bangor Antiphonary*, Henry Bradshaw Society, ii. p. 10. By the word "saints," as used in the first line and twice afterwards, the Celtic writer probably meant no more than "faithful Christians." It is important to remember this in reading early Celtic documents.

that creates the difficulty. But that we may fairly appreciate what the difficulty is, we must first get rid of some of the distinctively misleading statements which abound in the more popular treatises on the subject.

Let me begin with the assertion commonly made that in the reservation of the Eucharist it was customary since the time when the Church left the catacombs to keep a lamp continually burning before the altar or the recess where the Blessed Sacrament was kept. Canon Corblet, an archæologist of distinction, who is the author of a very well known treatise upon the history of the Blessed Eucharist, begins his chapter upon the tabernacle lamp in the following terms :

The Blessed Sacrament lamp is a sign of joy. "Every one knows," says the liturgist Amalarius, "that by the light of candles and lamps is betokened the joy of the Church. It is a figure of the Divinity which in the days of Moses as later on in the supper chamber manifested itself in the form of flames. It is the attribute of Jesus Christ, who said of Himself, I am the light of the world. It is the sign of the royalty of Christ our Lord in this sense that of old a light was borne before emperors and kings to do homage to their supreme majesty. It is a mark of our devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament because its light burns away before Him as our heart ought to shine by faith and to be consumed by love. It is further a symbol of the humanity of Jesus Christ, of His grace, of good works and of eternal glory."<sup>1</sup>

All this is presented to the unsuspecting reader as a quotation from Amalarius, who died in A.D. 850. The remarks are interesting enough, but they are surely not those of Amalarius or of any other liturgist in the ninth century. So far as I can unravel the mystery, after a vain search for this supposed quotation, it would seem that the whole attribution is the outcome of some accidental transposition of inverted commas. Amalarius is no doubt to be credited with various general observations upon the symbolism of lights, but the passage as it stands is apparently borrowed from a modern writer, M. l'Abbé Jobin, who has grafted his own very precise interpretations upon Amalarius's generalities.

I pass over Canon Corblet's appeal in the next place to certain extremely doubtful objects from the catacombs which apparently have traces of lamps attached to them, and which the Canon assumes to be "eucharistic towers," to turn to a definite statement more easy of verification.

<sup>1</sup> Corblet, *Histoire du Sacrement de l'Eucharistie*, ii. 433. Paris, 1886.

The custom of burning a lamp before the Blessed Sacrament [he assures us] was already widely spread in the fourth century. But the most ancient document we possess, which must have converted it into a sort of obligation, is an ordinance of the Synod of Verdun in the sixth century. "Let the place," it is there said, "where the precious treasure of the Eucharist is kept, be elevated from the ground, and worthy of this purpose, and if the resources of the church permit let there always be a lamp burning before it."

No synod of Verdun is known to have been held in the sixth century, nor have we any details of the synods held there for many centuries afterwards. Here again the error probably arises from M. Corblet's adoption in all good faith of an error found in the book before him. The passage is taken from Chardon's *Histoire des Sacrements*,<sup>1</sup> and Chardon, quoting from a MS., certainly says "sixième siècle," but there must unquestionably be either a misprint or a blunder in this attribution of date. It is inconceivable that such statutes of the sixth century should have been passed over without a word by writers like Mansi, Hartzheim, Hefele, and others, who have been diligent in collecting everything that was known about the synods of Verdun held at a much later period.

Canon Corblet's next piece of evidence is hardly more conclusive: "The council of Aix-la-Chapelle," he says, "held in 838, anathematizes those who steal the candles which ought to burn perpetually before the Holy of Holies." Now, although the passage here alluded to can be identified without difficulty, it appears upon examination to be more than doubtful whether it bears the meaning which M. Corblet attaches to it. The council is denouncing and taking measures to suppress the depredations of all kinds committed upon the property of the Church by various secular lords; and thereupon it proceeds as follows:<sup>2</sup>

Likewise in the same Book of Leviticus<sup>3</sup> we read, "The fire shall always burn upon the altar, and the priest shall feed it, putting wood on it every day in the morning, and laying on the holocaust, shall burn thereupon the fat of the peace offerings. This is the perpetual fire which shall never go out upon the altar." These words of the law are much to be pondered and dreaded by those who presumptuously despoil churches of the means of keeping alight this perpetual fire, that is to say, the lamps which ought, through the contributions of the

<sup>1</sup> Book iii. ch. 13.

<sup>2</sup> *Concilium Aquisgranense*, A.D. 836, § 30.

<sup>3</sup> Leviticus vi. 13—14.

faithful, to be kept tended in basilicas consecrated to God. And if the children of Aaron, Nadab, and Abiu, because by their negligence the fire which ought to have been kept perpetually alight on the altar was allowed to go out and strange fire was offered before God, were on this account consumed by flames springing out of the ground, most deservedly, we say it with deep sorrow of heart, will those be destroyed by a terrible death who presumptuously extinguish the fire of the Lord in the basilicas dedicated and consecrated to Him. And if it be asked when they extinguish this fire, it is plain that when they plunder those resources out of which the same fire ought to be maintained for the Lord, it is then they extinguish it.<sup>1</sup>

Now, I do not mean to say that this passage has no bearing upon the question of the maintenance of a sanctuary lamp in early times. But it does not, it seems to me, when carefully examined afford any reliable foundation for a positive assertion. It is by no means clear that the Council laid it down that the lamps in the Christian churches ought to burn perpetually night and day like the fire of the ancient holocaust. The point of the comparison may well be that the Sacrifice of the Mass goes on continually to the end of time, and that the lights which burn during it are in this sense continuous, and resemble the sacrificial fire of old. There is in any case no direct mention of the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, and even were the lamp kept lighted without intermission, this might be simply a tribute to the sacredness of the place where the Holy Sacrifice was offered. Undoubtedly this protest of the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle is of importance, and it ought perhaps to be remembered that in the Greek Orthodox Church a lamp is kept lighted before the altar, ostensibly as a tribute of veneration to the Sacramental Presence in the *artophorion*, though in other respects the Greeks show hardly any traces of an extra-liturgical *cultus* of the Eucharist. But, on the other hand, we must equally bear in mind certain definite instances where the perpetual light has no relation to the Blessed Sacrament. In the ancient Customs of Cluny, for example, which were drawn up by St. Ulrick in the second half of the eleventh century, it seems to be clearly stated that the Holy Eucharist was reserved in a golden dove suspended above the high altar;<sup>2</sup> and yet, when speaking of the incensing of the other altars of the church, we are told that on festivals the deacon was to incense the five principal altars

<sup>1</sup> Mansi, *Concilia*, vol. xiv. p. 706.

<sup>2</sup> *Consuetudines*, bk. i. cap. 8, bk. ii. cap. 30. Migne, *P.L.* 149, pp. 653 and 722.

that were nearest, and also "that to which the community went at Vespers and at Lauds, where also a candle is kept burning both during the night and in the day-time."<sup>1</sup> Clearly the fact of a candle being kept burning before an altar was not necessarily a sign of the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, though the extreme reverence for the Eucharist inculcated in the Cluny *Consuetudines*, especially in the purifying of paten and chalice,<sup>2</sup> suggests that such a light was very possibly kept burning before the high altar as well. But a still plainer case of perpetual lights which had no connection with the Blessed Sacrament is supplied by a will quoted by Ughelli in his account of the diocese of Bergamo. Here Bishop Adalbert, in the year 922, leaves an endowment for a lamp (*cecendele*) to burn continuously for his soul before the altar of the Holy Trinity which he had consecrated in the Cathedral,<sup>3</sup> and in front of which altar he himself desired to be buried, nothing being said that would suggest that the Blessed Sacrament was reserved there, although elaborate instructions are given about many details. Further, the same Bishop made another handsome bequest to the church of St. Alexander, in order that, for the relief of his soul and of those of his relatives, a lamp might burn night and day before the body of St. Alexander which was there enshrined.<sup>4</sup> Even at a somewhat later date, when we are told that at St. Albans Abbot Paul, who ruled the monastery from 1077 to 1093, "gave to the church a silver basin, stipulating that it was to hold a wax candle to burn continually before the high altar," we cannot be quite sure that this was intended to honour the Blessed Sacrament. It is not until the preaching of Eustace, Abbot of Flai, in the year 1200, that we meet with evidence of any general practice of venerating the Body of the Lord by burning a light before It. Indeed, the terms in which the chroniclers speak of Eustace's preaching seem distinctly to suggest that he was recommending what was hitherto unfamiliar, at any rate in England. "He also laid it down," says Walter of Coventry, "that in London and in many other places, there should be in every church where it was

<sup>1</sup> Migne, *ibid.* p. 718.

<sup>2</sup> "Ubi quantumlibet clara dies sit, tamen cum cereo utrumque, patena scilicet super quam Domini corpus fractum fuerit, et calix, diligentissime considerentur a subdiacono et a ministro, si quid forte vel minutissimum de corpore Domini remanserit," &c. (*Ibid.* p. 723.)

<sup>3</sup> The Cathedral was dedicated to St. Vincent.

<sup>4</sup> Ughelli, *Italia Sacra*, vol. iv. pp. 616—621.

practicable, a burning lamp or some other perpetual light before the Lord's Body," and later on, when preaching at York by permission of the Archbishop Geoffrey, the son of Henry II., he induced the people to impose upon themselves a contribution of one farthing for every five shilling's worth of goods sold, "to buy a light for the church" and for the support of the poor. And to collect these contributions he had alms-boxes erected in every parish church, which two or three trustworthy members of the congregation were to look after.<sup>1</sup>

But the sanctuary lamp offers at best a very indirect proof of the *cultus* of the Blessed Sacrament in early times, and one naturally asks whether we have nothing more immediate and conclusive. Without pretending to go further than the evidence adduced by previous writers on the subject, it is at least worth noticing how extraordinarily slender are the materials which are usually appealed to. Neither Canon Corblet, nor even so diligent a student as Father Bridgett seem to have found anything of moment to record in comparison with the overwhelming mass of evidence for the extra-liturgical *cultus* of the Eucharist in the later centuries. One of the few direct examples to which Canon Corblet appeals is the history of St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia. This same instance has been cited by one writer after another, and it is perhaps most familiar in the form in which it is presented in the introductory chapter of St. Alphonsus Liguori's *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*:

Tender, indeed [writes the Saint], was the devotion of St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, to the most Holy Sacrament. This holy king was so enamoured of Jesus there present that he not only gathered the wheat and grapes and made the hosts and wine with his own hands and then gave them to be used in the holy Sacrifice, but he used even during the winter to go at night to visit the church where the Blessed Sacrament was kept. These visits enkindled in his beautiful soul such flames of divine love, that their ardour imparted itself even to his body and took from the snow on which he walked its wonted cold, for it is related that the servant who accompanied him on these nightly excursions having to walk through the snow suffered much from the cold. The holy King on perceiving this, was moved to compassion, and commanded him to follow him and only to step in his footmarks; he did so, and never afterwards felt the cold.

<sup>1</sup> Walter of Coventry, *Memoriale*, ii. pp. 165 and 187.

<sup>2</sup> *The Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori*, Centenary edition, vol. vi. p. 116.



Now while the story of the gathering of the wheat and grapes is probably authentic, seeing that it is recorded in great detail by Bishop Gumpold (967—985), who composed the first *Life of St. Wenceslaus* about forty years after the death of the Saint, still this has nothing to say to the veneration of the Blessed Sacrament outside of Mass. On the other hand, the visiting of the churches wears a somewhat different aspect when we read of it in the good Bishop's confused and grandiloquent Latin. These are his actual words as nearly as it is possible to translate them.

When the fast of arduous observance which the Church's law prescribes came round in due season, the holy youth [Wenceslaus], though continually interrupted by the secular affairs connected with the government of his kingdom, nevertheless passed each day most devoutly in the work of unwearied prayer, which rose to Heaven winged with the abundant distribution of alms to the poor. But during the night-time persisting in uninterrupted vigils and regardless of gentle sleep, so soon as deep silence settled down upon all, he scorned the comfort of his luxurious chamber, rose from his bed by stealth, silently awakened his page, snatched up his dog-eared prayer book (*codicellum manuali frequentia rugosum eripit*), quitted the palace unknown to the guards, and then with only his page for companion traversed the steep mountain heights or the perilous descents of the valleys, hastening barefoot from hamlet to hamlet along roads and by-paths rough with stones or frozen with ice, busied the while with the continuous recitation of psalms and other prayers, in order to seek out one by one the various churches.<sup>1</sup> So full of bodily discomfort was the pilgrimage that his tender feet being cut and wounded, the blood flowed freely and left behind the traces of his passage. And so returning home and concealing all that the spirit had wrought within, he seated himself again on his throne and was clothed in rich attire, while his most pure flesh underneath felt the continual pricking of the hair shirt.<sup>2</sup>

It will be noticed first that the season is Lent, and that we have here primarily an account of St. Wenceslaus' practices of mortification, secondly that the point of the description lies in the painful journeying from place to place, not in the prayer before

<sup>1</sup> "Itinera . . . nudipes singulatim ecclesias quaeritando perlustrabat." It is to be remembered that Bishop Gumpold is practically our sole authority for the *Life of St. Wenceslaus*. Later biographers have only paraphrased him, adding their own fictions.

<sup>2</sup> Migne, *P.L.* 135, p. 929. The ingenious reader may urge that there must have been lamps burning in the churches if St. Wenceslaus was to make any use of his prayer book. I am afraid, however, that Bishop Gumpold is not a historian whom it would be safe to press too far in the direction of a literal interpretation.

the Blessed Sacrament, which last is not even mentioned. To say the truth it must be obvious that the passage in the original biography helps us but little in our inquiry. The story of the warm footsteps is not hinted at. The whole of this is a later accretion. The visits to the churches may or may not have been prompted by the thought of the Eucharistic Presence; but we are in any case left to conjecture. Neither here nor in the analogous cases of our own King Alfred and his friend Abbot John, whose visits to the churches at the dead of night are more than once referred to by Asser,<sup>1</sup> is there any clear suggestion that the object of the visits was to pray before the Blessed Sacrament. I am far from rejecting the possibility of such an interpretation, but we must also bear in mind that a consecrated church with its altar was always considered to be pre-eminently a sacred place. The relics of saints were enshrined there, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was constantly offered there, at which troops of angels assisted. The church was also a place of sanctuary, but there is nothing to suggest that this was due to any recognition of the abiding Presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

We must be very careful [writes Venerable Bede, in his sermon *de dedicatione ecclesiae*], when we enter a church either to pay our debt of praise to God or to offer holy Mass, always to remember the presence of the angels, and so to perform our heavenly duties with fear and reverence in imitation of those devout women who, when the angels showed themselves at the tomb, are related to have feared and cast down their eyes to the earth.<sup>2</sup>

A similar difficulty must be recognized in the case of another alleged illustration of *cultus* appealed to by Canon Corblet and others. It is asserted that the pious King Robert of France in the first half of the eleventh century had the

<sup>1</sup> "Ecclesias nocturno tempore clam a suis adire solebat" (Petrie, pp. 484-6. See Bridgett, *History of the Eucharist*, i. p. 239). But Asser also says that "Alfred rose secretly at cockcrow and visited churches and the relics of the saints for the sake of prayer. There he lay prostrate for a long time and prayed," &c.; which rather implies that it was the relics of the saints enshrined in the altar which drew him to the church. We may remember that in the famous story of Alfred's measuring time by candles, "these six candles were kept constantly burning night and day without fail before the sacred relics of many of God's elect which always accompanied him wherever he went." Of Abbot John we are told that "when at midnight he entered the church as usual for the purpose of prayer, unknown to any one, and bowed before the altar on bended knees," two assassins treacherously set upon him to murder him. Petrie's *Monumenta*, p. 494.

<sup>2</sup> See Bridgett, i. p. 164.

Blessed Sacrament carried under a canopy wherever he went, in order that he might at all times be able to pay his devotions to the Body of our Lord. But here again it may be said that while this interpretation is a possible one, it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful.<sup>1</sup> King Robert's biographer mentions that the King carried in his train *divini ministerii tentorium*, which seems to me to mean, not as Corblet supposes, a canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, but "a tent for the divine service," i.e., a decent shelter under which Mass could always be said reverently. No doubt we are told *deponebantur ibi sancta*, but it would seem that *sancta* may just as well denote the sacred vessels, relics, and vestments for Mass as a pix containing the Blessed Eucharist. Once more it must be said that the illustration adduced in proof of *cultus*, though possible, is by no means conclusive.

And now, on the other hand, it will be interesting to note some of the more unmistakable early examples of a recognition of the Eucharistic Presence as an object of devotion. We may pass over the mention in Lanfranc's Constitutions of the Blessed Sacrament being carried in the procession of Palm Sunday, because this after all is closely analogous to the use of the Eucharist as a substitute for the relics of saints in the consecration of an altar. Further we need not dwell upon the description which St. Bernard's biographers give of his taking the pix containing the Blessed Eucharist to hold it over the head of the energumens that he was exorcizing. Such trust in the divine power of the Sacrament is hardly to be accounted quite the same thing as an exercise of devotion. But in a letter written in 1166 by St. Thomas of Canterbury to King Henry II. we very probably have an example of what we are seeking.

If [writes St. Thomas]<sup>2</sup> you do not hearken to me, who have been wont to pray for you in an abundance of tears and with groanings not a few before the majesty of the Body of Christ, most surely I shall lodge my appeal there also against you, and shall say, "Arise, O God, and judge Thy cause."

<sup>1</sup> "Quocunque illi erat eundem preparabatur vehiculum quod deportaret divini ministerii tentorium. Quo in terram fixo, deponebantur ibi sancta . . . ut . . . proderet se devotum famulum quovis in loco Deo devotas persolvere laudes." (Migne, *P.L.* 114, p. 923.)

<sup>2</sup> "Quod si me non audieritis, qui solitus sum ante majestatem Corporis Christi in abundantia lacrymarum, in gemitibus non minimis orare pro vobis, certe ibidem clamabo contra vos, et dicam 'Exurge Deus, judica causam tuam.'" (*Materials for the History of Archbishop Becket* (Rolls Series) V. p. 276.)

No doubt this might conceivably refer to prayers offered during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, but the mention of the Body of Christ without the Blood is more suggestive of the Blessed Eucharist as reserved upon the altar.

If the *Corpus Christi* Cambridge manuscript of the *Ancren Riwe* be really, as the most competent experts have declared, a manuscript of the twelfth century, we may probably appeal as our next testimony in order of time to a passage in that remarkable treatise of devotion. Addressing the little community of nuns, the author says :

When ye are quite dressed, sprinkle yourselves with holy water, which ye should have always with you, and think upon God's flesh and on His blood, which is over the high altar, and fall on your knees towards It with this salutation, "Hail Thou author of our creation, Hail Thou price of our redemption ! Hail Thou who art our support (*viaticum*) during our pilgrimage ! Hail O reward of our expectation !"<sup>1</sup>

Tu esto nostrum gaudium  
Qui es futurus premium, etc.

And again in the same treatise, the good Sisters are reminded :

Ye have with you night and day, the same Blood and the same blessed Body that came of the maiden and died on the cross, there is only a wall intervening ; and every day He cometh forth and sheweth Himself to you fleshly and bodily in the Mass, shrouded indeed in another substance under the form of bread. For, in His own form our eyes could not bear the bright vision. And He showeth Himself to you thus, as if He said : "Behold ! I am here. What would ye ? Tell Me what you greatly desire ; of what you are in want. Complain to Me of your distress."

Clearly there is nothing wanting here of the full realization of the Eucharistic Presence. The words might have been written by an ascetic of the seventeenth century instead of one of the twelfth or early thirteenth. And perhaps this remarkable and apparently sudden development of a complete understanding of what is involved in the companionship of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, may lead us to feel some little distrust as to the validity of the negative argument regarding the *cultus* in the earlier centuries. For a long time yet to come the writings of more than one saintly mystic, especially on the Continent, may be searched in vain for any conspicuous expres-

<sup>1</sup> These ejaculations are all given in Latin. *Ancren Riwe*, pp. 17 and 263.

sion of tender piety towards the Holy Eucharist in the tabernacle, and even in the language of those who do speak of It, we seem often to be conscious of a certain tone of unfamiliarity and restraint. But in England this remarkable development of devotion to the Blessed Eucharist which we find in the *Ancren Riwle*, was not merely sporadic. I may take as a convenient example, for this paper has already exceeded its due limits, one little treatise of a famous English mystic of the early fourteenth century, Richard Rolle of Hampole. Sketching out an order of the day for pious souls living in the world, the teacher addresses his disciple thus :

When thou hast thus done (*i.e.*, made thy morning offering upon rising), wend thy way to the church or oratory, and if thou canst go to none make thy chamber thy church. In the church is most devotion to pray, for there God is upon the altar to hear those that pray to Him, and grant them what they ask or what is best for them. And in presence of the saints, and in veneration of churches which are consecrated, remember the angels that are there to serve their Lord and thee—for their office is to receive thy prayer and bear it to God, and bring thee grace from Him, as St. Bernard says.<sup>1</sup>

This seems explicit enough, though perhaps the point of view is not quite the point of view of the devout Christian at the present day. When Richard Rolle goes on to describe his model worshipper attending Matins in the church, it is not the Eucharistic Presence which seems to be uppermost in his mind.

Wend then to the church [he says] and bid thy vain thoughts and business of the world stay without. Say to thy soul at thy incoming : *Intra in gaudium domini tui ut audias vocem eius et videas templum eius* (Enter into the joy of thy Lord that thou mayst hear His voice and see His temple). Holy Church is the entry and the gate of heaven. Afterwards fall down before the cross and honour Him that for thee was done to death upon the cross and say, "*Adoramus te Christe*," &c. (We adore Thee, O Christ, &c.), and then call to mind before thou stand up again what burning love consumed Him who died for thee upon the cross.

Here, as throughout the directions for the attitude of the soul at Matins, it is the thought of the crucifix which seems to be dominant, for he continues :

Paint thy Lord as He was on the cross. Think upon His feet and hands that were nailed to the tree and upon the wide wound in His side through the which room is made for thee to find thy way to His

<sup>1</sup> Richard Rolle, *On Daily Work*. *Works*, edit. Horstmann, i. p. 145.

heart. Thank thy Lord thereof and love Him therefore, for there they find treasure of love that thither may win (arrive). Think thou seest His wounds streaming with blood which falls down on the earth, and fall thou down and lick up that blood, sweetly with tears kissing the earth, in remembrance of that rich treasure that for thy sins was shed and say thus in thy heart: "Why lies this blood here wasted, while I perish for thirst? Why drink I not of this rich pyment (cordial) that my Lord proffers to me, and cool my tongue and hear how God says to me, *Qui sitit veniat et bibat*," &c.

But after much more to this effect, the pious writer again turns to the thought of the Blessed Sacrament, even though it is only a passing allusion.

When God sends thee such like feelings of devotion through His grace, turn thee affectionately to the angels that stand before Him and to them say: "I pray you as my keepers that God has sent to me that you thank your good Lord for me." And turn thee then to the altar where God truly is and say, *Vere, Domine, magna est misericordia tua super me*, that is, "In sooth, Lord, much is the mercy that thou showest me." With such love-stirrings God comes to His lovers and delays not until prayer be made, but presses on into the midst and soothes the languishing soul with a dewfall of heavenly sweetness. Tears and sighings are messengers of God's coming. Happy are they that thus mourn and languish to God, for they shall never part from God but have Him aye at their will.

This certainly presents a remarkable contrast to the strange ignoring of the Eucharistic Presence which we find in the writers of the first eleven centuries. None the less, as there are not a few English writers, even after the time of Richard Rolle, who show no recognisable trace of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar outside of the sacred mysteries of the Liturgy, we may perhaps be right after all in interpreting the attitude of the early ages more as a fashion of silence, than as any lack of understanding of their privileges, or of piety in putting them to profit.

HERBERT THURSTON.

## *The Society of Jesus and Education.*

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[The series of papers of which the following is the fifth was originally delivered to an audience of Jesuit scholastics at Stonyhurst. This will explain and must excuse their exhortatory tone. They are made public in the feeling that they contain matter which may be of interest to a wider circle of Catholic teachers.—ED.]

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### V. MASTER AND BOY.

IN our last discussion we endeavoured to establish three points. First we saw that the status of the Jesuit master to-day is very different from that of his predecessors. From circumstances, especially from the change which has come about in the nature of our schools, his powers have become much more restricted. The restriction has taken place chiefly outside his professional sphere as such; in consequence, both his personal influence and his moral responsibility have tended to be very much diminished. In the second place we looked at the ideal which the old Society set before its masters. In that ideal we saw shining out the dominant principle of personal efficiency. Lastly, and as a counterpoise to this ideal, which taken by itself might give us strained notions of our predecessors, we saw reason to believe that after all the masters of the old Society were only men; men with our own weaknesses and temptations, and sometimes with our failures. If, then, the Society of old did great things in education, it would seem to have done them with material little better, fundamentally, than our own.

At the risk of some repetition it may be well to pursue this point a little further; for to get at the master as the Society of Jesus expected and expects him to be is the main object of our present study. Accordingly, in this paper we propose to define more accurately the meaning of the efficiency which the old Society demanded in its masters, and its application in one or more details. This done, we may go on to see its result in

the boys who came under its influence,—the ideal and the matter of fact. Lastly, as a kind of corollary, it may be useful to add a word upon the relation of the master to the system of which he was a part.

No less instructive than anything we have hitherto said are the hints on actual teaching given from time to time to the masters of the old Society. We need not refer again to the stress which is laid upon the religious character of the Jesuit school and its curriculum; it must be enough to say once and for all that no opportunity was lost of impressing it upon the young master. Religious instruction was to take precedence of every other; the training of moral character was to count for more than learning; the very classics themselves were to be used in order to bring out the greater excellence of Christianity;—the regularity with which, generation after generation, these lessons are inculcated cannot be exaggerated. But enough has been said on this subject; we are here concerned rather with something more concrete and technical. As an example of the hints given to young masters we may quote the following, written by Sacchini; their date will, therefore, be early in the seventeenth century.

1. Before all things else [he begins] let a master completely possess what he is about to teach. For then, and only then, will he be able to teach well, and easily, and readily; well, because without any danger of mistake, easily, because without effort; and readily, because he speaks out of his abundance. . . .

2. Let him, therefore, be accurate and exacting in his own private study. . . . Let him dwell on only a few points, but let them be the most important. Let him not trust too much to his memory; let him constantly refresh it by repetition, and brighten it by reading once again the work of his class, even though he has often enough taught the same before. . . . Let him not be ashamed to consult either the prefect of studies, or masters of wider experience or of greater knowledge than himself, if any the least doubt is in his mind; lest, if he fail to do so, he may become over-dogmatic at random, or on insufficient grounds.

What an insight into human nature is contained in this last remark! The author's comment is golden. He goes on:

Here I must say a word about the behaviour of some, who are too timid or too shamefaced to acknowledge their ignorance and make inquiries, and yet are over-bold in giving their decisions; who, even when outside the schoolroom they are asked any question whatsoever,



as if it were their duty to be omniscient, and to have an answer ready on every topic, think their reputation as masters is at stake unless they give an answer there and then. Hence it often happens that they become involved in difficulties that reflect little credit upon them : in consequence they incur some ill-repute and ridicule from which they will scarcely escape ; and serve them right. . . .

3. Let him turn over in his mind the importance of his undertaking, and the great opportunities that are given him. Let him bring home to himself this undoubted fact, that the whole of Christendom, all civic life both public and private, depends upon him and his colleagues ; and let him repeat to himself from time to time what a certain well-known master was often wont to say : "The education of youth is the renovation of the world : schools such as these are the very strongholds of God : here are stored the seeds of all the good that is to come to fruit in the world. Here I look upon the root and foundation of the State, which many fail to see because of the earth that is piled upon it." Therefore let him ponder how much he owes to God, how much to the Society of which he is a member, how much to the children entrusted to his care, how much to their parents whose responsibility he has accepted, how much to Holy Church. What injury may follow if he carries out his task thoughtlessly or idly, or in a manner unbecoming his position ! On the other hand, what an abundance of fruit must he necessarily gather for himself if he will but make ever so little effort.

These are some of the hints which Sacchini gives to the masters of his day. In the light of them, and of others already quoted, the boast that the value of education as a motive power in the world is a latter-day discovery, a result of religious emancipation, must surely ring very hollow. It is true they do not say much as to a master's external credentials. They exact no high University degree ; they do not demand that he should have passed any qualifying test or examination. They seem, even, to expect nothing wonderful in the material of which the Jesuit master is to be made ; but on the other hand they point to an ideal of thoroughness and efficiency which there is no mistaking. And to sum up the sense of this efficiency it may be said that it was no more nor less than that of the Jesuit as such ; the power which produced a Francis Xavier or a Claver was concentrated, so far as was possible, on the making of a master. He was taught to look upon his life and his work as an apostolate, differing only in the scene of his labour from that of his brethren in the Indies. To him it was to be the same whether he taught half-civilized Patagonians, or polished young noblemen in Naples ;

impoverished students in Paris, or lords and princes in Vienna; ecclesiastical aspirants in Rome, or the statesmen of the future in Ingolstadt or Salamanca; in every case he was given to understand that he would need all the learning he could muster, and in every case the work would demand the whole of his efforts. Wherever he might be sent, whatever he might be called upon to do, in one sense or another he was destined by his very vocation to be a teacher, whether in a schoolroom or in a church, in the streets of a crowded town, or on a prairie. Hence he studied, not so much that he might learn, as that afterwards he might be able to impart; and that is a standard implying a far greater thoroughness. He cared for his studies as he cared for any other means that might serve him well in the future. His standard was not *Praemium reportavit*—"He has carried off the prize"—the formula employed in rewarding the boys who worked under him; nor the gaining of some distinction, or degree, or post of honour, as was that, for the most part, of his own fellow-students in University or College; but simply and solely that he might be pronounced *Aptus ad docendum*—"Fit to profess"—which was, and is to this day, the formula for the highest distinction a Jesuit scholastic may look for from his Jesuit professors and examiners. As a proof that the spirit in master and missionary alike was the same it is well to bear in mind that the most conspicuous missionaries of the day—Brébœuf, Lallemand, Jogues in America, Ricci and the scientific apostles in China, de Nobili, Acquaviva, and others in India, Francis Regis in France, even Campion in England,—almost all were men who had already made their mark as capable masters and professors in some European school or University.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That psychology of the saints which would make a hero of St. Francis Xavier, while in St. Aloysius Gonzaga it sees but a very poor creature (cf. James: *The Varieties of Religious Experience*), must of necessity be at fault, seeing the lives of the two saints are but illustrations and results, in different spheres, of one and the same spiritual principle. Of this those who know that principle best must be allowed to be most capable of judging; and they have accorded to the one no less an honour than to the other. In the same way to distinguish the missionary from the scholastic spirit of the Society of Jesus, to extol the one as broad and beneficial to mankind, while the other is condemned as narrow and criminal, implies a fundamental misunderstanding of the one, or the other, or both. Certainly the great missionaries themselves do not seem to have made any distinction; it was obedience alone that made it for them. Brébœuf, the first Jesuit martyr in North America, had been for several years a successful master in France before he was sent out: Lallemand, perhaps the most enterprising and courageous of the Superiors of Canada, had been before and after ordination a master or professor for ten years; at the time of his appoint-

This was the kind of nourishment on which the Jesuit master was trained; to this extent at least he was made efficient. As has been said, it did not produce in every case a scholar; but scholars as such were not what the Society most wanted.

"Let not too much account be made of learned masters," says Ledesma, with his usual outspokenness, in one of his earliest pronouncements on the qualities required in a teacher; "but let a capable master, however unlearned, be in every case preferred to merely learned men, even though he be but the least lay-brother."

Instead of scholarship it gave a man power. It made him efficient in the sense that it guaranteed, so far as it was able, his having learnt and made thoroughly his own the things he would be called upon to teach; and of this, on occasion, it required him to give manifest proof. Proving it gave confidence in those who heard him; for we trust a man who knows what he knows, and who gives clear proof that he knows it. In teaching, if possible, he was to be independent of the book; he was even to aim at making his boys independent of their books; he was to be himself the one book from which all might learn. This is the meaning of the great *Praelectio*, the characteristic feature

ment to the government of Canada he was actually superior of a boarding-house for boys in Paris,—a house-master, in fact, as some of our English public schools understand the term. Years afterwards, on his return to Europe, he resumed work in the Colleges. Blessed Charles Spinola, Provincial of Japan, missionary and martyr, had been particularly successful at Milan as a student and professor of mathematics. Blessed John de Britto, the missionary and martyr in Madura, was actually teaching grammar in Lisbon when ordered to the Indies. Of the Chinese missionaries, Ricci and his companions, it is unnecessary to speak; they were chosen precisely because of their success as teachers of science. In the Bull of Canonization of St. John Francis Regis, though canonized for his missionary labours, yet a special paragraph is inserted recounting his success during seven years of teaching. Blessed Edmund Campion was actually teaching theology in Vienna, with no immediate prospect of any other career, when he was sent on the English Mission. Among the archives at Stonyhurst there is still preserved, carefully written out in the martyr's own beautiful hand, the course of lectures he delivered while professor. So one might go down the whole list. The antinomy which so struck Macaulay, and which has so confounded others that they have been practically compelled to treat the Society of Jesus as consisting of two independent bodies, receives an easy explanation when it is understood that the schoolroom was looked upon as no less a field for missionary zeal than a native settlement. Introduce another motive, particularly that of private ambition, and the antinomy must remain; for if private aggrandizement and power in Europe were its aim, certainly no body of men has been more foolish in squandering its resources than the old Society of Jesus, which sent Parisian professors to teach American Indians, brilliant theologians to be hanged in England as traitors, and leading scientists of Europe to occupy their time and skill in making clockwork dolls for the amusement of the Emperor of China!

of the *Ratio*. In proportion as a master could substitute himself for all the books that might otherwise be needed, and could become at once the dictionary, the grammar, and the general reference library adapted to the needs of the particular boys that were under him, in such proportion was he an efficient master. Of course the ideal was not in every case attained; nevertheless, it was the standard a would-be master was to keep before himself in all his work of preparation. It was taken for granted that a man who had the spirit of the Society in him would endeavour to be worth, and would not merely make a show of being worth, whatever from his post one had a right to suppose him; hence, that as a teacher he imparted that which he himself possessed, not merely that which he had borrowed for the moment from a book.

The principle here laid down is strongly laid down by Possevinus. In 1591, with the thoroughness and copiousness of words characteristic of the time, he wrote a folio volume, explaining to the world the recently-published *Ratio Studiorum*, and laying down in elaborate detail the "Idea of a University" as the Society of Jesus at the time understood it. In one place he has a remark for the benefit of masters and professors; the drift of the whole chapter is to impress upon them all the necessity of possessing what they taught, and the further necessity of keeping knowledge fresh by constant exercise, both in themselves and in their subjects. On this account he discountenances excessive dictation on the one hand, and too great dependence on a book on the other.

Those who lay aside (repetitions) [he says], and who prefer to burthen the minds of their scholars with dictation, miss the very point of that education of which we are speaking. A further result of this method is that neither does the living voice which, as St. Jerome writes, contains within it an energizing force peculiar to itself, produce its effects upon the students. For often enough men will quote from the writings of others what they wish to be taken for their own; but that is only borrowed and sterilized matter, a mere echo of sound that may strike the ear, but can produce little impression on the mind. On the other hand those who are brought up on dictation, if they are overwhelmed by excessive writing, when to have noted headings might have sufficed, suffer no small injury; not least because they put too much trust in what is written, instead of grasping the matter with the understanding; so that often the truth is exemplified of that common

and simple, but no less shrewd line : *Quod si charta cadat, secum sapientia vadit*—"If the paper is dropped, knowledge vanishes with it."<sup>1</sup>

In other words efficiency meant genuineness. There was to be no sham ostentation, no self-advertisement, no false playing to the gallery, no trade trickery of any kind. Resources were to be expended, not in display, but in producing men ; given truth and solidity in the masters, the future was to be faced with confidence.

Let not our method of teaching [says Ledesma] be merely to satisfy externs, or made up of secular devices and forms, or marked by self-advertisement (*se laudando*), or by fishing for students (*scholasticos alliciendo*), &c. ; but let our system be simple, straightforward, genuine, reverent ; so too should be our method of disputation, and of conversation with our scholars.

This, drawn out to one point of detail, was the first characteristic of an efficient master ; there were more. Besides possessing what he needed in the immediate present, he was also expected to look forward. An efficient teacher of the lowest classes, as has been seen, need not be a finished scholar. On the other hand the more he knew, other things being equal, the better he would be likely to teach. He must know through and through the matter of his class ; that was the absolute minimum. But if he knew so much and no more he would certainly come short of the Society's idea of an efficient master. It was accordingly laid down as a practical standard that a master should possess, not only what he himself was appointed to teach, but also the matter of the class above his own. Every

<sup>1</sup> After further criticisms of the method of teaching by dictation, and indeed of any method which shall serve as substitute for independent, living labour in masters or in boys, Possevinus adds a remark which is not without historical significance. It reminds us that school text-books, now multiplied to excess, were in matter of fact the invention of the Society of Jesus ; and were published chiefly with the object of relieving the master of all dictation, that both he and his class might have more time for oral repetition.

"Certainly," he says, "our men, a great number of whom are chiefly engaged in this profession, have learnt by experience what injury arises from this excessive dictation. Hence they have this long time felt the necessity of not merely diminishing, but of entirely removing, this great inconvenience and burthen. On this account the Fathers engaged in our Academies in Portugal have already issued from the press their course of natural philosophy, in the hope that all this writing may be done away with, and time may be left for sharpening the faculties."

So that Portugal, of all countries, seems to have been the pioneer in this educational reform ! And the original idea of the text-book or school manual was to increase, not to diminish, oral tuition. How very different is the idea commonly held of it to-day !

master on a college staff was expected to be ready on the very shortest notice to take in hand the work of the master above him; and in some principles laid down for Rectors to help them in their choice of teachers this is explicitly given them. With this end in view it was a common practice for the master, at the end of each year, to "ascend" with his boys; in Humanities and Rhetoric alone, the two final classes of the course, were the masters regularly permanent. This at once served to keep a teacher's horizon widened beyond the limits of his own little schoolroom, a matter by no means to be ignored. It induced him to teach, not only for the present, but also with a view to the future. It did more; it prevented his years of teaching from becoming years of intellectual barrenness to himself. He had before him a constant incentive to go on learning even while he taught; in thought and in aim he was for ever moving forward, and the effect was at once to broaden and to stimulate his immediate work as a master.

Lastly, his efficiency was tested by the interest he took in producing a real efficiency in his boys. He was not to be content merely with teaching; he was also to take care that his boys should learn. In this the difference appeared, and appears in some sense to-day, between the professor as such and the master. The professor simply taught or lectured; the learning was the affair of his hearers. The teacher, while he taught, was also well aware that his pupils were but children, incapable of learning entirely by themselves. Thoroughness of work, the Society told him, admits of thorough sifting; and a boy, like any one else, knows what he has learnt, or at all events efficiently knows it, in proportion as he is able to reproduce it. More than this; that work in the process may be thorough, it needs to be constantly tested. Unless a boy is tried as to what he has learnt, and made to give proof that he retains and applies it, he may in all simplicity imagine he is learning, and his master may imagine it as well, while all the time he is only being amused and interested. Of all the sources of failure and disappointment in a teacher's path, probably none is more fruitful of thorns than the neglect of this single word of warning,—the assumption that the rousing of interest in boys of itself will secure their progress in knowledge. Hence the extraordinary prominence given to repetition in the *Ratio's* regular school-hours. Every day the lesson, as soon as it was taught, was repeated by the boys; in the evening came another repetition, in

one form or another; next day a third, before the new lesson was begun; at the end of the week, Saturday was always understood to be a general day of repetition; all of which was done, as much as possible, by the boys themselves, either to one another, or in the hearing of the master. Hence, too, the elaborate scheme of the daily, or weekly, or monthly themes, exercises, and displays, of academies, literary societies, class competitions, exhibitions, and the many other institutions which filled up the time of boys and masters alike, but in which the master's only part was that of president or umpire. Thus it was secured that the boy not only learnt but could also, when called upon, produce his learning. In such a system there was little room for the modern examination bogey; the boy was for ever examining himself in presence of a competent and critical, yet sympathetic audience. He, too, in his degree, gradually learnt to study, not only for rewards, but also to make himself *aptus ad docendum*; and under this *régime* it scarcely surprises us when we hear of young men—Voltaire is a conspicuous instance—springing into the first rank of literary fame the moment their school-days are over.

In this way a master who was himself efficient produced the same in his boys. It will be useful to add, as descriptive of the spirit which controlled school-management, and of the relation that existed between boy and master, the following advice from Sacchini:

There is nothing [he says] about which a master should be more eager than to rouse the keenness of his boys; that so they may not only submit to discipline with patience, but even readily accept it. . . . Their tenderness of age requires that it be not over-burthened; their innocence deserves that it be spared. . . . What is instilled into willing ears, that the mind grasps with eagerness: it receives it easily, it holds it carefully, and with fidelity it is preserved. But above all a man will most easily reconcile to study those he has first reconciled to himself. Let him, therefore, take all care prudently to win the respect of his boys for himself, and to foster it within due limits.

1. Let him show them that their interests are his, and that not merely in matter of study, nor merely in what concerns the soul, but in everything that appertains to them. . . .

3. Nothing should be more carefully prevented by a Religious master than that by his harshness he should become an object of hatred, or an object of contempt by being too remiss. . . .

4. As shame is a special characteristic of that time of life let a master take care not to waste its effect, whether in the course of any

literary display, or in the inculcation of good manners. Hence he must never let it be seen that he holds a boy in contempt, much less give him up in despair. For when boys see they have lost all good repute, and are looked upon as hopeless cases, they despair also of themselves: they become case-hardened, and giving up all effort to do better, they lay aside at the same time all restricting influence of shame. . . .

6. But nothing so wins the minds of boys to their master as the clear recognition that they are making progress under his direction. For as to learn is in reality a delight, and as knowledge is in itself the best of the good things of earth (*maximum bonum*) they cannot fail in the end to grow fond of those from whom they see that so much good and so much pleasure is derived. Then, as taste rouses appetite, and as from the past they guess as to the future, their good hopes are encouraged by their general success, and they become more and more eager to go forward; and this they strive to do the more keenly and more bravely, offering themselves to be handled and directed as the master, whom they have learnt to trust, may think fit.

Here it may be well to add another word of warning. In our last discussion we saw reason to believe that with all their ideas, and with all the rules and regulations of the old Society, its masters were, nevertheless, very human beings indeed, not always fully equal to their work, nor always with their heart set upon it, as liable to fall short or slip back as all human beings in this or any other generation. A like word of caution seems not out of place in regard to the boys in the colleges. When one reads all that is written enforcing the spiritual side of their training, the regulations to which they were ordered to submit, and the somewhat artificial incentives they accepted, one may sometimes be tempted to suspect that, compared with our own boys, they must have been somewhat goody-goody specimens. But we need not be afraid. If human nature is the same in men of all ages, much more is it so in the human boy. Of our own English boys at St. Omers we have evidence in abundance that they were sturdy rough-and-tumble lads; as up to a lark, and as ready for a fight, as the wildest young turk in our Colleges to-day. When their Jesuit Superiors were driven from the College, and the boys were committed to the care of other masters, it needed a regiment of soldiers to keep them in order; and that was secured with indifferent success. Passing into Germany we find them very much the same. We have already seen that the motive which led to the introduction of Jesuit prefects of discipline was the fact that



the boys refused to listen to the outside *Correctores*. But there are other evidences in abundance. The early history of the school at Ingolstadt affords a striking example. Here after years of absolute disorder, and in spite of the influence of a man like Canisius, nothing but the very strictest measures were found able to save the school at all. And for a general comment on the average condition of our German schools, the following may suffice. As soon as the *Ratio Studiorum* was promulgated it naturally became the centre of much discussion; criticisms were even invited by Father General Acquaviva. Commenting on the Rules of the Prefect of Studies, among which it is prescribed that every morning before schools begin he shall be on duty at some fixed post, one shrewd critic remarks:

Many object to this [presumably because it lowered their dignity, "prefecting" being the duty of the *Corrector*] but their objection seems to be unreasonable. For if somebody is not by at that particular time, one, moreover, whom the boys must respect, then, like a herd of young porkers in a heap (*sicut porcelli inter se commixti*), they will fill the whole place with their yelling and uproar, their scimmages, laughter, and jostling. Now, it is absolutely necessary to exact the observance of some sort of order from our boys; if we leave room anywhere for unruliness to creep in, it will work its way into the schoolroom, and then all hope of progress in study will be ruined.

One feels grateful to the writer of this comment, giving as it does that one touch of nature which proves their own boys and ours to be so close akin. Sometimes, again, we find indications of horse-play, such as suggest the English public schools of a century ago. Thus, in some directions written for the Rector of the College of Mainz, Nadal bids him, among other things,

abrogate the custom which has come into vogue of getting the boys out of bed on Holy Innocents' Day by means of the birch-rod.

Or take the directions written for the students of the Imperial College of Vienna—the College at which, unless I am mistaken, St. Stanislaus Kostka was educated. Let us remember he was in the charge of a very wild brother, and was associated with no less wild companions, also students of the College. These directions, though they bear no date, yet must be contemporary with St. Stanislaus himself, since they are countersigned by Nadal. If we will read between the lines we may draw our own conclusions as to the boys themselves for

whom they were thought needful, and therefore as to the school-companions with whom St. Stanislaus was brought up. Among these directions the following is the eleventh :

Let them be careful not, like so many pigs—*porcorum more*—to stain the benches and the desks with sand [sand was in those days the common substitute for blotting-paper], or ink, or dirty boots, *as has been noticed in so many places*. And let them not climb upon the fire-place—*consendant fornacem*—[this will mean the stove, usually set in the middle of the room], or any other elevated thing : but in quiet and self-restraint let them give their attention to their studies.

So, when the prefect's back was turned, these companions of St. Stanislaus could convert their studies into a council of war, and extemporize a rostrum from a stove, as well as boys of other generations. Let it be remembered, moreover, that this was the College which had the special protection of the Emperor, and which attracted the *Elite*, not of Austria alone, but of almost all the East of Europe. Lastly, when, in another place, we find Possevinus complaining that, "now-a-days bits of lads, as soon as they can babble"—*pueruli, qui etiamnum balbutiunt*—"set to work discussing knotty points which appal the wisest philosopher and theologian," one wonders whether, after all, even our modern independent-minded youth is altogether peculiar to our age. *Nil novi sub sole*.

We have seen something of the master as he was understood by the old Society, and we have found that his chief characteristics are summed up in two words—religion and efficiency. We have seen something of him in his relations with his boys, and again these are contained in two words—efficiency and interest. To complete our subject it will be well to add a word on another topic : his relations with the Society itself, with that body of which he was an active member. By this we do not mean his place as a Religious ; that is outside our present inquiry. But we mean his relations as a master with the teaching body, the *corpus doctum*, to which he belonged. To enter fully into this point would require a discussion of the *Ratio Studiorum* ; for the whole idea of the *Ratio* was the combining into one of the individual powers of its teachers. It must be enough for the present to recognize, on the one hand the importance which the earliest Fathers attached to some common agreement in the method of teaching ; and on the other, the duty which lies with every individual, working in

combination with others, and for a common end, to submit himself and his own ideas so far as uniformity requires it.

On the first of these two points we have already said enough. There is one characteristic of Jesuit education which is almost painfully self-evident, and which cannot but strike the most casual reader of the *Ratio*. It is that rigid uniformity in the method of teaching with which even yet, in spite of the ravages of time, the difference of schools and curricula, and the intrusion of examinations little suited to our ways, we are well enough acquainted. Sometimes, in our moments of unrest and disappointment, which are the lot of every keen master, we may be inclined to kick against the monotony of this restraint. We are tempted to think we could succeed much better by adopting a method of our own,—one by which our special talents and ingenuity might be given full play, and our particular character utilized. In answer we might say, first, that this is not the common experience of those who have yielded to the bait; a master who cannot or will not teach after an accepted method will seldom be successful with a method of his own invention. Of course there may be, as there have been, now and then brilliant exceptions; occasionally one does find a man who can teach well only when left to his own devices. But it must be remembered that such a man is the very rare exception; nor even when he does come upon a school staff is he wholly to be desired. For in the second place a master must bear in mind what are the circumstances under which he is working. In the Society, as indeed in any united body, a man is a member of a living organization, made of closely interwoven parts. Let one of these parts strike up an independent existence of its own, then, however good in itself it may be, and however fruitful apart from all the rest, yet it will inevitably tend to destroy that peculiar result which is looked for from the combination of parts as such.

Instances to illustrate our point are not uncommon. We sometimes find a class in our colleges, not hitherto conspicuous, suddenly becoming a leader. It wins the chief honours every term; its distinction list is portentous; there is a life and an energy in its members which is best described as electrical. Of course the new master who has brought about the change receives due credit for his feat; and in so far as his success is genuine most certainly he deserves it. But the very next year, it may be, the class passes into new hands. The master to

whom it is allotted may be no novice in teaching; he may hitherto have been no failure; he may have given the fullest satisfaction in the management of every class entrusted to him before. Yet, somehow, this time everything is changed. At the very beginning of the year there is trouble. From being first in honour the class instantly drops down to last; its distinction list henceforth contains its first six names and no more; it has got out of hand, so it is whispered in the school-room; and certainly has become a marked source of trouble to the prefects. Of course reflections are at once cast upon the master and his powers. He has become played out; he is losing his wrist; he has never before had a really difficult class to control, and this one has proved he is weaker than was thought; he has given up heart in his work, and it is time he were promoted out of office; all manner of sinister suggestions are made, for there is nothing more easy than to kick an unsuccessful master while he is down, with the weight of his wearisome burthen upon him. Meanwhile, the poor master may be slaving as he never slaved before, honestly, bravely, and, in spite of appearances, not altogether without profit. There may, indeed, be something in what his critics say about him. A master at the end of his career has seldom the same spring, the same brightness, that he had at the beginning; externally at least his last year of teaching is not usually as brilliant as his first. But it is also more than probable that he is not the whole cause of the failure. Rather, if men would inquire a little deeper, they might find that the previous master, who had made the class such a brilliant success, had done so by a method all his own, a method which may have suited him, and the more elementary matter given him to teach, but which would be quite impossible in a higher class, and which in any case was altogether too original for any other master to attempt. What, then, has been the consequence? The class was successful for the time, that is true; but its very success, and the very reasons for it, have rendered it less capable of succeeding in the future. The system has been sacrificed for an individual whim; and to the end of its course that class will inevitably suffer.

Let not this digression be misunderstood. The lesson we would draw from it is not that we should avoid originality in teaching, nor that we should not be ingenious and inventive, nor that we should eliminate what individual power and influence our particular character may give us,—for the presence

of these are of the very essence of good teaching, and are called for unanimously by the makers of the *Ratio*,—but that while being original, ingenious, individual, we should also be sure to conform to the system under which we work, carrying on faithfully, so far as our hampered circumstances allow, what has been handed to us, and in our turn handing on the same to those who come after. Thus will the system, and it very often does, make up for many an individual deficiency, and secure success to many who, left to themselves, would inevitably fail. Here and there a man may, indeed, feel himself hampered. He may feel that this thing or that might be better done; and possibly, though not always certainly, he may be right. But if to remedy the evil entails a total subversion of the system in his own little sphere of influence and no more, he may be sure that in the end something will be wanting. To use commercial slang, this is an age of small profits and quick returns; but it is not a nobler age on that account. And what is true of the age is true of its education. We seldom care to look far ahead when we lay our plans of teaching; we tell ourselves that “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” and we set ourselves to work accordingly. In the event we may or may not be successful. We may secure an immediate distinction; we may win a particular prize; we may pass an examination; but when that is done, if it and no more is all we have looked to, our education has not reached very far. Or we may put it in another way: Which is the nobler ideal, and which master in the end will be likely most to benefit his boys,—he whose teaching produces all its fruit there and then, or he who is content to let his own credit suffer that, a few years later, some other may reap the fruit of his labours, and that the boy in his hands, though at present little may appear, in the end may develop into a scholar, thanks to him who sacrificed an immediate reward for something that was more fundamental? An immediate reward that leads to something else is a blessing; but a reward that is gained by a process of stinting and of narrowing the mental horizon,—whether we call that process cramming, or parrot-work, or the block system, or anything else—must of necessity be an evil. Let a master descend to such methods to gain them, and he frustrates their very object; and while he may reap some temporary credit for himself and for his boys, in reality he is in danger of doing them a great injustice. Such an injustice tends to be often unwittingly

committed ; above all in these days, when prizes and rewards of one kind or another have been so enormously multiplied, when "tips" to learning are so much advertised, when competition seems to have rendered essential the use of certain trade deceits, when men look for immediate success as a means of educational advertisement, and when the public who employ us as educators are less patient than are we ourselves to wait for the ultimate result.

By suggestions such as these one may hope to modernize the ideas which prompted Ledesma and his companions to make so much of the rigid system of the *Ratio Studiorum*. Fifty years after their time, when the *Ratio* had been thoroughly tested, and the fruits of the Society's education were to be seen on every side, we find Suarez, in his treatise on the Society of Jesus, attributing to this system, its method and its order, the chief part of its success in education ; and the reasons which he gives for his claim coincide very much with the arguments laid down by Ledesma.

To sum up what we have said : The characteristics of education as the early Society of Jesus practised it are contained in two simple words : efficiency, and method. It aimed at efficiency in masters and in boys. It made a master strive to be in himself what his place expected of him ; it made a boy not only learn, but also produce the fruit of his learning. It maintained a carefully graduated system ; assuming that time is one of the essentials required for the making of a scholar. And these two qualities, now universally accepted, may be said to be the bequest which the Society has made to the world of education. Before its time, it is true, there were efficient men teaching in schools and Universities ; henceforth there were not only efficient men, but also efficient teachers as such. In a true sense the Society instituted tests for teachers. Before the foundation of its colleges the regular graduation of classes was a very mixed affair indeed ; one has hints enough of this in the often-repeated advice given by the early Fathers to their boys not to attend more classes than one, nor to spend their time on studies which were beyond them. From the Society's example graduation has become the established order.

ALBAN GOODIER.

*Lois.*

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## CHAPTER XLII.

### A LETTER.

DEAREST,—I have quite, quite made up my mind. My dear Lois must never feel the pain that the knowledge of this would bring to her. I cannot tell her of it. That is impossible. I have ruined, or helped to ruin, her faith, and I see sometimes in her face the pain that has come to her because of it. And whatever my love can do for her shall be done. She must not know. She must never know. It does not mean that we give each other up : we will be all we can to each other : but there must be no outward change in our manner of life that could in any way affect her. And we must remember that any association with this kind of thing would in all probability injure her outwardly. She is *not* more to me, but less, than you are, but if I belong to you, she belongs to me.

KATEY.

Lois read the letter, and felt bewildered. What could Katey mean? What painful or worse than painful thing was she hinting at? And again she read it, and yet again, and it was not until after the third reading that she saw clearly the letter had not been meant for her : that it must by some error have been sent to her : that an envelope had been used by mistake that was addressed to her. But what did it mean? Was some great pain coming towards her? What was happening? What was Katey doing? What was this that Katey wanted to keep from her, as if it were indeed something wrong—something *wrong*?

It was hard to put her mind to anything that day : the day that seemed so long, so long, its hours dragging on so slowly to the time when Katey was to arrive. She went into the garden, up the road, back into the house. She went up to Katey's room, where not long since she had been putting little touches, not as of neatness, or even of "finishing," but as of welcome, of love. The flowers, not fresh flowers merely, but Katey's favourite

roses—old-fashioned moss-roses. The curtain, unlooped to be made fall in folds more graceful, as Katey liked it: the window opened just to the right width, letting in air fresh from the pines and heather that were not very far off. But something seemed to stifle Lois. She opened the window wider and opened the door. Then came the flapping of the curtain, and the crash of the little Venetian glass which had been a gift from her to Katey not long since: there it lay on the floor with the roses it had held scattered hither and thither, and some of their petals shaken away. She picked up the little wreck and carried it all downstairs, flowers and broken glass. From the kitchen there came the sound of preparation for dinner, Katey's dinner and hers. She asked herself how could she wait till dinner was over to tell Katey about the letter; to ask her to explain. Oh, it must be all right. She had been out of sorts: she was nervous still. No, she would not read that letter over again. She did not want to learn it by heart.

Mrs. Exham came out of the kitchen, and amazement and dismay were on her jolly plump face when she saw what Lois had in her hand. "Oh, dear, Miss Moore! What a pity! What a pity! The draught? Oh, yes, them draughts! You ladies 'll put an end to yourselves one day with draughts! I know you will. Give me the bits, miss. You haven't cut your fingers? No? Eh, but you do look pale! Don't worrit about it, miss. It's not as if it had been a lookin'-glass! That might ha' been something to look pale at! Eh, but she's putting them beautiful roses into the fire! Miss Moore, it's time to go to the station, ain't it?"

"Could you go instead of me, Mrs. Exham?"

"And leave the dinner? You couldn't look after it, Miss Moore! There's something special I'm cooking for Miss Stuart. But you oughtn't to go, anyway. You haven't got up your looks again since you were so poorly. Mr. Exham is enough to meet her, ain't he? She'll be all right coming down with him. Don't you be disappointed not to go. Miss Stuart 'ud rather see you with roses in your cheeks than have you meet her at the station. I never did see two ladies as fond of one another as you and Miss Stuart."

Lois left Mrs. Exham in her garrulousness, which grated upon her painfully. When she reached the hall, there was Katey.

"Oh, Lois! You look frightened, dearie! Didn't you have my letter to say I would come by an earlier train?"



"No."

"Well, it doesn't matter. It's nice to see you." They were in the little dining-room. Lois had gone in there, and Katey had followed her. And Lois shut the door.

"Lois, have you no welcome for me? Are you not glad to see me, Lois?" She put her arms round Lois and drew her close to her: Lois cold and rigid and white.

"My dear, you are ill? I have startled you." She set Lois in the easy chair and fanned her till some colour came back to her face. Then she sat down on a footstool close to her, a favourite position of hers.

"Now you mustn't talk, Lois."

"Katey, dear Katey, I'm frightened. I don't know what your letter means. Tell me."

"What letter?"

"The one that came this morning."

"Why, what could it mean, except what it said—that I was coming by an earlier train. Then you did get it? Lois, why do you look at me like that? Lois!"

Lois put her own letter into her hand. "I couldn't help reading it, Katey: I did not know. At last I guessed it had not been meant for me."

"O my God!"

The old cry that has broken from so many in their anguish broke from Katey. She sat staring in front of her for what seemed both to her and Lois a long time. Then she turned her head and said: "I see it all, Lois. I sent you what I had written to some one else, and sent what was meant for you to him. This letter was meant for Hugh Carson."

Katey was unprepared for the flash of joy upon Lois's face. Her fears were all wrong; her forebodings false, foolish, worse than foolish, almost traitorous. For Katey was giving up her life for her! Katey was refusing, for her sake, to marry Hugh Carson! This, indeed, must never be, but how beautiful of Katey! How could she ever love her enough? She bent that sun-lighted face over Katey's, and kissed her.

"Oh, Katey! oh, dear Katey! No one can ever say with truth that there is no such thing as love between women! My dearest, best of Kateys! But if you think I'm going to accept such a sacrifice as this, you are greatly mistaken, madam! *Of course* you will marry Hugh, and live happy ever after! Oh, I see what you meant about 'association with this kind of

thing.' You know I don't like all your 'Meets'! I don't, and I never shall. I don't want to hear about them all. Oh, Katey, we are apart in some ways, but still we belong to each other, don't we? And if you and Hugh want to go off and turn the world topsy-turvy, you will still go on loving me, won't you? And we shall meet often. I shall be all right, you know. I'm earning heaps of money."

"Half my money is yours, Lois, you know that."

Lois smiled.

But Katey must stay the joy in her face. "Lois, you don't understand. I love Hugh, and he loves me. But—I have never told you—he is married."

"Why have you not told me, Katey? Oh, I have been self-absorbed and buried in my writing, and I have been apart from your sorrow. But—Katey dearest, what does it all mean? I can't remember all the letter said, but it spoke as if—but that's *impossible*."

"What's impossible, Lois?"

"That you should go on loving him, now that you know."

"I have known it for years."

"Katey, you cannot mean it! You knew, and you went on loving a *married man*?"

"I did not know I loved him at first."

"How long have you known?"

"Lois! You look at me like those dreadful Angels of Judgment in Mrs. Browning's poem——"

"Oh, Katey, is this a time to jest? No, my dear, I know you did not mean it just as a jest. But all is so terribly real, Katey. Oh, my dear one, this cannot be. You *must* give Hugh up."

"Why?"

"You ask me why? Because, Katey, because you are a good woman."

"Listen, Lois. Hugh's life was spoiled long ago: a woman spoiled it. She was not false to him in the technical sense, so he could not—thanks to the bigotry of our marriage laws—no, Lois, don't shudder, they are bigoted—he could not get a divorce. Poor Hugh! He came into my life, and he asked me to help him. He has helped me also. Two are better than one."

"Katey, I don't understand; at least, I hope I don't understand. Do you mean that Mr. Carson dared to insult you by asking you to—live with him?"

"He has not *insulted* me, dear. And I have refused to—live with him."

"Oh, dearest Katey, I am thankful, I am so thankful. I am so glad that you had me to love, and to want to sacrifice yourself for, as it has saved you. We will go away somewhere together for a time, Katey."

"Lois, you will drive me crazy. Hugh is not a bad man from whom I am to be 'saved.' He is good—and I love him. We have loved each other for years without knowing it. We are not going to live together—not because we think it wrong, but because—I would never have told you if I had not made that dreadful mistake about the letter—because you are mine, Lois, and I am yours."

"Katey, answer me this. And oh! forgive me, forgive me, for asking it—I must—for I ought to understand. You are going on loving each other, not just as comrades?"

"If you put it so—yes."

"And you are not giving this up?"

"Certainly not."

"But you *will* give it up? Oh, Katey, the horror of it! the horror of it!"

"Lois, you belong to the days when people believed that certain things were right or wrong in themselves. Now, we understand that they are right and wrong only in relation to other things, or to circumstances. That is, some of us understand. But, because the world is not yet leavened with a truer belief than it used to have, we must go cautiously. We must do these things if we think them advisable, and either not let them be known to the public for the sake of expediency—for it takes a long time to prepare some people to receive truth—or do them boldly in the face of the world, as circumstances demand. Individual cases require the exercise of individual judgment. If you had followed Mr. Comyn's teaching closely, Lois, you must have seen that this comes logically out of it. But you evidently did not."

"If Mr. Comyn's teaching meant that, it was *damnable*!"

Lois's face was deadly white, and her eyes glittered like swords of wrath.

"You say you *love* each other——"

Katey interrupted her. "We love each other, Lois; and we love each other with our minds as well as with the emotional part of us."

"Your love is not love!" said Lois, rising, and looking like a prophetess uttering condemnation. "It is *not* love! Love cannot mean loss of decency, loss of self-respect, loss of respect for other people's souls."

"Lois, I have borne from you what I would bear from no one else. Your fierce virtue makes you say what would be an insult from anyone else. But you are—a poet."

And here a knocking came at the door, and Mrs. Exham appeared to beg that the ladies would let her bring in dinner. It would be spoiled. So upon the heels of tragedy treads the need of food. Were the heels of tragedy never trodden upon by the swift incoming commonplace, how could life be lived?

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### LOGICAL CONSEQUENCE.

THEY did not, during the evening, speak again upon this subject. They separated early, and went to their bedrooms, but not to sleep.

To Lois it was simple anguish; such pain as she had never known. Oh, to persuade Katey, to force her, if it were possible, to throw this away from her life—to compel her to give it up! If that night she had had in her hands the issues of life and death for Katey, of a stained life or a death that would save from stain she would have said, "Let Katey die!" Or she would, if it had been possible, have died for her.

And a sting sharp as death—and indeed it was of death itself—was in the thought, on what ground could Katey be reasoned with?

How could she be appealed to? Once the law was held unbinding, what was to bind? Decency, honour, the stability of society? On what do all these rest? When the God-Man repeated the commandment given through Moses—the sixth of the great ten—He gave it the fullest spiritual significance as well as the broadest literal. But to these people with whom Katey had cast in her spiritual lot the God-Man was either the upholder of false ideals or a Teacher who gave what was suited to His time, but whose teaching was amply supersessible by that of the preachers of the urgent claims of nature, the gratification of the needs of the human body, of the listening

to the cry of the craving for the development of all sides of the being, of the acceptance of material assertion, of the indulgence in angel-of-light-clothed sensuality. They, like the men who crucified the Holiest, *knew not what they did*.

Had Katey, this kind, tender friend ; this woman with quick sympathies, zeal, charity—had she stepped down into the mire, in the full belief that she was mounting into a fuller, freer air, an air more vital, bright, and pure ?

The next day Lois implored her, with all the force lent by her love and the purity that was of her nature, to give this up, "For my sake, then, if you love me, Katey."

And she implored in vain.

So it came about that Lois and Katey went on their separate ways.

Lois refused to accept anything from Katey. She would leave Katey's house as soon as possible—no, not even what Katey besought of her to let her feel would keep her from anxiety.

"I can accept nothing from you, Katey."

"Will you kiss me, Lois, once? We may never meet again."

Lois kissed her.

"Oh, Katey, Katey! Oh, if you had only died!"

"Good-bye, then, Lois."

Katey left the cottage, and went up to London, back to the flat. There she wrote to tell Lois that she would be away for some time. Would Lois use her own key, and do just as she wished about the flat and her possessions there? Why should she give Katey the pain of feeling that she would have all this upheaval? Would she, as a mere piece of justice, accept the cottage? It would be only *right* that she should have it. She ought not to put Katey in the position of having as it were, turned her out.

Lois refused to accept the cottage, but agreed to remain there while she finished her book. That must be done, for it was coming out month by month. Honour obliged her to do this—but her pleasure, her joy in the work was no longer what it had been. Happily, large portions of it were ready, and she had not very much to fill in or alter.

She must not give way to her grief, she said: she must work. There was an element in that grief of shuddering as at some horror; as if she had seen the dreadfulfulness of leprosy. "Unclean! Unclean!" And sometimes the love for her friend

seemed devoured by the blackness and darkness of the pit. It was not even what Katey had done that was the most terrible thing: it was the conviction that she might do anything: that she had thrown off restraint; that she had no wrong and no right; that all was one welter, one horrible chaos; and that sin and death were there.

Once Lois knelt in her misery and prayed. But she felt as if the heavens were brass, and her bitter cry smote like a blow back upon her own soul.

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## CHAPTER XLIV.

### PARTED.

LOIS made up her mind that, as soon as her novel was finished, she would go to Ireland, visit her childhood's home, and *the graves*; stay two or three weeks among the mountains nearer Dublin, and then live somewhere in the country within easy reach of London, and write, write, write. She had a good deal of money in hand, enough to preclude the thought of anything like anxiety, and there was no doubt, Mr. Harvey said, that her story in book form would sell well. Even if she received only the payment he had agreed to make, she would be prosperous: and there was the likelihood of royalties coming in. She wanted to see Ireland again: her own country indeed, though she had been away from it so long, and had almost lost the touch of it on her speech. And she must go away from England for a time, and break through the associations of the last years. Perhaps she might even settle in Ireland. One could write there. No, it was better to be within easy reach of all that London means.

If Lois Moore had had a purely "artistic temperament" perhaps she might soon have put away this pain; yes, even to use it by and by as material, as "copy." But the woman in Lois was all alive and a-quiver from what she felt as an outrage. And the woman in her was dominant. Or, may we say the Divine in her sprang forward to cry aloud with the indignation of purity against what she vaguely, but not the less intensely, felt was a greater ill, a more crying evil than she knew, than Katey knew?

Once, when pressed as to her agreement or disagreement with a certain statement which was being discussed, she

had said something which had, in fact, committed her to the theory that all modes of thought should be tolerated. Toleration is essentially the endurance of what we disagree with, or even feel to be wrong: but it has practically come to mean the acceptance of all differences without even an inward protest; a kind of indifference under the mask of charity. But all forms of conduct? She would not say that. Why? Because conduct might injure. But thought leads to conduct! Why, if we tolerate the thought, should we not tolerate its logical result? So they put it to her. They had no realization that the thoughts of the mind are to be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. That was all.

Now all her being rose up in protest. No, this thing could not, should not be endured.

Lois had written to Aloysia Egerton immediately on her return from Croyde: a pretty little surface note of courtesy, with warmest thanks for kind hospitality, and all that. She could not trust herself to write otherwise. And Aloysia had written in reply, assuring her of a welcome most warm whenever she came to Croyde again. Would she not come soon? Her cousins wanted to see more of her.

Giles Egerton one day came across a magazine on the cover of which he saw the name L. Moore attached to the title of a short story. It was a story Lois had published some time before, and it was now reprinted by its first publishers' special permission. He bought the magazine, and he and Aloysia read the story: one in which unbelief was blended with the fragrance of hayfields and the breath of daisies, and the child-beloved gold of buttercups. They grieved all the more for their cousin, and all the more prayed for her.

Before starting for Ireland Lois wrote again, for it seemed as if that kinswomanly tone must be echoed back. She told Aloysia that she had left her old address: that she was going to Ireland for some weeks, and that she would be making fresh arrangements on her return: and on the morning she was leaving she heard again from her cousin. Aloysia was, she said, glad that Lois was going to Ireland. One loved to keep in touch with one's own country. She herself had never seen Ireland, but she loved it, as who could help loving *Cathleen Ny Houlahan*? Would Lois write by-and-by, and, when her plans were made, give her the new address? Or better still, would she come to Croyde while she was making them? Had she

had a letter which father had written her a few days ago? He said he knew she would forgive the little fidgetiness, but he would like just to know she had received it. And might Aloysia enclose what she had copied from a letter written by Ralph Comyn? She sent it because she thought it would help Lois to understand the suddenness of the change, which she knew had been a difficulty to some people—to Catholics as well as others. Instability was a thing to be dreaded, and perhaps Lois had thought, as some other friends had thought, that such a conversion could hardly be believed in. But her cousin knew the story of St. Paul, and knew that to some it had been given to see their way suddenly, while others had had to wait. This was what Aloysia enclosed :

. . . Yes, I was sure, quite sure of my position as a denier of revelation. But "Faith is a supernatural gift." It was given to me. I was not seeking it, I struggled against it; *but I had to take it.* To many this will seem strange, even incredible. But you and Uncle Giles will know. The light came to me who had no wish to see, but rather a fierce aversion from it. Feeling came to me who had hardened my heart : hearing to me who had closed my ears. And you and Uncle Giles had prayed. . . .

Yes, their prayer for him had been in God's sight like incense, and their hands had been lifted up in the morning Sacrifice.

Lois had not received any letter from Mr. Egerton. She wrote a hasty line to say so, and to say she would soon send an address.

She went to the countryside where her early life had been. No one knew her : there was change upon change. She drove slowly along the old roads : homesteads were missing : homesteads had sprung up. She drove to the Rectory, and sent in a card with a written request to be allowed to walk through the grounds on her way back. How strange it seemed thus to have to ask permission ! The Rector came out and, when she had told him that she had lived there, cordially asked her to come back to luncheon ; certainly, she might go wherever she pleased. "You will find changes, Miss Colclough—ah, Miss Moore, I beg your pardon—it's the law of life, you know. But you will lunch with us ?"

Lois thanked him, but said she was going on to Bustford, and must not be too late.

Yes, the house looked changed, even outside.



Then she drove to the village, and left her "outside car" at the gate of the little Protestant churchyard. She went straight to the place where she knew the graves had been made fifteen years ago. Yes, there she could just distinguish them; sunken somewhat, and overgrown with long coarse grass. There was a little stone at the head of each, but there was no inscription. Some day she would have this altered. She knelt there, but not praying; silent in sorrow; a sorrow that seemed to be growing part of her life. She did not know that the billows which had gone over her had swept her nearer to the Shore.

She went to the place where there used to be the tiny wooden bridge they had all crossed Sunday after Sunday when going down from the Rectory to the church. But it was gone: for the stream had been drained, and the way was now open. She went towards the Rectory. She would go through the old beech walk—those great, beautiful trees among which they had all played. But the trees had been cut down. And Lois wept as she had not wept by the graves. She turned back then, instead of going up the Blue Hill. "Drive to 16, Hill Street, Bustford."

There she would see the old Doctor, and his sister, dear and kindly folk, who had once been so much to her. It was a shock to her when she remembered how long it was since she had written to them. No, no! it could not be so long as that! How the time had passed on, and how the writing of letters to these old friends had gradually dropped. She had shrunk from writing to them, so conscious of the change in herself. She half-dreaded that they too might have gone forth or at least gone away, when the driver stopped at the little gate. The garden was blooming, and the trees had grown; the acacia was fuller and higher; the birch drooped in longer showers of green.

Yes, Miss Lee was at home. Who, should the maid say, wanted her?

"An old friend."

Lois dismissed her car and followed the maid.

"Please, ma'am, Miss Nolefrin."

Lois went in; yes, the room was the same; the chairs arranged in the old order: and the old lady in her old armchair. But she did not get up and come forward in the old brisk way: she sat still, and looked up with a puzzled look.

Lois went up to her and said, "Miss Susie!"

"I—I am afraid I do not know you!—you are——?"

"Lois! Lois Moore! Oh, Miss Susie, don't you know me?"

"My dear child! Oh, my dear child, so you have come at last!"

"I have come at last! Oh, Miss Susie, I ought to have come before!"

"Yes, dearie, you ought. But it's better late than never."

Yes, it was late! Lois looked at the delicate transparency of the aged face, the trembling, aged hands, the frame which, she saw, was now apart from all activities; and her heart smote her sorely.

She sat down close to Miss Lee, and the dimmed eyes looked lovingly into hers, and the dimmed voice said, "We waited for you. We said how long it seemed since you had written. And Rob said, 'She's coming. She's going to surprise us; that's why she's not writing.' And we knew you had come to be a great authoress——"

"Oh, no, no, Miss Susie."

"A great authoress," said the old lady, with decision. "And we read verses of yours—some you sent us yourself. And then we saw stories of yours in magazines, and whenever we saw *L. Moore*, Rob bought the number. They were beautiful, love, but some of them made us sorry; for there was something in them that seemed to say that our Lois was not hoping as she used to hope. Rob said that people often wrote differently from what they thought, and he said that happy young people liked to write the saddest things. But then it seemed as if the person who wrote those stories didn't believe in God's love—thought He didn't care about people. I don't know, darling: maybe we were wrong. Rob thought it might be just dramatic. I don't know—I like people to let their trust be seen. I don't mean that every one should write goody-goody—only—Oh, my child, God is love, and God gives people like you the gift of praising Him—without saying you're praising Him, you know. Dear, I don't think anything but what's sweet and true ought to come from you who lived with our dear James Colclough; to say nothing of your being our dear, dear Lois. But I'm lecturing you, my darling. Forgive me."

"Miss Susie, Miss Susie, I'm so glad, so glad that you care; and the dear Doctor—I shall see him soon? Is he out?"

"My dear, I hope you will see him one day; but not now, dear, not now."

"Oh, Miss Susie!" Lois's tears fell on the feeble, wrinkled hand. "And I did not write!"

"Don't be too sorry, Lois. We knew there must be so many things for you to think about, and so many great people for you to meet, and so many beautiful things for you to see, and we said you would come one day; and you are here."

"Oh, Miss Susie, it wasn't great people—and I'm not among great people—only—only—I've changed so much. I couldn't write——"

"Changed, darling, but how?"

"You wouldn't understand, Miss Susie dear. It's that I don't believe things I used to believe, or think I believed."

"Well, my child, I don't understand, and I'm too old and weak to try to think it out. When you're old and weak, it's easier to leave things to God, and I can leave you to Him, Lois. But you might have been sure we would always love you. You won't mind my asking you, Lois, are you a Catholic? You're not, are you?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, even that wouldn't matter so much now. Things look different when the day is coming to an end, and so many have gone before; and one feels there may be other ways than one's own. And I've been getting to know more about Catholics than I used. I have had a little business to do with Father Corrigan: he is so beautiful to the poor, and he works so hard—not harder than Rob used to work in his way, though."

"Ah, Miss Susie! Perhaps *you* will become a Catholic one day!"

"My dear, I was brought up a Protestant, though I hear that Church people now-a-days are saying we ought to call ourselves Catholics: but it's a new fashion, and I think it's confusing. I do not see strong enough reason to change my religion, though I don't feel against the Older Faith as I used before Father Corrigan and I had little talks. He has explained some things that puzzled me. For instance I thought that Roman Catholics believed it was no harm to tell lies; and I thought they believed the Pope couldn't commit sin: I mean the Popes since 1870. And I thought they believed Protestants couldn't go to Heaven. But it was all wrong, my dear, all wrong—it wasn't true. There's nothing like going to people themselves if you want to know what they believe. But all the same I'm afraid I'm too old to change; but I hope I'll meet Father

Corrigan along with your dear uncle and aunt, and Rob, and you, in Heaven."

Miss Lee would not hear of Lois leaving her that night, though she had meant to go to Dublin by the late train.

"You will stay with me. It's dull for you without Rob—but do stay. You can wear one of my night-dresses, if Molly tacks a petticoat on to it to make it longer."

"I think we can manage without the petticoat, dear Miss Susie. And I will gladly stay."

Then the old lady quietly went to sleep in her chair. She had talked more than her wont, and she was very tired.

They had high tea at seven. Miss Lee remembered Lois's liking for hot cakes and poached eggs, and gave her what Lois declared was delicious beyond the dreams of greediness.

Lois sang for her that evening, and they both went to bed early, Lois sleeping in her old room so full of memories of her old life. Yes, she would come again to see Miss Susie. She wondered whether Miss Susie would come to live with her—no, it would be too great a change for her. You must not transplant an old tree. But Lois would keep in touch with her, and see her from time to time, and write to her regularly.

"You won't be long before you let me hear from you, will you?" said the old lady, when they were bidding each other good-bye.

"No, indeed, Miss Susie. I have been very, very wrong. I hate myself when I think of it. But somehow my life has been turned topsy-turvy. You can't understand it, you darling, gentle lady. But you've forgiven me, I know; and I'll write to you. I shall be two or three weeks in the country not far from Dublin, and when I'm back in London I'll write. Perhaps I shall settle in the country. I'll send you a line from Dublin to-night."

"God bless you, my dear Lois, God bless you."

A letter came from Lois the next day but one. Miss Susie did not read it, for she had gone to her rest. Lois did not know of this till two or three weeks later on: and then amid her sorrow and regret, how good it was to feel that she had just been in time to gladden her before that setting forth! That was the day before Lois fell from the tram just by the little wayside cross.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## UNDER A MEMORIAL CROSS.

LOIS went down from Dublin by the light railway which, some years ago, opened up the lovely country among the hills, on to Ovoca. She found near one of the small stations, a little wayside shop, and she persuaded the owners to let her lodge there ; to be the only lodger they had ever had.

She roamed the country and made notes and sketches. She trimmed the hats of her host's pretty daughters, and learned from her hostess the art of making griddle-cakes, such as they used to have at the old Rectory. She gave them a new sense of beauty, whether in filling the grate with bracken fern of all shades of green, brown, and yellow ; or in bringing home "musheroons" in a rustic basket deftly twisted of bracken too—the same bracken they had had growing near them, and only now were learning to see the beauty of through the eyes of Lois ; or in lingering to watch the glory of sunset ; or in carrying home the wonder of moss and wood-sorrel from the wood which till then it had never struck them to explore.

And they in turn had given her a fresh sense of beauty in their quiet lives unhurried in the race for wealth, unfretted by the passion for "getting on."

The time had passed gently and quietly for Lois. This day she had gone in to Dublin and returned with a big brown parcel containing pretty things to be left behind her as keepsakes or tokens of good will : for next week she would go back to London. And as she was getting out of the tram, it jerked on, and she fell. It was on the spot where, some years before, a young girl had met her death by a similar accident ; and it was at the foot of the little wayside cross which had been raised to her memory that Lois Moore had fallen.

Help came in an instant, and arms as kind as strong carried her, unconscious as she was, up to her room over Mr. Kelly's shop. They sent for the doctor and they sent for the priest. The priest came first, for he was much the nearer ; but she was still unconscious. Margaret Kelly was bathing her forehead with vinegar. There was a great bruise upon it.

"Do you know is she a Catholic, Mrs. Kelly ?"

"She goes to Mass with Margaret, Father, but she ain't a Catholic."

"Oh ! she's a Protestant ?"

"She ain't a Protestant neither, Father. Margaret asked her what she was, and she said she couldn't explain. Maybe she belongs to some of them queer people like Yarmouth bloaters, you know, Father."

"I don't, Mrs. Kelly, unless you mean Plymouth Brethren. But I can't do anything, you know, unless you have any reason to think she would like to see me or Father Gough. Then, of course, send at once. I'm afraid it's a bad job for the poor lady."

"I'm afeard it is, Father, sure enough."

"Well, good-bye. Yes, yes! God bless you!" as Mrs. Kelly knelt.

And he went, regretfully. He turned back to say, "You'll all pray for her, I know."

It was a considerable time before the doctor came, and Lois had not yet recovered consciousness. He did all that could be done for her, and left his directions, saying he would come the next day as early as possible. It might be the best thing, if she were likely to be ill a long time, to get the — Hospital to send out the ambulance for her, and take her there. But it was a terrible distance! No, he could not yet answer Mrs. Kelly's, "Doctor, is she hurted much?" He *hoped* not. But it would be well to send for some relative or friend. Mrs. Kelly did not know where she lived? nor the name of any friend? No? Then he must think.

"Is she much hurted, doctor?"

"It is not possible as yet to be sure how much. She may come all right soon, or it may be a long business. I'll see her to-morrow."

"Sure, we'll do all in our power, and more if we can!" said Mrs. Kelly, as soon as he was gone, to her daughter Margaret, who installed herself as head nurse. "God be praised she isn't killed entirely."

The doctor came again next day. In the meantime Mrs. Kelly had made up her mind that Miss Moore should be nursed there. "She shan't go to an hospital, if I can help it, poor dear pretty creature! We'll look after her, Maggie, won't we? Bride will help in the shop, and maybe do a little upstairs, but you and me is the strongest, ain't we?"

It seemed likely that Miss Moore would be ill for some time, and the doctor and the Kellys were puzzling their brains as to how to communicate with her friends, when a lady came to the house and asked if Miss Moore was staying there.

"You are a relative of hers?" said the doctor, greatly relieved. "No? a friend. I *am* glad."

"Is she conscious?" asked the lady.

"No."

"I may see her then?"

"Of course. Are you going to stay?"

"Yes, as long as I am needed."

"Good. Well then, Mrs. —"

"Miss Stuart."

"Then, Miss Stuart, you will find Mrs. Kelly and her daughters everything that's kind. This place is a long way from town, but there is communication. You have come by the tram?"

"Yes. Will you tell me all you can?"

He took her into the little parlour.

"I'm afraid it's a bad job, Miss Stuart. But I may be wrong. I fear paralysis. I should like Sir Michael Geraghty to see her—that is, if you think well."

"Oh, yes. You will do *all* you can, doctor. And you will remember that Miss Moore is not poor. I don't mean, of course, that that would make any difference in your kind interest in her, but it does make arrangements easier. Her bankers are Lucas and Sampson; you will know the name."

"I do know it well. Thank you, Miss Stuart. Then I will communicate with Geraghty at once. Shall I wire to the Nurses' Home to send you a nurse? The difficulty will be, frankly, where to put her—especially now that you're come."

"May I think over things, and arrange as best I can, and tell you the result to-morrow?"

"Yes, that will be best. Good-bye, Miss Stuart. Don't make up your mind that your friend is going to die. She may have many a year of health and enjoyment before her yet."

And he was gone.

It was not so many hours since Katey Stuart's eye had been caught by a paragraph in the *Westminster Gazette*, announcing as news learned with regret from the *Irish Times* that a serious accident had happened to a Miss Moore, who was staying at Owenrath, a small hamlet between Dublin and Ovoca. The *Westminster* went on to say: "We fear that the lady thus injured may prove to be the brilliant contributor to *Harvey's Magazine*, whose beautiful story, 'Sons of the Morning,' has fascinated so many readers."

This was at five o'clock. The next morning had been fixed

by Katey as that of her departure from Liverpool for New York. The parting with Hugh Carson was over: the parting which "had had to come," as she told him. His reproaches had been bravely borne; the reproaches that had not been untinged with bitterness. She did not care whither she went, or where she dwelt. She would go to the New Country; she would stay there for a while; there was always work of some kind or other to be done, and while she lived she might at least do something. Life was a horrible black cloud, but there were others lying under its shadow also; others who had all the misery of poverty and ill-surrounding to contend with. She would try to help them. Yes, she would try to help them—if she dared. For, somehow, she felt as if she had hardly a right even to try to help them: though quickly enough she put aside such a thought as the merest morbidity. She had failed, she said to herself, but she would accept her failure bravely. She had struck her head against a wall; she would not cry out for the pain of the blow.

And at five o'clock she took up the *Westminster*. She had come home about half an hour ago, tired enough. Part of her business that day had been in the City, where she had been paying in to Lucas and Sampson's bank a large sum to the credit of Miss Lois Moore: if Lois would not use it, it must remain idle. She thought of the time when they had laughed together over Lois's banking account, just opened with a cheque of Mr. Harvey's, and she thought, too, of the visions she had had of Lois's future. Katey flung these memories away took up the paper, and read the one paragraph.

By eight she had taken her place in the mail train for Dublin; and as soon as possible, allowing for time lost in making inquiries as to how to get to Owenrath, for it was not quite easy to obtain the requisite information, she had arrived at the house where Lois lay.

The great surgeon came the next day. He could not say whether the case were hopeless. Miss Moore might recover, and be able to go about, or she might be a cripple for life. He feared also for her brain. It was a very serious case indeed. But Miss Stuart might hope.

Katey gave the Kellys the strictest directions that, should Lois recover consciousness when she was not quite near, she was not to be told that Miss Stuart was there. "The good of all the nursing would be undone. The agitation would be too great"

EMILY HICKEY.



## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **The French Church in *statu quo*.**

WHEN our March number went into press it seemed likely, though not certain, that some alleviation of the painful situation across the Channel would be obtained through the acceptance by the *Préfets* and *Maires* of the eighteen years' leases of the churches, which the Bishops had suggested might be made under the law of January, 1907. The Bishops had directed the *Curés* in their respective dioceses to propose these leases to the *Maires* of their *communes*, and the result was to elicit from the latter an acceptance throughout the country in such a majority as to amount to a decisive *referendum*, in favour of terminating the religious crisis so wantonly provoked. This was certainly a gain, and apparently it influenced M. Briand, who in the first place showed himself desirous of encouraging the formation of the leases. But behind M. Briand was M. Clemenceau, his official chief, and under compulsion from the latter, the Minister of Instruction gave orders that no leases should be granted save such as should exclude all foreign priests and all suppressed Religious, from the care of parishes, and besides, should hold the *Curés* responsible *personally* for the entire expenses of maintaining the fabrics of the churches. It is not rash to assume that in exacting these conditions the Government intended to make the contracts impossible, whilst at the same time seeking to cast the discredit of refusing them on the Church. For, to pass over the injustice of excluding from the exercise of the ministry a whole class of priests confessedly innocent of any personal offences, how could the *Curés* be permitted to take upon themselves a pecuniary liability they were quite unequal to sustain? True, the ecclesiastical authorities would wish to maintain the fabrics for as long as they could have the use of them. But now that the funds amassed for this purpose in past times have all been ruthlessly confiscated,

it was not possible for them to undertake so serious a responsibility as that of meeting all the charges which a hostile municipality might delight to put upon them; nor was it reasonable that those who were now (though unwarrantably) reduced from the position of owners to that of tenants should be burdened with landlord's charges. Hence, all that the Bishops could engage to do through the *Curés* (with whom alone the local authorities were allowed to treat) was to see to the smaller repairs, and, where unable through poverty to do even this, resign themselves to the rescinding of the leases.

It was this, accordingly, which they had proposed to the local authorities under the Episcopal Declaration of Jan. 30, and this which the latter showed themselves so ready to accept. But when the Government intervened by stipulating for the higher and impossible terms, there was nothing left for the Church save to resign herself to the *status quo* as determined by the Law of January 2nd.

It is well that we should realize what this state is, as we hear of English people passing through France just now, and, having found that the services go on in the mass of churches to all outward appearances as before, returning home with the news that really, in spite of all the clamour and outcries of the Catholics, they are sustaining no appreciable injury from the operation of the Separation Law. Where then does the real injury lie? On this point we may borrow from a convenient summary given by *La Croix*<sup>1</sup> in its issue for March 12th.

1. (The *status quo* means) *a cynical persistence in the injustice and robbery that has been perpetrated.*

The churches and their belongings have been built by Catholics

<sup>1</sup> Thanks to the sweeping charges of the English anti-clerical press, many English Catholics have been induced to believe that *La Croix* is a paper notable chiefly for the excessive recklessness of its statements and violence of its language. Not having had any acquaintance with it until recently, we prefer to make no assertions regarding its character when under its former management. But having seen it regularly since last November, we can testify that under its present management it is very far indeed from being open to any such charges, but on the contrary, is marked, along with a good deal of enterprise, by a spirit of reverence and moderation in keeping with its Catholic character. At the present moment we may add—as illustrative of the oppression to which Catholic undertakings are subject under the present *régime*—by a judgment lately obtained, the liquidator for the property of the Assumptionist Order is proposing to rob the present owner of the paper, M. Feron-Vrau, of all his property in it. Their pretext is that the Fathers, who are obviously unable to carry it on themselves, are still the real owners, though it was proved conclusively in court that M. Feron-Vrau had paid for it £56,000 out of his own pocket.

with Catholic money. The subventions received from the State represent, as regards the whole country, only an insignificant part of the value of all this real property. M. Briand himself had to recognize this undeniable fact in the Chamber. Yet the State, by a gigantic act of confiscation, has laid its hand on all this plunder. In the name of physical force it says, "all this is mine."

Further, about 500 millions of francs (£20,000,000), had been gathered together by the Catholics for the maintenance of public worship, for securing to the dead a regular tribute of prayers, for aiding the poor, for educating the priests, for teaching the children. On this half-milliard the State has laid its giant-hand and has confiscated it. . . . And this is to continue. The *status quo* decrees it.

2. However, in its dealings with the churches, it was necessary for the State to show some regard for the manifest wishes of the populations. In the immense majority of localities the people wished to continue to be able to pray to God, to have their children christened and received to their First Communion, to have the priests come to their death-beds, and to bless their graves. Hence the Government, anxious to avoid a revolt of public opinion, has caused the churches to be set apart (*affectées*) for the same kind of public worship which was celebrated in them before the Separation. Thus the *status quo* involves freedom to continue the celebration of public worship in the churches. . . . (And the priests have thereby) not indeed the "gratuitous enjoyment (of the churches) indicated by the Law of January 2, 1907, . . . but the juridical title of "*de facto* occupation with the view to worship."

3. As for the expenses of the "greater repairs" the *de facto* occupant is certainly not obliged to incur them; and M. Briand has acknowledged in the tribune that this charge is incumbent on the communes. It is true that the communes can refuse to execute them. That is a matter which the municipalities must settle with the populations. Already we hear of churches here tumbling down and there being closed; and before long buildings of great value will have been endangered without any one knowing what is to prevent them from falling into ruins. Hence the *status quo* means a national peril resulting from the want of greater repairs . . .

4. The *status quo* means also a danger for the nation of troubles of the gravest kind. The *blocard* municipalities already imagine that they can do what they like. Some have shut up the churches. Many are driving the priests out of the presbyteries, putting a premium on civil burials and causing the church bells to ring for them. Hooligans (*apaches*) invade the sanctuary, and to-morrow, perhaps, the *maires* will desire to mount the pulpits in order to read their notices. The ministry, by its circulars, seeks to stay these excesses, but the anti-religious revolution is beginning to stir in places here and there. All is possible with the evil-minded tyrants and anti-clerical troupes who form the train behind M. Clemenceau.

And, on the other hand, *La Croix* claims that this *status quo* is after all a "*state of hope*," of hope founded primarily in confidence on God's providence, but secondarily on the character of the French people. "Woe to the Church if she be not persecuted," Pius X. said recently ; and rightly, for if she fulfils her mission zealously, it must bring her into collision with human passions. And if the Ministry has found it necessary to abandon successively the system of *Associations Cultuelles* and that of *declaration* of public meeting, it is obviously because it feels that the people is, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, profoundly attached to religion, and may be trusted to assert itself as soon as it can be made to see that a war of destruction against religion is what is really intended by the party which it has been deluded into placing in power.

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#### A Notable Convent Scandal.

On the 20th of January last the Rev. E. H. Titchmarsh, of the Nether Congregational Chapel, Sheffield, delivered an address to his flock urging the necessity of having convents inspected, on the ground of the enormities which may be supposed to take place within their walls, and his congregation "whole-heartedly" adopted the memorial to the Prime Minister which he proposed.

Thereupon, the Very Rev. Dean Dolan, of St. Mary's, publicly invited the reverend orator to name one single instance of conventual iniquity which might be held to justify his language. Mr. Titchmarsh replied by citing, on the authority of a Protestant Alliance pamphlet, the case of a convent at Marseilles, twenty-nine years ago, the evidence regarding which was furnished by the *Daily News* of November 11, 1878, as follows :

The Sisters of a Marseilles convent, called the Trinitaires Déchausées, had been prosecuted for having, contrary to law, buried nuns dying within their walls without the public declaration required by the civil code. It appeared that they had gone on defying the law in this respect since 1840, and it never until then occurred to any Government to interfere with the proceedings, *inter muros*.

The *Daily News* proceeded to acknowledge, what the Protestant Alliance characteristically omitted, that there was

no suspicion of any foul play or "burying alive," adding, however,

but it is intolerable that such instances of clericalism setting itself above the necessary precautions of the law should continue.

Dean Dolan, being resolved to sift the matter to the bottom, thereupon wrote to the Bishop of Marseilles, whose Vicar General is Superior of the convent in question, and through him the following account of the matter has now been furnished by the Superioress.<sup>1</sup>

1. The Community of Trinitaires Déchausées, has been in existence only since the year 1845, and therefore cannot have commenced its defiance of the law in 1840.

2. Until June 8, 1861, the convent possessed no private burying-ground, and all interments took place in the parochial cemetery of St. Martha, in which parish the establishment is situated.

3. On one occasion—possibly in 1878, but the circumstance appeared too insignificant to be recorded—the servant of the convent whose duty it was to give notice of burials in the private vault, the use of which had by this time been authorized, omitted to inform the Commissary of Police, whose presence is required for a private funeral: this official did not attend, and his absence was not noticed or recorded. All other formalities were, however, observed on this occasion, notice of the death and burial being given at the Town Hall, while neighbours were, as usual, invited to attend, and the convent bells gave public warning of what was going on.

4. The public authorities, having inquired into the matter, found no fault with the omission which had occurred, and neither then nor upon any other occasion have these Religious been brought before the tribunals.

Seldom is it possible to obtain such categorical evidence regarding Protestant Alliance stories as, in this instance, Dean Dolan has happily succeeded in procuring.

But what of the Rev. E. H. Titchmarsh? Will he feel himself called upon to do anything in view of this crushing refutation of the slander for which he incautiously made himself responsible? Should he, like an honourable man, confess his mistake and express regret to those whom he has calumniated, he will set an example to which we are not accustomed when fictions concerning convents are concerned.

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> Her letter is printed in full in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of March 21.

**"The Cynosure."**

That the accuracy which the methods of science are undoubtedly calculated to teach, is always exhibited by scientific men in the field of literature—and especially of classical literature,—no one, probably, would wish to maintain; but it is not often that we meet with a pit so gratuitously digged, for the digger himself to fall into, as in the very interesting and instructive essays of the distinguished American astronomer, Professor Newcomb, published in collected form as *Side-lights on Astronomy*. In one of them we read:<sup>1</sup>

The earlier navigators seldom ventured out of sight of land, and during the night they are said to have steered by the "Cynosure," or constellation of the Great Bear, a practice which has brought the name of the constellation into our language of the present day to designate an object on which all eyes are intently fixed. This constellation was a little nearer the Pole in former ages than at the present time; still, its distance was always so great that its use as a mark of the northern point of the horizon does not inspire us with great respect for the accuracy with which the ancient navigators sought to shape their course.

Such a passage certainly does not tend to inspire any great respect for the mode in which the votaries of modern science approach the study of pre-scientific generations. It might seem that the obvious and utter unfitness of this constellation, at any possible period, to "mark the northern point of the horizon" would suffice to show that the Greeks, who are known not to have been absolute fools, could never have used it for such a purpose. And, as a matter of fact, they never did. They never called it the "Cynosure," but, as we still do, the "Bear," or the "Wain."<sup>2</sup> It was what we now know as the "Little Bear" that was thus named, and in particular the star at the tip of its tail, which we still know as the Pole Star, around which the constellations of the Northern Hemisphere appear to revolve, and which serves with very tolerable accuracy to mark the North Pole of the celestial sphere:

that steadfast star  
That was in Ocean's wave yet never wet,  
But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from far  
To all that in the wide deep wandering are.

<sup>1</sup> P. 191.

<sup>2</sup> Ἄρκτον θ', ἣν καὶ ἄμαζαν ἐπικλήσιν καλέουσιν (*Od.* v. 273).

The name "Cynosure"—*κυνὸς οὐρά*, or "Dog's tail," though applied to the whole constellation, evidently belongs properly to this particular star, and suggests the idea that the constellation may originally have been known as the "Dog"—though of this there is no positive evidence. But this, at least, is clear that the Greeks did not call it the Bear, Great or Little, and that in any case it was far better fitted to mark the north than the Bear proper, sweeping in a large circle around it, could possibly do. Not till the time of the Romans do we hear of the two Bears—*Arctos oceani metuentes aequore tingi*.

It is true that in the sailing directions given by Calypso to Ulysses, he is directed to keep the Bear always on his left, which would in a general way secure his holding an easterly course: and, moreover he did not fail to observe other constellations—the Pleiads and Bootes—which would help him to make the corrections necessitated by the movements of the Bear. But neither Homer, who never mentions the "Cynosure," nor anyone else ever applied this name to the *Great* Bear, and only the idea which seems to be now so commonly entertained, that the men of old were incompetent to observe the most manifest phenomena of nature, could ever have suggested the extraordinary notion so confidently enunciated by Professor Newcomb.

## Reviews.

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### I.—SCIENTIFIC FAITH.<sup>1</sup>

THE object of the distinguished author of this little book is altogether excellent: he desires to furnish those to whom the education of the young is committed, with the means of instructing them in the details of religious faith, without leaving them open to the assaults of doubt when they shall afterwards encounter the results of scientific inquiry. Building wholly upon natural knowledge, and never considering even as possible any supernatural means of supplementing it, he endeavours to construct a system which in no essential particular differs from that of Christianity—and which not only recognizes God as the ultimate Author and Sustainer of the universe, but moreover acknowledges that,

the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine 1,900 years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world;

while finally the Lord's Prayer is to be taught as the noblest and most elevating type of human worship.

Such is, in outline, the religious system on which Sir Oliver would have children educated, and in which, as he believes, they will find a stable basis of belief which no assaults in later life will be able to disturb. His whole foundation is "science," the facts of nature as disclosed by modern research, and rigorous inductions from the same. As to these facts, he assumes all to be definitively proved which the evolutionary schools are accustomed to claim—including the origin of man—but he also introduces what he acknowledges to be "not yet fully incorporated into orthodox science, nor fully recognized by

<sup>1</sup> *The Substance of Faith allied with Science, a Catechism for Parents and Teachers.* By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., Principal of the University of Birmingham. London: Methuen and Co. Pp. xii. 135. 2s. net.



philosophy," namely, the alleged phenomena to which the Society for Psychical Research devote their attention, with the doctrine of the "subliminal self," and upon this an important portion of his argument depends.

Apart from these points upon which questions may obviously be raised in the name of science herself, what is most interesting and important is to inquire how far such a naturalistic system as he advocates, which recognizes no factor in religion but the purely "scientific" or argumentative, appears fitted to do the work for which religion is needed. For our own part, nothing could more powerfully avail than this elaborate and ingenious plea to demonstrate the impossibility of finding religion by the dry light of the intellect alone, or of raising the mind and soul by merely "scientific" methods. It is like expecting a marble statue to do the work of a foster-mother.

Here, for example, is the starting point, the "fundamentum" upon which all is based. The Catholic Catechism begins with the question, "Who made you?" and the child is taught to reply, "God made me, to know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him for ever in the next." Here, whatever else it is or is not, we have a clear and definite statement, comprehensible to the simplest capacity, and including a motive of action which, as experience abundantly proves, is capable of influencing the lives and conduct of all sorts and conditions of men.

Sir Oliver Lodge's Catechism, on the other hand, opens thus :

*Q. What are you ?*

*A.* I am a being alive and conscious upon this earth ; a descendant of ancestors who rose by gradual processes from lower forms of animal life and, with struggle and suffering, became man.

If there are any—children or others—who are likely to be stimulated or elevated by this account of themselves, they are certainly not those whom we encounter in ordinary life, nor does it seem probable that much practical effect in this direction would be produced by adopting the suggestion that an isolated cell should be exhibited in the microscope to show the origin of life.

Neither do the next question and answer appear to advance matters much, though they undoubtedly introduce us to considerations of the gravest import.

Q. *What, then, may be meant by the Fall of man?*

A. At a certain stage of development man became conscious of a difference between right and wrong, so that thereafter, when his actions fell below a normal standard of conduct, he felt ashamed and sinful. He thus lost his animal innocency and entered on a long period of human effort and failure; nevertheless, the consciousness of degradation marked a rise in the scale of existence.

Here, it is evident, we have nothing but phrases to which no meaning can be attached, for the questions raised are such as science is wholly incompetent to answer. Man, we are told, became conscious of the difference between right and wrong. But what made the difference? *Why* are some things right and others wrong for man, which for the inferior animals are equally permissible? *Why* did man feel ashamed, sinful and degraded, when his actions fell below "a normal standard of conduct"? And how was the "norm" constituted? Upon these and such-like points, science has, and can have, nothing to say, and when she would enter into a predominant partnership with religion, she can but destroy what she cannot replace.

It would be easy to go on and show in detail that in every particular Sir Oliver Lodge's scientific machinery must needs be fatal to the cause he desires to serve, but these instances must suffice for the present. Highly as we may esteem the excellence of the motives that have prompted him to undertake this work,—we are compelled to add

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,  
Tempus eget.

It is faith not science that must keep religion alive, if it is not to perish from the earth.

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## 2.—NATURAL THEOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

The title of this book, which forms part of the Series, *Science expérimentale et Matérialisme contemporain*, sufficiently indicates its scope, the author's great object being to subject the materialistic philosophy of Büchner to a rigorous examination. He has evidently been at pains to make himself acquainted

<sup>1</sup> *L'Ordre naturel et Dieu, Étude critique de la théorie moniste du Dr. L. Büchner, sur les principes de l'Ordre naturel de l'Univers, et réfutation de FORCE ET MATIÈRE (Kraft und Stoff), par l'Abbé Alfred Tanguy, Prêtre de Marseille, Vicaire à Notre-Dame du Mont. Paris: Blond et Cie. 1906.*

with the manifold literature of his subject, and the particulars he gives concerning the writers who have dealt with it, and their various works, make his book useful as a bibliography.

Whether it will itself effectually serve the cause which the Abbé has at heart is another question. Sound as is his philosophy and adequate his knowledge of the points at issue, it is to be feared that to many readers he will appear to be too much of an advocate for a foregone conclusion. He has a fatal penchant for eloquence, declamation, and peremptory assertion. Such exclamations as *Pauvre Büchner!* do nothing to refute his antagonist, and much to debilitate his own argument.

Such defects are to be regretted, for, as has been said, the work is in the main well done, and will be found helpful by those who can discriminate between its solid arguments and their rhetorical setting. But it should not be left to the reader to do this.

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### 3.—SYNTHETICA.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Laurie is a veteran in the study and teaching of philosophy. It must be nearly half a century since his first book appeared, and now we have from his pen two volumes of abstruse speculation, the object of which is to establish the existence and character of God, so far as this is possible to man, not indeed by demonstrating these truths in the sense of proving them, but as the author forewarns us expressly, in the sense of indicating the process by which a just man is led to their recognition. Any treatise consecrated to this object, especially one which is so obviously the work of a reverent mind, has necessarily our sympathy, and we might hope to derive instruction from it even if unable to assent to the general tenour of its argument. Unfortunately the style in which it is written must repel all but the most patient readers, at all events south of the Tweed, and an impatient reviewer cannot be expected to spend days in gathering the exact thoughts out of a terminology by the side of which the much-condemned technicalities of scholasticism are mere child's-play.

The following passage, in which to some extent the main

<sup>1</sup> *Synthetica, being Meditations Epistemological and Ontological.* By S. S. Laurie, LL.D. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

idea is condensed, will illustrate the difficulty of dealing with the book.

God we have said is the Absolute Synthesis: that is to say, Being and the Dialectic in all experience—the ultimate in knowledge. And we have found this God in the evolution of "Subject-object"—the necessary universals in the evolution of finite mind as sentient and cognisant. To each ascending plane of finite mind the infinite object which is God, gives Itself to the extent of the growing capacity of recipience. Fixing our contemplation on experience, we see the Object building itself up in a set of moments, which moments are the necessary universals in the subject. These moments our epistemological analysis revealed as Unconditional (or Absoluto-Infinite) Being—object of Pure Feeling: then, when the diverse separated itself in consciousness as sentient and attitudinal, we saw the continuity of the same Unconditioned Being as now immanent in the Conditioned—the world of differences and contraries which, as phenomenal shapes and relations, constitute the visible universe. These diverse shapes and relations we call Phenomenon—the "appearance" of Being in man; who is himself also, as an organism, Being phenomenalized; and in phenomenal and ontological continuation with the Whole. And thereafter, we saw that in all presentations there is, all the while, being revealed to us, in the highest moment of our own complex but one nature, a dialectic whereby we rise to the dignity of Spirit. These revelations of the infinite Object in finite Subject are moments in the total Notion "God."

It is in such terms that the author outlines his conception of God as the Absolute Synthesis, the moments of the Synthesis in which He reveals Himself to man being assigned in the following order. In the first moment He is "Absolute Unconditioned Being, object of Pure Feeling," not yet revealing itself as a Unity, but "felt as the One out of which the Many proceeds." In the second He is Absolute Being "felt as immanent in the diverse phenomenal and as constituting its ultimate reality." In the third "He, is Being-Immanent, on the dialectic plane of mind, now revealing itself as an Objective Dialectic," and, as such—(a) "Will willing the world, as Kinetic or Efficient Cause," (b) as "mediating End, causal and formative," (c) as "projecting end, Cause-teleological." In the fourth, as Dialectic, "He is not only Formative Energy but the sum of Ideals"; in the fifth "He is, as Creative Will, Personality"; in the sixth, "as immanent in Creation He is pathic feeling, Emotion and Beauty."

These several points are worked out with great elaboration,

but do they amount to anything very diverse from what, in simpler language, we of the old school of theological thinking contend for when we say that our Reason, working on the *data* of the lower perceptive faculties, enables us (1) to perceive the character of the visible world of which we ourselves are a constituent element, the grades of its ascending scale of being, the law which pervades and unifies all, the rationality and beauty with which it is instinct throughout, and (2) from thence to deduce the necessary existence of a Creator in whom are attributes of Intelligence and Power, of Goodness and Beauty, like but far above the corresponding attributes in man? It will be said, perhaps, that there is a very great difference, and that it lies in this, that Dr. Laurie deprecates the idea that we are able to "demonstrate" to ourselves the existence and nature of God in the sense of proving these truths by any process of deduction, or in any other sense than that of offering "a lucid statement of what we see," or of assisting ourselves in the "laborious analytic process" by which alone a man can qualify himself for seeing.

This, however, brings us to the crucial question whether the notion of God to which Professor Laurie's method leads us is not pantheistic. It is a suggestion indeed which he expressly repudiates, but, if we understand him, mainly on the ground that the visible universe, of which man is a part, and which builds itself up in his consciousness as Objective Dialectic, does not exhaust God—

We are delivered from this Monotheistic Pantheism [he says] not only by the fact of Negation, whereby every existent is the centre of itself, but also by the fact of Being-Absolute. Assuredly God, as immanent in all and comprehending all, posits therein His own difference; that is to say, it is Himself that He posits and not anything else; but in doing so He does not exhaust Himself. He *remains* Absolute and Transcendental Being, the Deep which we cannot fathom.

But that degree of Transcendence is not sufficient to repel the reproach of Pantheism, for it remains that the visible world is at least a part of God, and so God is not a Being, intimately present indeed to every part of the world, and sustaining it at each point of its being and operation, but still entirely distinct from it and at every point transcending it.

4.—COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE MORALIS.<sup>1</sup>

Father Bulot was asked to prepare a new edition of the *Moral Theology* of Gury, his predecessor in the office of teaching that branch of sacred science. He very wisely came to the conclusion that it would be better to write a new work. Since Gury wrote, moral theology has made progress, and the circumstances of the twentieth century are different from those of the middle of the nineteenth. The two goodly volumes before us, replete with theological learning and actuality, are no bad measure of the amount of progress which has been made within the last fifty years in this branch of theology. There are indeed in this new work no revolutionary changes of doctrine, the whole is substantially *ad mentem P. Gury*; but the order and arrangement are new, there is more theology in the modern author, and certain questions especially concerning co-operation and justice have received much fuller treatment. In an appendix to the treatise on the Sacrament of Penance fuller directions are given as to the method of dealing with various classes of penitents. In clearness and directness of statement our new author compares very favourably with Father Gury.

The most recent changes in ecclesiastical legislation, and the newest decrees of the Roman Congregations are duly chronicled, and their bearing on moral questions indicated. Modern authors are constantly quoted, not indeed that Father Bulot always agrees with all of them. In the choice of opinions he walks in the footsteps of his distinguished model, and steadily preserves that middle course which lies between the extremes of rigour and laxity.

The book first appeared in 1904, and last year a new edition had already been called for. We cordially wish it all success.

5.—THE FRENCH EPISCOPATE.<sup>2</sup>

At the present moment, when the position and action of the Bishops of France are so much before the world, this exhaustive work is singularly opportune. In it is given a complete list,

<sup>1</sup> *Compendium Theologiae Moralis ad mentem P. Gury.* Auctore A. Bulot, S.J. Altera editio. 1906.

<sup>2</sup> *L'Épiscopat Français, depuis le Concordat jusqu'à la Séparation (1802—1905).* Pp. xvi. 720. Paris: Librairie des Saints-Pères, Rue des Saints-Pères, 83.

with biographical details, of all the prelates who have ruled the French Church from the time when Napoleon restored the public exercise of Catholic religion by his famous Concordat, to the present crisis produced by its arbitrary abrogation at the hands of his Jacobin successors in power. There is thus provided an admirable and ready means of tracing the history of the various and perilous experiences which the Church has had to face, under the successive governments which replaced and contradicted one another's policy, during the course of the last century, a history which intimately connects itself with such names as those of Fesch, Maury, Affre, Sibour, Darboy, Dupanloup, Pie, Freppel, and many others. The biographical appreciations are frankly written from what would commonly be styled the Ultramontane point of view, but are characterized by a moderation and sobriety of treatment which cannot fail to invest them with no slight historical value.

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#### 6.—FROM WEST TO EAST.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Hubert Jerningham, in this latest literary effort, has produced a very pleasant book of that rare kind in which profitable information is at no point allied to dulness. Starting from Marseilles on December 8th, 1905, he arrived at Delhi by the 28th of the same month, and after an excursion southward to Ceylon, he took steamer again eastward to Penang, Singapore, and Hongkong, from which last centre Canton was also visited. Naturally, however, the wonderful island Empire of the East, fresh from its naval and military triumphs over Russia, was the main attraction, and without wasting time by the way, Nagasaki was gained before February 26th, 1906. After spending a month in visiting the principal cities of Japan, Sir Hubert directed his course to Port Arthur, and a week later found himself at Mukden, from which he returned to Tokyo *via* the Korea. Then, sailing for the United States by Yokohama and Honolulu, he was at San Francisco by the 7th of May. Another week saw the travellers in New York, and before the 1st of June the party were back again in England. In this very pleasant six months of travel it is easy to see that

<sup>1</sup> *From West to East: Notes by the Way.* By Sir Hubert Jerningham, K.C.M.G. London: John Murray. 1907.

Sir Hubert and his two companions covered the ground that has for the last few years riveted the attention of all Europe. Much as has been written about the Russo-Japanese War, we think that the author's impressions in visiting the sites still fresh in the memory of all will be welcomed by every reader. There is nothing in the book which requires an effort of attention, or which would greatly appeal to the specialist, but one is glad to peruse the straightforward comments on the situation in the Far East which such a tour has suggested to a much-travelled man of the world, who is not without his share of administrative experience. Sir Hubert seems to have been much impressed by the Japanese women, and to be of opinion that the greatness of the nation is attributable mainly to them :

Making every allowance for exceptions [he writes], a clever Englishman, as a rule, monopolizes the attention of his family to such an extent, that the children are handicapped by the father's superiority ; but, in Japan, where everybody has a fair chance, the nation benefits by the community of intellect. At any rate, the little Japanese mother is all to her bairns, as her training is such that, however proud she may be of her husband, she cannot monopolize his attention, and devotes her bright intelligence to developing the brains of her children.

And he adds :

The training of Japanese women is so severe that one marvels at their having any spark of brightness left, and yet they are as a race infinitely more cheerful than other women with greater liberty and power of independent action.

A word of warm commendation must be said of the illustrations, which seem to have been reproduced from some admirable photographs. In an Appendix is printed at length Admiral Togo's report of the battle of the Sea of Japan, and also the text of the Treaty of Portsmouth, U.S.A.

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#### 7.—THE DOMESDAY INQUEST.<sup>1</sup>

This volume, dealing with so severely technical a subject as the Domesday census, is somewhat less popular in character than the rest of the series of the Antiquary's Books ; but it is none the worse on that account. On the contrary we have at times been tempted to think that some of the other volumes

<sup>1</sup> *The Domesday Inquest.* By Adolphus Ballard, B.A. LL.B. (*The Antiquary's Books*). London : Methuen. 1906.



were more like playthings than tools; exhibiting in this respect a rather marked contrast with German efforts of the same kind, let us say with such a volume for example as Bergner's *Handbuch der Archæologie*. Here, however, in Mr. Ballard's *Domesday* we seem to have a tool that one can really work with. If we add that even in this case most of the illustrations are a superfluity which we feel disposed to resent, as something made to sell and not to help the text, we ought not to complain perhaps if the criticism be put down to the natural cross-grainedness of the antiquarian temperament. Apart from this Mr. Ballard's work seems to us to supply a genuine need and to constitute an excellent introduction to the works of Professor Maitland and Mr. Round, both of which writers provide rather strong meat for the digestion of the ordinary country gentleman interested in land and land tenures. The book seems to us to be clear and well arranged, while at the same time it covers all the ground that it would be desirable to touch upon in such a handbook. There is a good Index, a few useful sketch maps, and a *facsimile* of a portion of the text of *Domesday*, which last we are far from reckoning among the superfluous illustrations. Indeed we should have welcomed something more in this direction. Of course we cannot expect Mr. Ballard to provide us with a complete Record Interpreter, but a chapter or at least an Appendix on the palæographical aspects of the great survey would hardly have been out of place. Still, we are very grateful to Mr. Ballard for what he has given us.

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#### 8.—SUSAN.<sup>1</sup>

Susan is an excellent young maidservant—for whom her equally young mistress has the highest esteem, but whose ideas are altogether upset by an offer of marriage coming from a live lord whom she has never spoken to. An *impasse* is thereby created which forebodes unhappiness, but the issue is eventually quite satisfactory. This little story is a *jeu d'esprit* rather than a novel, but it is cleverly told, and will afford amusement. What, however, gives the book a special value for THE MONTH is the author's observations and judgments—which he puts into the

<sup>1</sup> *Susan*. By Ernest Oldmeadow. London: E. Grant Richards. 1907.

mouth of his imaginary diarist—regarding the anti-clerical campaign across the Channel, and its effects in a French country village.

There must be thousands of parts of France like Sainte Véronique. I have seen a dozen myself—rural communities, working hard and living decently, with the slated spire of their hoary parish church looking down upon them, as it looked down ages ago on their direct ancestors who first drained the valleys and set vines upon the hillsides. Here live and toil the men and, more remarkable still, here live and toil and suffer the women, whose hard earnings are the war-chest of France when the professional politicians of Paris wantonly thrust the nation into some vainglorious adventure. . . . And here are bred the supplies of sound human stuff—the healthy bodies, the healthy souls—to redress the awful balance of the towns, and to save France from becoming a ruin amid stinging weeds and insolent poppies.

Even an atheist statesman, if he's as truly a statesman as he's truly an atheist, ought to know that, in striking at the village churches, he is striking at the heart of French rural life; and that in wounding French rural life he will be severing arteries when Bismarck and von Moltke only lanced small veins.

This morning made me so sad. The sweet little white convent is shut up, the garden is full of nettles, two of the chapel windows are broken, the nuns are in England, and the lawyers have grown fat on the pickings. At the church, the statue of St. Veronica, over the west door, has a broken arm—snapped off on the day of the inventory. Meanwhile the weeks are drifting by; and, for all the old *curé* knows, he will be saying Mass in a barn before the winter is half over.

This, it must be remarked, is the criticism of a Protestant, not a Catholic, though of a Protestant who—untrammelled by the narrow-minded bigotry which is so prevalent in this country—can reflect on the religious habits of another nation with impartiality and sympathy. Nor is the passage quoted the only one in which the author shows an appreciative insight into the ways of Catholicism.

## Short Notices.

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IN his *Questions d'Enseignement Supérieur Ecclésiastique* (Paris: Victor Lecoffre), Mgr. Batiffol collects into one volume some addresses and articles given or written in view of particular occasions during the last eight years. With one exception, all tend to make known the good work done by the Catholic institutes for higher studies since their foundation in 1875, prominence being, of course, given to the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, concerning which the writer feels best qualified to speak. It is a narrative full of interest and encouragement, showing as it does, what a sound, high, and all-embracing ideal the presiding spirits of this movement for higher education has set before it, and what excellent results it has been able to attain. We are told so commonly that the Church is opposed to higher education, but could there be a more signal illustration of what she desires to do and can do, if only she be left in peace for a sufficiently long time? From Mgr. Batiffol too, we may learn something of the personality of M. Leonce Couture, M. Duillé de Saint-Projet, M. Thomas, and others whose names are household words with educated French Catholics for the debt which the movement owes them. The one exception in these essays is not in every respect an exception, since the history of dogma is one of the works of a Catholic Institute. It is where Mgr. Batiffol crosses swords with M. Laberthonnière as to the sense in which dogma can be said to have a history which can be studied—M. Laberthonnière contending, from pragmatist principles, that the definitions by which doctrines are converted into dogmas cannot be regarded as final, and that if they were the history of a dogma would involve a contradiction, and Mgr. Batiffol making the necessary distinctions, and showing how comprehensive is the task of history in regard both to the previous and subsequent history of defined dogmas.

The Story of the Oxford Movement is sufficiently fascinating to elicit narratives of it from fresh writers. Sir Samuel Hall is the latest to follow in this path, and under this title has published

a brief sketch (Longmans), which he calls a "layman's attempt to give an unbiassed account." Travelling over ground with which we are so familiar, we do not find here anything that is new, but the essay is written with insight and is what it claims to be, unbiassed.

*Tironibus. Commonplace Advice to Church Students.* By Harold Henry Mure (Sands and Co.), is, as its title implies, full of practical hints in those matters wherein Church students have few opportunities of picking up knowledge. The book deals with hygiene, etiquette, social duties, and many other subjects. These are all treated in a light and breezy manner. In so small and inexpensive a book there is no space for argument, hence the tone is rightly dogmatic.

*Formation de l'Orateur Sacré.* Thèmes Oratoires. Par François Bouchage. (Paris: Emmanuel Vitte, 1907.) The first part of this work was entitled *Méthode*, and we have now the practical application in seventy-two outlines of Sermons or Instructions embracing the whole Catechism of the Council of Trent. Each exordium is well chosen to arrest attention, the divisions of each discourse are clear and practical, and the work has met with universal approbation in France. The price of the book is three francs.

We have a good collection of books on the Anglican question, but solid as they may be in themselves they are liable to pass quickly out of date, because of the changes of tone or belief, or of habit or arguments, which differentiate one generation from another of Anglican Churchmen. This is the justification of such a book as Mr. Scholfield's *Divine Authority* (Longmans). It is the work of a recent convert from the ranks of Scotch Episcopalianism, and gives the kind of considerations which influenced his own mind. These are mostly drawn, not from history or from the exegesis of Holy Scripture, but from the nature of the Catholic Church, as she stands before the world a living and enduring reality, having about her the marks of just such a divine teacher as the human mind feels the need of, if there is any truth at all in Christianity; and from the nature of Anglicanism likewise regarded, not in the light of her dead formularies, but of the interpretation she gives them in her character of a living institution. The book is written without bitterness, indeed with sympathy for the position of the friends whom the writer has left behind. Let us trust that some of them will be moved to read it carefully.

It is for publications on land-ownership and land-cultivation that Mr. John Boyd Kinnear is chiefly known. *The Teaching of the Lord contained in the Gospels* (Smith, Elder and Co.), is a little book which ministers to the study of Bible teaching by grouping together passages from the Gospels which bear on the same subjects. Apart from the few Notes at the end explanatory of certain terms (Notes with which one cannot often agree) the author confines himself to giving the words of Scripture. It is a novel method of arrangement, but is likely to be acceptable, particularly to preachers.

*A Child's Life of Christ.* By Mrs. Percy Dearmer (Longmans), tells the complete story of our Lord's life in child's language. It is beautifully done, and will be a help to mothers. On the whole it is quite orthodox, but in one or two places, as in the account of the Discourse in the Synagogue at Capharnaum, and of the Confession of St. Peter, there is an indistinctness of language and toning down of the genuine meaning which Catholic mothers will need to correct. The illustrations are not very attractive or likely to appeal to children.

*The Katholische Schulbibel.* By Dr. Jacob Ecker (Schaar and Dathe, Trier) is a German school-book giving a series extracted from Scripture selected so as to give what is essential in the history of God's dealings with man from the Creation to the death of the last Apostle. It is enriched with an abundance of illustrations in black and white, some imaginary, others reproduced from photographs of Bible scenes and sites. Being in German it will not be greatly called for in this country, but it is thoroughly good of its kind.

*A Manual of Theology for the Laity.* By the Rev. P. Geiermann, C.S.S.R. (Benziger Brothers) is meant for Catholic laymen, who often ask for a book which will tell them something of Catholic theology and of the Church's treatment of many questions bearing on Catholic theology which are now-a-days so freely discussed. The Archbishop of St. Louis writes for it an approving Preface. It is elementary, and would not be of much assistance to a highly educated layman, but it is solid as far as it goes. A feature in the book is the series of questions and answers appended to each section. These are always pithy and sometimes happy, but at other times useless and provoking. For instance,

1. Hell is against reason—Say rather that your desire is against reason.

2. God is so good—Because God is so good He died on the cross

to save you from the eternal punishments of hell. God is good, but He is just and holy likewise.

3. Eternal damnation for a momentary sin is unjust—Like capital punishment for murder.

4. Probation will continue after death.—No, sir! You had better make hay while the sun shines.

*Le Sillon* is the name chosen for themselves, and for their leading organ, by a group (they would not like to be called a party) of French Catholics, mostly young, who are full of zeal for the amelioration of social conditions, but look for it to the application of some very democratic principles. They have encountered a good deal of opposition from those more conservatively inclined, and their name has become involved in some sharp controversy. In M. L. Cousin's *Le Sillon* (Librairie Emmanuel Vitte, Paris), the reader will find a succinct account of the circumstances of their origin and of the nature of their ideals and methods.

*Across America*, from Newfoundland to Alaska (New York: Benziger), is the story of his experiences by a Canadian Jesuit, Father E. J. Devine. First we have the account of his journey across the continent, and this part, if we mistake not, appeared in *THE MONTH* about ten years ago. Then we have his experiences during two years of missionary life in Alaska itself, and quite on its Western coast. Father Devine knows how to describe, and gives us a distinct picture of the life both of the miners and of the Eskimos in the fierce cold of their Arctic climate. The illustrations, too, are many and to the purpose.

*Publications of the Catholic Truth Society.*

We have received quite a little sheaf of booklets from the "C.T.S.," of which we gladly notice the following.

In *Lady Amabel Kerr* we have a very interesting portrait in a few pages. The extraordinary trials of her childhood, which were followed by a long eight years' strife for the gift of faith, her inner life with its great purity of intention, her many works of charity are all outlined, and her well-nigh heroic acts of resignation in the fourteen years preceding her death, fitly end this charming little sketch.

We have next, from the pen of Father de Zulueta, a little penny work on *Frequent and Daily Communion*. This is an abridgment of his *Notes on Daily Communion*, which we welcomed

in our last issue, and the stock objections to frequent Communion are dealt with in no uncertain tones.

*Pantheism.* By W. Matthews (Id.) gives a useful sketch of that form of unbelief so Protean in its manifestations, so seductive to the unthinking mind and so absolutely fatal to anything like real religion. It should be found useful to a wide circle of readers.

We have also two little stories by the Rev. G. Bampffield. They form No. 57 in the Catholic's Library of Tales. In the *Tale of Many an English Home* we have a little story of storm and sunshine, striving, and conversion and peace, such as has come to many a poor home. *St. Andrew's White Flowers* tells how St. Theresa and her Carmelite white flowers came to be planted in the meadow of Alba.

There are, too, the Biographies of the celebrated *Brothers Ratisbonne*, an outline of their apostolic labours, and a short Life of *Blaise Pascal* (1623—1662). This is well written by the Rev. G. O'Neill, S.J., in a temperate spirit. Lastly, there is the Life of the *Ven. John Nutter*, by John B. Wainwright. This is very well done. It covers all the ground, and the notes and references are good. The story is a very pathetic one.

## Magazines.

### *Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

RASSEGNA GREGORIANA. (March, April, 1907.)

The Antiphon "in choro" and the Antiphon at the Gospel in the Ambrosian Liturgy. *K. Ott.* A farced Epistle for Easter. *M. Sablayrolles.* A Miniature indicating the Shrines of the Holy Land. *H. Grisar.* Notes, Reviews, and Bibliography.

BESSARIONE (1906, 1907). I.

The Immaculate Conception in the Orthodox Church. *Mgr. N. Marini.* Report on the Missions of the East addressed by Renaudot to Clement XI. *A. Delpuch.* Christian races under the dominion of the Sassanids. *G. Leone.* Documents on the History of Catholicism in Russia. *A. Palmieri.* Reviews, &c.

LE CANONISTE CONTEMPORAIN. (February.)

The Canon of the Nestorian Patriarch Timotheus. *J. Labourt.* The Reform of the Canon Law and the "postulata" of the Vatican Council. *A. Villien.* Roman Documents. Bibliography.

## DER KATHOLIK. (February.)

The Doctrines of the Patriarch Sophronius. *H. Straubinger*.  
 Magdalena of Freiburg. *W. Schleussner*. The Veneration  
 of the holy Abbot Wigbert of Fritzlar. *D. Bruder*.  
 Reviews, &c.

## LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (March 2 and 16.)

The Law of Guarantees and the outrage to the Holy See.  
 The Rights of Free Schools. The Moral Problem.  
 The Constructive principles of Gothic Architecture.  
 Catholics and the Russian Church. The Victory of the  
 Centre in the German Elections. The Inquisition and  
 its Procedure. The moral order of Dante. Reviews, &c.

## RAZON Y FÉ (February and March.)

The authenticity of St. John's Gospel. *L. Murillo*. A Great  
 Artist. *Saj*. The Rivalry between Spain and Portugal in  
 the sixteenth century. *P. Pastells*. One Catechism for Spain.  
*J. M. Sola*. Public Immorality and the state of the Law.  
*V. Minteguiaga*. Trades Unions. *N. Noguer*. Reviews, &c.

## REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (February and March.)

A Conversion in the Fifth Century—Volusien. *P. Martain*. The  
 proper object of the Sacred Heart Devotion. *A. Alvéry*.  
 The Early Franciscans—Thomas of Celano. *J. Chevalier*.  
 The Religious Movement in England. *P. Sélor*.  
 The suffering Messiah. *S. Protin*. The Schism of  
 Antioch. *P. Lamotte*. Reviews, &c.

## STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (1907, II.)

Scholastic and Modern Philosophy. *J. Bessmer*. Christian  
 Socialism. *H. Pesch*. The Training of Mind and Heart.  
*M. Meschler*. The Heathen Mysteries and Christianity.  
*J. Blötzer*. An Astronomical Journey. *J. G. Hagen*.  
 Reviews, &c.

## REVUE PRATIQUE D'APOLOGÉTIQUE. (February and March.)

Mgr. d'Hulst's Apologetic. *A. Baudrillart*. Mithraicism and  
 Christianity. *H. de Alès*. The Passage of the Red Sea.  
*A. Lesêtre*. The "Fall" of Pope Liberius. *J. Zeiller*. The  
 Virgin of Avila. *H. Chevre*. The Primacy of Conscience  
 according to Newman. *J. Lebreton and H. Bremond*.  
 Brunetière and Apologetic. *J. Cartier*. Reviews, &c.

## L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (February and March.)

Fogazzaro's *Il Santo* and its Theology. *L. Perier*. St. Pius V.  
*J. Martin*. Charles Chesnelong. *M. de Marcey*. The  
 Souls of Nuns. *Abbé Delfour*. Views of the Apocalypse.  
*E. Jacquier*. Reviews, &c.



## *Mr. R. J. Campbell and the New Theology.*

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*It is vain to propose an Eirenicon by the corruption of a word.*  
(JAMES MARTINEAU.)

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MR. R. J. CAMPBELL is justified in disclaiming the honours of an inventor either for the name or the ideas known as the New Theology. The name appears to have come over in the first instance from America, but the ideas labelled by it are ideas which have been forming during recent decades on both sides of the Atlantic in the minds of religious thinkers rationalistically inclined. Still, the public has not gone far astray in closely connecting Mr. Campbell's name with the resultant movement. He himself, not without reason, claims that his book<sup>1</sup> is "the first systematic statement of the New Theology which has yet been made," and it may be added that all is set forth in it in a sufficiently clear and striking as well as popular style to recommend it to the general class of slightly educated readers. Thus, through it, and through the weekly addresses its author is able to deliver from so well-established a popular pulpit, the claims of the New Theology are likely to be vastly more widely known, discussed, and embraced than they have hitherto been. He may not unreasonably then be regarded as its apostle.

That, however, as he would be the first to say, is a comparatively small matter. The important matter is the nature of the New Theology as advocated by Mr. Campbell, the value of the reasons offered on its behalf, and the influence, religious or otherwise, it is likely to exercise, particularly on the future of the Nonconformist denominations. And in all these respects it is as revolutionary as could well be.

Of course it is ushered in with the plea that Christianity has lost its hold on the modern world, and that this is chiefly

<sup>1</sup> *The New Theology.* By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A. London : Chapman and Hall.

because "Christian truth has become associated in the popular mind with forms of statement which thoughtful men find it impossible to accept not only on theological, but even on moral grounds." Still the prospect, we are told, is not hopeless, only Christian truth needs re-stating "in terms of the modern mind," and it is suggested that thus re-stated it will merely be delivered from the misconceptions and misinterpretations of the intervening ages, and brought back more nearly to the form in which it was originally presented to the world.

What is wanted is freshness and simplicity of statement. The New Theology is only new in the sense that it seeks to substitute simplicity for complexity and to get down to moral values in its use of religious terms. Our objection is not so much to the venerable Creeds of Christendom as to the ordinary interpretation of those Creeds; and, creeds or no creeds, we hold that the religious experience which came to mankind in Jesus of Nazareth is enough for all our needs, and only requires to be freed from limiting statements in order to lay firm hold once more upon the civilized world.<sup>1</sup>

The starting point of this needful re-statement of Christian truth is a "re-emphasis of the Christian belief in the Divine Immanence in the universe and in mankind."<sup>2</sup> The older theology—or, as Mr. Campbell would prefer to say, the theology of the "immediate past"—is said to conceive of God as distinct from the world and standing apart from it, though knowing all that goes on in it and reserving to Himself the right to interfere in it sometimes. The New Theology holds that He does indeed transcend our universe in the sense that the capabilities of His being are not exhausted by the expression of Himself which is therein given; but that He is at the same time immanent in it, and so far identical with it, inasmuch as its nature is to be just one aspect under which He attains His desire for self-realization.

Why is there a universe at all? Why has the unlimited become limited? What was the need for the long cosmic struggle, the ignorance and pain, the apparently prodigal waste of life and beauty? Why does a perfect form appear only to be shattered and superseded by another? What can it all mean, if it has a meaning? . . . It is that this finite universe of ours is one means to the self-realization of the infinite. Supposing God to be infinite consciousness, there are still possibilities to that consciousness, which it can only know as it becomes limited. . . . You may know yourself to be a brave man, but

<sup>1</sup> P. 3.      <sup>2</sup> P. 4.

you will know it in a higher way if you are a soldier facing the cannon's mouth; you will know it in a still different way if you have to face the hostility and prejudice of a whole community for standing by something which you believe to be right. . . . Do not these facts of human nature and experience tell us something about God? To all eternity God is what He is, and never can be other; but it will take Him to all eternity to live out all that He is. In order to manifest even to Himself the possibilities of His being, God must limit that being. There is no other way in which the fullest self-realization can be attained. Thus we get two modes of God—the infinite, perfect, unconditioned, primordial being; and the finite, imperfect, conditioned, and limited being of which we are ourselves the expression. And yet these two are one, and the former is the guarantee that the latter shall not fail in the purpose for which it became limited.<sup>1</sup>

If this is God we next ask, "Who and what are we?" and Mr. Campbell undertakes to answer us. His answer is not easy to understand, being based on the doctrine of philosophical idealism—that "nothing exists except in and for mind," so that "the true being is consciousness, and the universe, visible and invisible, is consciousness." But reasoning on these lines he raises the question, What is the amplitude of personality, that human personality which he identifies with human consciousness? The point is that modern psychology has sought to distinguish between a surface and a subliminal consciousness, between our ordinary mental action each stage of which we are mentally aware of and are mentally conducting, and that "unconscious cerebration" which goes on beneath the surface of our mental life, and makes itself known to us only through the finished mental products with which eventually it presents us. If our personality is our consciousness, are we to restrict it to the surface self only, or must we not rather recognize that beneath this surface self there is a deeper self, to which the surface self bears a relation like that of some island in the Pacific to the vast submerged mountain of which it is the tiny summit; and is not the conclusion irresistible that "of our truer deeper being we are quite unconscious"? Further inferences, moreover, are drawn, which this similitude of the submerged mountain and its dry summit helps us to understand. One is that the whole human race is fundamentally one. "All life, indeed, is fundamentally one," but "the kinship of man with man precedes his kinship with any other order of being;" and though "common

<sup>1</sup> P. 22.

sense (may) assume that I and Thou are eternally distinct," we are daily finding reason for thinking otherwise. "Ultimately your being and mine are one, and we shall come to know it. Individuality only has meaning in relation to the whole, and individual consciousness can only be fulfilled by expanding until it embraces the whole. . . . I shall not cease to be I nor you to be you ; but there must be a region of experience where we shall find that you and I are one."<sup>1</sup>

A still further inference is that "the highest of all selves, the ultimate Self of the Universe, is God."

The New Testament speaks of man as body, soul, and spirit. The body is the thought-form through which the individuality finds expression on our present limited plane, the soul is a man's consciousness of himself as apart from all the rest of existence and even from God . . . it is the bay seeing itself as the bay, and not as the ocean ; the spirit is the true being thus limited and expressed—it is the deathless Divine within us. The Soul, therefore, is what we make it ; the spirit we can neither make nor mar, for it is at once our being and God's. What we are here to do is . . . to build up that self-realization which is God's objective with the universe as a whole, and with every self-conscious unit in particular.<sup>2</sup>

It occurs to us at once, on hearing this assertion of a continuity of selfhood between man and God, to ask is there then no dividing line between our being and God's, and the answer is that there is none, except from our side. "The ocean of consciousness knows that the bay has never been separate from itself, although the bay is only conscious of the ocean on the outer side of its own being." It occurs to us again that this theory is simple Pantheism. But Mr. Campbell denies it, on the ground that Pantheism stands for "a God imprisoned in His Universe, a God who cannot help Himself, who does not even know what He is about," who is a mere blind force ; whilst this immanent God is "my deeper Self and yours too, is the Self of the Universe and knows all about it"<sup>3</sup>—a ground which some will deem insufficient, the essence and vice of Pantheism lying in this that by making out man to be a part of God it robs God of His infinity and man of his personality. It occurs to us once more that the theory strikes at the root of human freedom and hence of human responsibility—to which again we get the insufficient answer that human freedom is limited,

<sup>1</sup> P. 30.<sup>2</sup> P. 34.<sup>3</sup> P. 35.

like that of a bird in a cage, a fact which no one denies, whereas our difficulty is that the theory leaves us no basis for freedom of any kind whatever.

However, for the moment we wish to state not to criticize Mr. Campbell's theory, and we must see next what, under the exigencies of this conception of divine and human being, are the conceptions he is led to hold regarding some other important points of doctrine. And first of Sin. Of course he rejects the doctrine of an original Fall, and, as apparently he knows of no other version of that catastrophe save the one first given by Luther, we need not be so surprised that he rejects it. The sin that we should call actual sin he defines to be selfishness. It is the opposite of love, and "if the true life (or love) is the life which is lived in terms of the whole, then the sinful life is the life which is lived for self alone."<sup>1</sup> The necessity for sin arises out of the very nature of God, for creation being the self-expression of God, and God being love, and love being incapable of realizing itself except through sacrifice, there must be pain in the world to furnish the occasion of sacrifice, and if there is pain there is also the opportunity for the selfishness opposed to sacrifice. At the same time we are not to suppose that sin has inflicted any injury on God so as to incur His wrath. "It is the God within who is injured by it, rather than the God without,"<sup>2</sup> nor are we to suppose that it can be taken away by any divine Atonement or divine forgiveness. For sin is selfishness and the only way to get rid of selfishness is by the ministry of love.

Mr. Campbell is profuse in his recognition of the supreme importance for faith and morals of the personality of Jesus. "Christianity," he says,—truly if inelegantly,—"draws its sustenance from the belief that Jesus is still alive and impacting Himself upon the world and His followers;" and in this it differs from every other religion on earth, none of which claims for its founder more than that he lived at some date or other in the past, and then died, leaving behind only the legacy of his teaching and example. "Christianity, without Jesus, is the world without the sun." What then does the New Theology permit us to hold concerning Him? How in adherence to its principles, and to the re-statements which these require, is it to

<sup>1</sup> P. 52.      <sup>2</sup> P. 165.

fulfil its promise of taking from us nothing which belongs to the essence and original purity of our Christian belief in Jesus Christ?

He begins his answer to this demand by assuring us, somewhat to our surprise, that he "believes what the Christian Creeds say about the person of Jesus," and even thinks the Athanasian Creed "a magnificent piece of work, if only the Churches would consent to understand it in terms of the oldest theology of all." Still, literally understood, he rejects those articles of belief as altogether incredible, and he exhorts us to shed the husk and be content in future with the kernel. Is then Jesus God? No, he says, not if by that appellation we mean that He "possessed the all-controlling consciousness of the universe"—for "He prayed to His Father sometimes with agony and dread; He endured, suffered, wept, and grew weary; He confessed His ignorance of some things, and declared Himself to have no concern with others (and it is) even doubtful how far He was prepared to receive the homage of those about Him;" and that means that His consciousness was "a true human consciousness limited like our own, and, like our own, subject to the ordinary ills of life."<sup>1</sup> We might be disposed to suggest that this only proves that He had, through His Incarnation, a perfect human nature, which orthodox Christians themselves maintain, but that the question of His divinity is the question of the divine nature which they hold Him to have had also, and from all eternity. But this suggestion Mr. Campbell does not think worth refuting. He thinks it enough to drive it off with that convenient whip "the trend of modern thought," which, he says, is refuting it effectually. He will not even allow that this dogma of the two natures has ever been really believed, at least "in its practical implications"—"although at one time there was a danger that the winsome figure of Jesus would be removed altogether from the field of human interest and regard," having given place to the terrifying figure of the Jesus of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the conventional Christianity of the time.

What next! one is prone to exclaim on encountering this estimate of the history of Christian belief. But we must reflect that Mr. Campbell's experience has been of the tone and spirit of a certain type of English Protestantism, and we may call to mind the judgment, too sweeping perhaps but still based on

<sup>1</sup> P. 78.

a substantial truth, of the ex-Father Suffield, as quoted in the thoughtful pages of a recent writer:<sup>1</sup>

I say this from my own experience, the Roman Church is the only Christian Church believing in the Incarnation which does at all realize the meaning of it. . . . It often seems to me, when I hear men fighting for the Nicene Creed and the Divinity of Christ, how far they are from knowing what they mean. I have trembled, literally trembled, as I contemplated with faith that doctrine of the Divinity of Christ . . . [but] the Church of Rome recognizes the Incarnation as the foundation of the supernatural, and carries it into the whole life of man. It becomes to the profound Roman Catholic something more real than the natural.

If, however, Jesus is not God in the sense of orthodox believers, in what sense is He God, and even "very God," as Mr. Campbell does not shrink from calling Him? Well, we must fall back on the doctrine we have heard him expound concerning the nature of God and His relation to Man. We have to consider, he has told us, two modes in the being of God, the infinite, perfect, unconditioned, primordial being, and the finite, imperfect, conditioned, and limited being, "of which we ourselves are the expression."<sup>2</sup> As we are the expression of the latter, and hence of the former too—since "these two are one"—so also is Jesus Christ; only that He is a far more perfect expression than are we, and so is more truly God than we are. For "by Divinity we mean the essence of the nature of the immanent God, the innermost and all-determining quality of that nature," and this "innermost determining quality of the divine nature is perfect love." Hence, whilst "everything that exists is divine because the whole universe is an expression of the being of God," Jesus was in a very special and even unique sense divine because His life (and His only) was a consistent expression of Divine love. This we understand to be Mr. Campbell's doctrine, after a careful study of his words, but lest it should seem to the reader to be too unreal for any one to hold, here is his own summary statement of it.

Briefly summed up, the position is as follows: Jesus was God, but so are we. He was God because His life was the expression of Divine love; we, too, are one with God in so far as our lives express the same thing. Jesus was not God in the sense that He possessed an infinite consciousness; no more are we. Jesus expressed fully and completely,

<sup>1</sup> *The Modern Pilgrim's Progress*, p. 57.

<sup>2</sup> P. 74.

in so far as finite consciousness ever could, that aspect of the nature of God which we have called the eternal Son, or Christ, or ideal Man, who is the Soul of the Universe, and "the light that lightest every man that cometh into the world;" we are expressions of the same primordial being. Fundamentally we are all one in this Eternal Christ.<sup>1</sup>

The mention of the Eternal Christ, in the last sentence of this passage, refers to Mr. Campbell's doctrine of the Trinity, to which we must next come. One would hardly have expected him to have a doctrine of the Trinity had he not assured us of his entire acceptance of the language of the Creeds. But of course it is very dissimilar from the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

When [he says] we start thinking about existence as a whole, and ourselves in particular, we are compelled to assume the infinite, the finite, and the activity of the former within the latter. In other words, we have to postulate God, the universe, and God's operation within the universe. Look at these three conceptions for a moment, and it will be seen that every one of them implies the rest: they are a Trinity in Unity. The primordial being must be infinite . . . to our experience the universe is finite . . . and (since) the infinite must be that outside of which nothing exists or can exist, . . . we are compelled to think of the infinite as ever active within the finite.<sup>2</sup>

Moreover—

Thinkers have always been compelled to construe the universe in terms of the highest known to man, namely, his own moral nature. It was natural, therefore, that while they thought of the universe as an expression of God, they should think of it as the expression of that side of His being which can only be described as the ideal or archetypal manhood. . . . (And) if we think of the archetypal eternal Divine Man, the source and sustenance of the universe, and yet transcending the universe, we cannot do better than think of Him in terms of Jesus: Jesus is the fullest expression of that Eternal Divine Man on the field of human history. Here then we have the first and second factors in the doctrine of the Trinity morally and spiritually construed.<sup>3</sup>

If it is asked where, similarly construed, is the third factor, we do not find that Mr. Campbell anywhere explains distinctly, nor are we at all clear how he would explain it. Perhaps, however, we may gather what the explanation would be by bringing together two passages, in one of which he contends that Incarnation and the Christhood it conveys are not confined to Jesus though perfect only in Him, but appertain to us also.

<sup>1</sup> P. 94.

<sup>2</sup> P. 86.

<sup>3</sup> P. 89.



and in the other of which he asserts the relation of the Holy Spirit to this Incarnation in us. Thus we find him saying :

As we have come forth from this fontal manhood, we too must to some extent be expressions of this eternal Christ ; and it is in virtue of that fact that we stand related to Jesus, and that the personality of Jesus has anything to do with us. Here is where the value of our belief in the interaction of the higher and lower self comes in. Fundamentally our being is already one with that of the eternal Christ, and faith in Jesus is faith in Him. . . . He lived His life in such way as to reveal the very essence of the Christ nature. He is therefore central for us and we are complete in Him.<sup>1</sup>

And again, though in another chapter and in another connection :

There is a great truth contained in the idea of a virgin-birth [which idea, it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. Campbell refuses to take literally]. It is the truth that the emergence of anything great or beautiful in human character is the work of the Divine Spirit operating within human limitations. . . . Wherever the Christ-man appears, we have to acknowledge that the principal factor in his evolution is the incoming of the Divine Spirit. It is only another way of stating what was stated above, that the true man or higher self is Divine and eternal, integral to the being of God, and that this Divine manhood is gradually but surely manifesting on the physical plane.<sup>2</sup>

Here the "Divine Spirit" would appear to be the action, or operation, by which the higher self, which is God in the first and infinite mode of His existence, works on the lower self, which is God in the second and finite mode of His existence, and gradually elevates it. We must presume, therefore, that the author assigns to this "Divine Spirit" the same being and operation in regard to that very high indeed, but still lower self which was Jesus Christ.

"The Christian doctrine of the Atonement," Mr. Campbell fully realizes, "bulks so largely in Christian thought that all others may be held to be dependent upon it, even that of the person of Jesus." He gives a statement of it, which indeed is according to the Lutheran conception, and brings against it the usual objection that it convicts God of incompetence in so creating the race as to involve it in inherited sin, and of cruelty in requiring such a reparation.<sup>3</sup> But what concerns us now is

<sup>1</sup> P. 91.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 105, 107.

<sup>3</sup> We must do him the justice to mention that he allows that "the Roman Catholic doctrine of Atonement is a much better statement of the truth than conventional Protestant statements about the 'finished work,' and so on." (P. 145.)

his own doctrine of Atonement, and it is this: "Atonement is the assertion of the fundamental oneness of man with man and all with God. Sin is the divisive separating thing in our relations with one another, and with God the source of all, so the assertion of our oneness involves getting rid of sin."<sup>1</sup> And sin (for Mr. Campbell) being selfishness, the only way to get rid of it is by the ministry of love, which attains its highest elevation in self-sacrifice. There, then, is the Atonement of Jesus Christ. "On the field of human history the death of Jesus is the focus and concentrated essence of this age-long atoning process, whereby selfishness is being overcome and the whole race lifted to its home in God."<sup>2</sup> But this Atonement, again, is not confined to Christ. He was the leader, and in that sense His atonement was unique, but it was the same in kind as that made by the long series of devoted men, headed by the Apostles, who have sacrificed themselves for the sake of others, in the spirit of love.

If you want to see the Atonement at work, go wherever love is ministering to human necessity, and you see the very same spirit which was in Jesus—the spirit which heals and saves. Dogma is doing nothing to save the world; the gospel of self-sacrifice is doing everything. Show me a Christ-like life, and I will show you a part of the Atonement of Christ.<sup>3</sup>

These are the fundamental points of the New Theology, as expounded by Mr. Campbell. Some other points we must indicate more summarily. He has a chapter on Salvation, Judgment, and the Life to come; and one turns to it with curiosity, to see how his views on God, Christ, and Sin will require him to re-shape these time-honoured doctrines. "It would help to clear the subject," he says, with commendable candour, "if I were to say frankly before going any further that there is no such thing as punishment, no far-off Judgment Day, no great white throne, and no Judge external to ourselves."<sup>4</sup> Salvation there will be, but it will consist in the extirpation of all selfishness from the heart of the saved person, and the substitution of a perfect love for others and for the whole. This substitution, moreover, will be established sooner or later in the hearts of all, for it is inconceivable that, at this side of the grave or the next, that higher self which lies beneath our lower self, and is in so peculiar a sense an integral part of God, should

<sup>1</sup> P. 165.<sup>2</sup> P. 166.<sup>3</sup> P. 168.<sup>4</sup> P. 213.

not eventually prevail over the lower, to which lower, it will be remembered, it limited itself for a time only, that it might pass through the stages of a process of self-realization.<sup>1</sup> This process of extirpation and substitution being of the nature of self-sacrifice, is essentially through pain, and this pain is all the punishment of sin that there is or can be ; and the judge who allots it to us is that "deeper self who is eternally one with God." And what of death and immortality? Strange to say, Mr. Campbell holds by the bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ, or—perhaps we should rather say—is inclined to hold by it. But he does not attach much importance to the point as indicative of the mode of our own after-life. The sacred writers, when they speak of our resurrection, are thinking, he is sure, of a spiritual resurrection only, and that resolves itself into just that triumph of perfect love in the hearts of all others which Jesus Christ realized in His own heart from the first, and set before us for our example and encouragement. Nor does he think the after-death life will differ essentially from that we lead here, except that it will mark a further stage towards the attainment of the inevitable triumph. "My own impression," he says, "is that when we individually pass through this crisis we shall find the change to be very slight. It will mean the dropping of the scales from the eyes, and that is about all. The things that we have been living on this side will only profit us so far as they have gone to the building up of a Christ-like character."<sup>2</sup>

Our readers can gather sufficiently from the foregoing what are the leading features of Mr. Campbell's version of the New Theology. We have now to indicate a few points, the consideration of which will aid them in forming a judgment on its character and value. To begin with the doctrine of divine immanence. This is a term much used now-a-days, but those who use it are too often obscure in defining what they mean by it. If the doctrine is a protest against the Deist doctrine that God's abiding relation to the world is that of an earthly mechanic, as, for instance, a watchmaker, who, his work finished, henceforth stands apart from it, taking no part in its action save occasionally when called in to repair its defects—then it is enough that this immanence should include divine conservation as the continuance of divine creation, divine concurrence in each operation of the creature, together with the

<sup>1</sup> P. 216.

<sup>2</sup> P. 229.

omnipresence and providence involved in such conservation and concurrence. But that is just what the Catholic Church has always held and taught. If, on the contrary, by divine immanence is meant—as it undoubtedly is by Mr. Campbell—that the union between God and man, between God and the universe is such that, for that department and aspect of the Divine Being, God *is* man, and *is* the universe, then we are landed in a Pantheism irreconcilable with the Divine infinity. For if the infinite needed to limit itself successively that it might attain to mode after mode of self-realization, then it lacked at a prior stage of its existence a series of perfections which it only gradually acquired ; in other words, it was not originally infinite, which is only another way of saying that it is not infinite at all, but finite. And again, man and the universe are confessedly finite, as also must be all others of those self-limiting expressions of the Divine nature which according to this author are continuing, side by side or successively, throughout eternity. Thus we have an infinite composed of a sum total of finites, whereas a sum total is essentially numerical, and to be in number, however high the number may be, is essentially to be in this number or that—and so to be finite. Again, as has been said, immanence, if we have to take it in a Pantheistic sense, robs man of his personality. Mr. Campbell assumes that modern psychology has transformed our concept of personality, and with the aid of the new concept he has conceived the idea of a continuity between human and divine personality after the manner of the continuity between the bay and the ocean. But any philosophical concept of personality to be valid, must be a sound interpretation of this same concept as formed and accepted in our ordinary common-sense thinking and conversing ; whereas the one on which Mr. Campbell relies does not appear to conform with this test. By the person or “I,” we mean ordinarily, not the exercise itself of consciousness, but the entirety of the being endowed with consciousness, the existence and character of whom an exercise of consciousness perceives. Thus in a man body as well as soul, sensation as well as intelligence and consciousness, arms, legs, as well as heart and brain, combine to make up the personality which he detects and asserts when by an exercise of self-consciousness he says “I” or “myself.” And the same must be said of the subconscious mind ; it and the conscious mind are both parts of the same “I” or “myself.” Moreover, besides the positive side, there is the negative side of the

concept, as we have it in ordinary usage, for when a man says "I" or "myself," he means to assert not only his possession of all the constituents of his own personality, but the absolute and irreducible distinctness of his personality from every other personality. Hence the concept of "a person of a person" is not thinkable, and not less unthinkable is that of a higher and lower self in continuity one with the other. We do indeed in a loose or derived sense use and contrast these terms, understanding by them the same person according as he elects to follow the higher or the lower impulses of his nature, just as we distinguish and contrast the same man's official and private personality, understanding by them the same person according as he acts in his official or his private capacity. But, if we are using the term "person" strictly, we are designating something which is one and indivisible, incapable therefore of grades of higher and lower selfhoods. Either then a man has no personality of his own but is a part of God's, which is Pantheism, or there can be no continuity but only the opposition of distinctness between His Personality and the man's. And Mr. Campbell's similitude drawn from the bay and the ocean, unless he wishes to argue from a comparison, must be expounded in conformity with these principles. If we can conceive bay and ocean to be endowed with consciousness, the bay's consciousness would either be attesting falsely, or it would attest that the bay had no personality of its own, but was an element in the personality of the ocean.

One further remark before we leave this question of immanence which has carried Mr. Campbell into the abyss of Pantheism. It is evident that he has been led to it by a false conception of the implications of infinity. There cannot "be an infinite and a finite beyond it," he says, and, again, "the infinite must be that outside of which nothing exists nor can exist." No, that statement is excessive. We are only entitled to say that there can be nothing outside the infinite and distinct from it save such as owes its existence, and the continuance of its existence, to the infinite, and is dependent on it in every respect. We are only entitled to say this because all that the idea of the infinite implies is that there can be nothing besides itself which involves setting a limit to its being ; whereas to have dependent on itself a being external to itself which it has created, and to which it has imparted a mode of reality the equivalent of which it possesses itself in a vastly

transcendent manner—that, surely, is not setting a limit to its own being.

When once the unsoundness of this underlying conception of Pantheistic immanence has been detected, the whole fabric of Mr. Campbell's system crumbles. Still, there are further criticisms to which the details of this system lay themselves open, and to some of these we must advert.

At the head of this article we have placed some words of the late Dr. Martineau, in which he rebukes a practice now-a-days by no means uncommon. Mr. Campbell must be held to fall under this rebuke. We have heard him assure us that his New Theology is new only in a certain sense, and that his "objection is not so much to the venerable Creeds of Christendom" (the Athanasian included) "as to the ordinary interpretation of these Creeds." If such an assurance means anything it means that Mr. Campbell considers that the text of these Creeds is in harmony with his theology, and a suitable language by which to express it. Yet what is the case? These Creeds affirm the truth of a doctrine of the Trinity; so does Mr. Campbell's New Theology; but when that is said what other point of affinity is there between them? The Trinity of the Creeds is a Trinity of persons, communicating in the same nature and co-equal, though the Son proceeds from the Father and the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son. The Trinity of Mr. Campbell's New Theology is a Trinity of one person in two states, one infinite, the other finite; and in one action, namely, of this one person as infinite on Himself as finite. In other words, the sole point of resemblance between the two is that each posits three elements in some way or other combining to form one. Why then take a name already appropriated to designate a theory altogether dissimilar? Why not devise another name out of the hundreds which are free of previous application?

Again, the venerable Creeds affirm the divinity of Jesus Christ. Mr. Campbell affirms that he does so too. But there is nothing in common between the sense in which the Creeds affirm it and that in which Mr. Campbell affirms it. The Creeds—and it is here no question of interpretations, but of formal statements—affirm that in the one person of Christ there are two distinct natures, one divine and the other human, with the implication—which no one would deny who knows the history under which the Creeds were elaborated—that to the

divine nature belongs an infinite, and to the human only a finite consciousness. Mr. Campbell rejects this dualism of natures altogether, denies that there is any infinite consciousness in Christ, and means by the divinity of his Christ something quite different, namely, that the life of Jesus was "the highest expression of divine love" that the world has yet seen. Moreover, and as a consequent of this primary opposition, the Creeds regard Christ as divine in a unique sense, with a divinity to which no one of us can ever aspire. On the other hand, Mr. Campbell teaches us that it is "quite a false idea to think of Jesus and no one else as the Son of God incarnate," and that in so doing "we make Him unreal, reduce His earthly life to a sort of drama, and effect a drastic distinction between Him and ourselves . . . (whereas) it is untrue to say that any such distinction exists . . . (since) we can rise towards Him by trusting, loving, and serving Him; and by so doing we shall demonstrate that we too are Christ the Eternal Son."<sup>1</sup> What is there in common between these two conceptions save the one term divinity which the Church has long since appropriated for one sense, and Mr. Campbell now wants to annex for its exact opposite?

Thirdly he lays himself open to the same reproach by his use of the word Atonement. The orthodox doctrine of Atonement is the doctrine that sin, being against God, violently disturbs the order of the divine justice in the universe, and that before forgiveness can be granted to the offender it is fitting for God to require that an adequate satisfaction for the outrage be made; further that a principal reason why our Lord became incarnate was that as the representative of our race He might make that satisfaction by the self-oblation of His own body on the Cross. Mr. Campbell's doctrine of Atonement is the doctrine that the self-sacrifice of one man on behalf of another tends to overcome that selfishness of sin which keeps men apart and degrades them to a lower moral level. Here it may be said that there is an affinity between the two conceptions, and so there is; but only in the sense that the spirit of self-sacrifice is the spirit which prompts to the whole category of ministrations for the welfare of others, and hence inclusively to that supreme deed of charity which is, by a sacrificial death, to make satisfaction to the outraged order of divine justice. But, though in this way one conception may

<sup>1</sup> P. 108.

lead up to the other, they are in themselves essentially different. Again, then, we ask why take a name which is appropriated to one conception and apply it to another which is quite different? That Mr. Campbell thinks the traditional conception intolerable does not justify him in robbing it of its acquired property in its name. However horrible it may be supposed to be, at least it has a right to a name to itself by which it can be known and distinguished from other things.

We might extend this comparison between the articles in the venerable Creeds and the New Theology of Mr. Campbell to other matters; for the entire conception of the Christian life which the Creeds express by such phrases as sin, the forgiveness of sin, salvation, judgment, resurrection is, as we have seen, essentially opposed to the conception which Mr. Campbell wishes to fasten on these terms; and the same may be said of the use of the term "religion," which he defines to mean not, as the Christian communities have ever held, the attitude of submission and worship which man should observe towards God, but "the recognition of an essential relationship between the human soul and the great whole of things of which it is the outcome and expression;"<sup>1</sup> or, again, of his idea of a virgin birth, which, in flagrant opposition to the idea which the Christian Church denotes by this name, he finds in the thought that "nothing great and noble in human experience can be accounted for merely in terms of atoms and molecules . . . (but) a Divine element, a spiritual quickening, is required for the evolution of anything God-like in our mundane sphere; it is a virgin birth . . . (and) this is the sense in which it is true that Jesus was of divine as well as human parentage."<sup>2</sup>

We repeat, then, the question, Why this practice of taking over words which have already acquired an accepted meaning in theological usage, and seeking to infuse into them a meaning quite different? If another were to set up a place of religious worship in the City, call it the City Temple, and call himself "the Rev. R. J. Campbell, a member of the Congregationalist denomination," the author of the *New Theology* would very naturally and properly protest. He would say it was an unwarrantable attempt to create confusion in the minds of those who might wish to hear him preach. And is it not just the same here? People listen to a preacher using language hallowed by centuries of Christian usage, and they imagine

<sup>1</sup> P. 16.<sup>2</sup> P. 106.



him to be meaning by it what other Christian preachers mean by it, and the result is that gradually and imperceptibly they find their religious ideas involved in hopeless confusion, and discover that in spite of themselves they have drifted far away from the cherished beliefs of their childhood. We would put it, then, to Mr. Campbell, Is it a legitimate method which leads to this disastrous confusion of thought, and would it not be much more becoming if, having unhappily discovered that he must renounce the fundamental beliefs of the Christian religion, he were to renounce also the names which have acquired a time-honoured association with them; and to say distinctly that he does not now believe in the Trinity, or the Incarnation, or the Divinity of Christ, or His Atonement, or the Forgiveness of Sins, or the Rewards of Heaven, or the Resurrection of the Body, or in Religion, or in the Virgin Birth? Still, while we ask this of him in the name of what is right and becoming, we would not have him think that we fail to discern, and to respect, the motives by which, perhaps not consciously, he appears to have been actuated. His heart, it would seem, has been truer in its orientation than his head, and it cannot tolerate the thought of having to break away from the soul-healing "religious experience which came to the world through Jesus of Nazareth." Hence, the bias towards proffering that mode of Eirenicón which Dr. Martineau has pronounced vain.

Mr. Campbell lays himself open to a third criticism when he contends that the doctrinal system of the New Theology marks not so much a new departure in theology as a return to the original theology of the Christian Church. Of course he can reject as unauthoritative all that we find in the New Testament save such portions as, in his judgment, "ring true to his reason and moral sense;" and, then comparing the residue with his New Theology, pronounce that the latter is "an untrammelled return to the Christian sources in the light of modern thought." But a procedure so subjective is as unsafe as it is uncritical. It is true it can often be detected lurking beneath the surface of a good deal that is called Higher Criticism, but what it goes by is not a genuine species of internal evidence, and is especially out of place when it is question of estimating not the reality of recorded facts but the character of expressed beliefs. If, on the other hand, we take the New Testament as it stands—and so taken it is at least the presentation of the earliest form of Christian

belief known to us—it is very far indeed from agreeing with this New Theology. The New Theology knows of no salvation through the forgiveness of sins, no great white throne with Jesus Christ upon it as a Judge, no eternal distinction of lots, of heaven or hell, to be awarded according to the state of soul in which men depart from this life. And the New Testament, even if we needed to restrict our appeal to the Synoptic Gospels, insists on all these points. Jesus Christ Himself claims to forgive sins, declares that there will be a final judgment in which He will be the Judge, and warns His hearers to take heed in time, to keep their lamps ever burning, and their talents well employed, because on the issue of that final judgment will depend their eternal lot in heaven or hell. The New Theology denies that the gravity of sin is to be estimated by the offence it offers to God, or otherwise than by the injury it does to other men. But whilst one of the best known Psalms bids us say, "Against Thee, Thee only" (all other aspects of the offence counting as nothing in comparison with this one), "have I sinned," the Gospels, in absolute accord with this conception of sin, represent the prodigal son saying, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee," and elsewhere declare blasphemy against the Holy Ghost—a sin, that is to say, which is exclusively against God—to be so grave as to be (in whatever sense that is to be understood) unpardonable. The New Theology contends that Christ is God only in the sense of being the best of men; the Synoptic Gospels may not exhibit our Lord as declaring in so many words that He was God, but they do more, for they exhibit Him as taking up a position in regard to God and in regard to other men, which is unintelligible except on the supposition that He was God. For He claims to forgive sins in His own name, He claims to work miracles and even to raise the dead in His own name (quite unlike His Apostles, who when they work miracles use His name, not their own). He claims to be Lord of the Sabbath Day, He sets Himself before others as an example in a way which in any other than God would imply a really odious lack of humility, and He associates Himself with God in a unique manner, saying *My* Father, not—as He taught others to do—*our* Father. The New Theology rejects the idea of an Atonement in the sense of an expiation for sin, but what else than this can we get out of the words, "This is my Blood of the New Testament (*i.e.*, Covenant) which is shed for many for the remission

of sins."? The New Theology rejects the Trinity save in the unheard of sense above explained. In the Synoptics there is absolutely nothing of that kind, but a distinct assertion of the Trinity in the orthodox sense; for, if Christ is God we have already two distinct persons, and if other references to the Holy Ghost are less clear, at least in the Baptismal Form, with which the Gospel of St. Matthew ends, the Holy Ghost is placed in a relation to the Father and Son which is unintelligible if He be not the Third Person in the Godhead. The New Theology starts with a conception of divine immanence which we have shown to be Pantheistic. In no part of the Bible is there anything to sanction this, for the few phrases from St. John's Gospel which Mr. Campbell cites for this purpose, can only seem available for it when detached from their context. In Old Testament and New, in Gospels and Epistles, God is ever presented to us as a Being absolutely distinct from the world, and from the men whom He has created; as standing apart from though ever present to them; as claiming from them a worship and submission unintelligible if they be a part of Himself; and as proposing to them a final state in which they will not be absorbed into His being, but become His sons and His companions—admitted to His presence and society as the ransomed of Jesus Christ, and the good and faithful servants who have used their talents well.

S. F. S.

## *Laundry Work and Legislation.*

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IN receiving a deputation<sup>1</sup> of philanthropic societies desirous of pressing the subject upon his notice, the Home Secretary stated that the Government intended to introduce in the present session on the subject of laundries a Bill, of which the chief feature would be to bring within the scope of legislation and inspection the hitherto exempted conventual and institution laundries. Seeing that the fulfilment of this pledge is imminent, and that it will materially affect the interests of the very considerable number of convents which undertake laundry work by way of gain, it is important that Catholics, to whom the larger proportion of the institutions concerned belong, should thoroughly understand the facts of the case. These it is the business of the present article to make plain.

Laundry work appears to have been much later than other trades in developing beyond the stage of a domestic industry. As such, laundries were unregulated, except that they were subject to the Public Health Acts so far as their sanitary condition was concerned. Thus, although the long series of the Factory Acts began in 1801, it was not until 1895 that laundries were brought in any degree under the provisions of factory legislation in respect to hours of work, overtime, prevention of accidents, &c. This step was taken in consequence of evidence which showed among other things<sup>2</sup> that a girl of eighteen was employed eighty-six and often ninety hours a week (her wages were six shillings), and that women were often employed for periods which varied from fifteen to thirty-seven and a half hours at a stretch. The Act of 1895 brought the larger laundries under some sort of regulation, but in order to

<sup>1</sup> On Monday, March 19th, 1906, Mr. Gladstone received a deputation from the Women's Industrial Council and the Scottish Council for Women's Trades.

<sup>2</sup> *Women's Work in Laundries: Report of an Inquiry conducted for the Scottish Council for Women's Trades.* By Margaret H. Irwin, 58, Renfield Street, Glasgow. 7½d. post free. See also Charles Booth, *Life and Labour of the Poor*, vol. viii. pp. 254—267.

meet the opposition of the Irish Nationalist Party, all conventual and institution laundries, together with domestic laundries, were exempted from the Act. An attempt was made in 1899 both to improve the legislation with regard to laundries in general and to bring the institution laundries under some degree of control, but it met with the same opposition and failed again to overcome it. A third attempt was made in the centenary Factory and Workshop Act of 1901, which consolidated all previous legislation on the subject, but the clauses relating to laundries had to be abandoned, and the Bill, as it passed, reaffirmed the unfortunate provisions of the Act of 1895.

The law, then, stands thus: Laundries are divided into two classes: (1) steam laundries where mechanical power is used, and workshop laundries where only hand labour is employed. These are under the provisions of the section<sup>1</sup> relating to laundries in the Factory and Workshop Act of 1901. We shall see presently what these provisions amount to; (2) domestic laundries, *i.e.*, those where not more than two persons who are not members of the family are employed; and the laundries in which work only the inmates of prisons, reformatories, industrial schools, and of religious and charitable institutions in which laundry work is carried on for purposes of profit or gain. These are under no control other than that of the private individual or the institution official. For the first of these two classes, the steam and hand laundries, the law makes certain regulations on the subject of hours, overtime, and safety of life and limb. It will be easier if we consider these in the reverse order. With regard to sanitation and safety the chief provisions are the same as in factories and workshops generally. These regulate such matters as the number of sanitary conveniences to be supplied, the fencing of dangerous machinery, reporting of serious accidents, notification of infectious diseases, &c. In addition there are the following which are peculiar to laundries: When mechanical power is used, some artificial ventilation must be provided in ironing rooms and washhouses; stoves for heating irons must be separate from the ironing rooms; gas irons emitting noxious fumes must not be used, and the floors must be kept in good condition and so drained that the water flows off freely. Secondly, the overtime that may be worked is regulated as follows: No child or young person may work

<sup>1</sup> Section 103 of the Factory and Workshop Act, 1901. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1s. 1d. post free.

overtime at all. A woman must not work more than a total of fourteen hours in any day, of which not more than two hours may be overtime; nor more than three days' overtime in any week; nor more than thirty days in any year. It is on the third subject, that of hours, that the radical difference in the protection extended by the law to those who work in laundries as against all other factories and workshops appears. For the law lays down that in a laundry a child may work as much as ten hours a day, though not more than thirty hours in a week; a young person (*i.e.*, under eighteen) may work as much as twelve hours in a day and up to sixty hours in a week; while a woman (*i.e.*, over eighteen) may work as much as fourteen hours in a day and up to sixty hours in a week, exclusive of overtime which, as stated above, may amount to an extra two hours' work three times a week during ten weeks in the year.

Let us take a concrete illustration. A woman may be legally employed in a laundry for a continuous stretch of sixteen hours on two days in every week throughout the year. That is to say, she may start at eight in the morning and continue till twelve midnight. Off this, two hours must be allowed for meals, but that leaves her fourteen hours of solid work, and meal hours are often irregularly observed or even curtailed for a rush of work. Two other days in the week she may work from eight in the morning till eight at night (twelve hours); on one day she may work from ten in the morning till eight at night (ten hours); and on another day she may work four hours. This total of seventy hours per week does not include overtime. With the amount of overtime allowed under the Act added to this, a woman may for ten weeks in the year work the following hours:

Monday	10 a.m. to 5 p.m.	= 7 hrs. less 1 meal hour = 6 hrs'. work
Tuesday	9 " " 8 " "	= 11 " " 2 " " = 9 " "
Wednesday	8 " " 9 " "	= 13 " " 2 " " = 11 " "
Thursday	8 " " 12 mid.	= 16 " " 2 " " = 14 " "
Friday	8 " " 12 " "	= 16 " " 2 " " = 14 " "
Saturday	8 " " 10 p.m.	= 14 " " 2 " " = 12 " "
Total	- -	77      11      66

In trying to picture to oneself what these totals of fourteen and sixteen hours per day and seventy or seventy-seven per week which the law sanctions for laundry women, though it does not do so for any other class of worker, really mean, one must

remember how greatly the evils of the long hours are aggravated by the heavy nature of the work, the continuous standing, the damp floors, the handling and lifting of heavy irons, the temperature (in many cases eighty-six degrees), the fumes from gas stoves, the steam and damp of the wash-houses. And not only are the hours in themselves too long, but the Act, while saying that "a notice must be affixed in the laundry specifying the periods of employment and the times for meals," adds what it does not allow for any other trade, that "the period and times so specified may be varied before the beginning of employment on any day." By this unfortunate clause the law is rendered practically a dead letter. Its evasion becomes a simple matter when the Act defines the period of employment as a stretch of so many hours which may be taken at any time of the day or night, instead of limiting it, as in other industries, by two fixed points of a certain hour in the morning before which work may not begin, and a certain hour of the night after which it may not continue.<sup>1</sup> To give one illustration of the futility of inspection under this clause, an inspector may find work in full swing at midnight and be told that work did not begin that day till after noon, which brings the period of employment well within the legal limit. The inspector can only prove the truth of this statement by questioning the workers, and it is not fair that the whole onus of proving an evasion of the law on the part of their employers should be laid on them. Too often the giving of such evidence has led to dismissal.<sup>2</sup> Evasions of the law are common, and a competent observer remarks that where such evasion is not found it appears to be due principally to the fact that the employer does not know how easy it is to evade the provisions of the Act.<sup>3</sup>

Even in the laundry trade, the modern industrial development, which transfers the work from the small workshop to the big factory is noticeable, and the reports of the inspectors on the great steam laundries to be found in the larger towns show that it is to the interest of the trade to come up to and even to surpass the standard required by the law, and that the leading

<sup>1</sup> The hours are 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., or 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., or 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., with two hours for meals and Saturday half-holiday.

<sup>2</sup> See the fourth Annual Report (1897-8) of the Women's Industrial Council, for a case which came into court, and after which the four witnesses were promptly dismissed.

<sup>3</sup> This paragraph is derived in substance from the Report of the Scottish Council referred to above.

employers<sup>1</sup> are willing that the legal restrictions necessary and practicable in other industries should be applied to their trade also. It is in the workshop laundries that the evils of bad sanitation and long hours are rampant. The following is a description of an unfavourable, though not uncommon, example of this class.

The ground floor of a small dwelling-house in a side street has been converted into a laundry by the simple process of placing a stove for heating the irons in the middle of the room, and setting some long narrow tables round the sides of it. The only ventilation is by the door, which, with the windows, is usually kept shut, in order that the drying of the rows and rows of clothes, hung overhead, may be proceeded with. The temperature is exceedingly high, vitiated by gas and deteriorated by the crowded state of the apartment. The wash-house may be either a shed in a crowded back yard or a cellar under the house. There is no provision made for carrying off water from the floor, and the steam circles round the women who toil in these places, with the full permission of the law, for sixteen hours at a stretch, for in many cases the two hours for meals are purely mythical.<sup>2</sup>

Such are the conditions of employment in those laundries which have been brought within the terms of the Act. The conditions in all the small domestic laundries and in all institution laundries are, so far as the law is concerned, subject only to such safeguards as convenience or competition or the humanity of the employer may dictate. That is the state of things which the forthcoming legislation is designed to remedy. This, as we have seen, has two aims ; to level up the standard of regulation for all laundries to that which prevails in other industries, and to bring the hitherto exempted domestic and institution laundries within the scope of this regulation.

Meanwhile, the Home Office, seeing the failure of the advocates of reform to secure what was necessary for the welfare of the workers by legislation,<sup>3</sup> determined to proceed by informal administrative methods. A list was made of all religious and charitable institutions in which laundry work is done by way of gain, which, thanks to the kindness of Mr. T. G. King, of the Catholic Guardians' Association, became fairly complete,<sup>4</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> See *The Power Laundry*, 3d. monthly, and Reports of the Inspectors *passim*.

<sup>2</sup> Report of the Scottish Council.

<sup>3</sup> Abortive attempts were made in 1895, 1899, 1901, 1902, and 1905.

<sup>4</sup> Annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories for 1902, p. v.



in January, 1902, Mr. Ritchie, the then Home Secretary, sent to all these a circular stating that he

recognizes that modifications would be required in the provisions of the Factory Act to adapt them to the circumstances of institutions of this kind.<sup>1</sup> . . . He is anxious to ascertain whether any considerable number of institutions would be willing to receive visits from the Factory Inspector . . . if desired the visits would be made by the Lady Inspectors.

The provisions of the Act are then stated as we have given them above, and the Home Secretary thinks, and we are sure all readers of *THE MONTH* will agree with him that

the hours allowed by the Act are such as can hardly be exceeded without overtaxing the strength of the persons employed, and that the other requirements referred to do not go beyond what may reasonably be looked for in a well-regulated laundry, irrespective of statutory obligation.<sup>2</sup>

The Home Office published the response to this circular in 1905.<sup>3</sup> The numbers are as follows: one hundred and sixty-one institutions accepted this measure of voluntary inspection, or at any rate an informal visit from an inspector. Eighty-eight, or more than half, are Catholic convents, and of these fifty-six accepted the inspection, thirty-two the visits of the inspectors. Of the sixty-nine which did not accept either inspection or visits, thirty-five are Anglican, eighteen "other," and sixteen are Catholic. Of these sixteen Catholic convents, eight are in England, one in Scotland, and seven in Ireland. It is interesting to note that preference for the lady inspector was expressed by ten Anglican, three "other," and two Catholic institutions.<sup>4</sup>

It is the result of this voluntary inspection that we must now consider. The reports, scattered up and down in the pages of the Annual Reports of the Factory Inspectors are summarized by H.M. Chief Inspector in the following words:

The result . . . was, on the whole, most satisfactory. With few exceptions, the conditions were found to be such as to satisfy the

<sup>1</sup> *E.g.*, a private Bill introduced by Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., in 1905 contained a clause which in the case of institution laundries allowed the certifying surgeon of health and accidents to be the medical officer attached to the institution instead of the divisional surgeon appointed to the district under the Act.

<sup>2</sup> Annual Report for 1902, p. xxiv.

<sup>3</sup> *List of Religious and Charitable Institutions in which laundries are carried on.* Second issue, Home Office, 1905, Cd. 2741, 2½d. post free.

<sup>4</sup> Annual Report for 1902, p. v.

requirement of the Act in essentials, and the advice given by the inspectors, where improvement in such points as fencing of machinery and separation of stoves was needed, was welcomed by those in charge.<sup>1</sup>

The following reports are quoted in full, and may be taken as typical :

Captain Kindersley (Edinburgh) reports that he has visited four of these during the year, and in every case any suggestions he had to make were adopted. Mr. Robinson (Glasgow) visited one convent laundry and two belonging to charitable institutions and found the buildings large and airy, ventilation and drainage of floors good, hours of work comparatively short, power-driven machinery fairly well fenced. On the whole they compared favourably with any of the public factory laundries in his district. Mr. Newlands (Aberdeen) visited only one convent laundry. The few suggestions he made were immediately adopted. The laundry was generally in a good condition. He has been asked to visit it every time he is in that part of his district. As Mr. Bellhouse (Dublin) has visited a number of convent laundries, the Chief Inspector writes—I give his report in full : “I have had an opportunity during the year of visiting a good many of these places by invitation, and I have been enormously impressed by the excellent arrangements that are made in all of them for the workers. In no case have I found any instance of excessive hours, the regulations as to holidays are fully met by the observance of all the Church holidays ; the only point in which there is not absolute compliance in this respect being in connection with the compulsory Easter holiday. This is never observed, but the want of it is more than counterbalanced by the extra number of other days which are observed instead. I have always found the rooms to be exceedingly well ventilated, high, lofty, bright, and airy ; the wash-house floors are always admirably laid and drained. In those places where machinery is used I have been surprised to see how well it has been guarded, and how well the ventilating fans have been arranged. Much of the opposition to the Factory Act on the part of these institutions has been due to ignorance of what the law might mean to them. They have been afraid that we might interfere with their religious ceremonies by binding them to certain definite and unalterable hours, but I have always carefully explained matters and pointed out that they were as a matter of fact already complying to the fullest extent with all the provisions of the Act, and that its application to them could make no possible difference in their arrangements. I do not believe that there is any opposition to, or feeling against visits by an inspector, male or female. In this district they are already well accustomed to such visits, for there is nearly always attached to the convent either an Industrial, National, or Technical School, to which visits are paid by Government Officials, or the convent is under the

<sup>1</sup> Annual Report for 1902, p. v.

control of the Congested Districts Board, and subject to visits by officials from them. My experience is that a very hearty welcome is always offered by the Reverend Mother and the nuns, who seem only too anxious to show everything about the premises."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Shuter (Plymouth): "The buildings are admirably suited for the purpose for which they are used, being lofty, well lighted and well ventilated. The greatest attention is paid to cleanliness, limewashing, etc., while the hours worked are very few compared with those permitted by law in other laundries. The inmates present a most comfortable appearance, and so far as I have been able to judge, these laundries have nothing whatever to fear from being placed under ordinary inspection." Mr. Bremner-Davis (North London): "In the matters of sanitation, protection of dangerous machinery and conditions of employment they varied from fair to good. For the most part, though quite willing to adopt the precautions recommended, they were unacquainted with the existence of many practical ways of preventing danger. No man can be judge in his own case. It is a common experience to find an incommodious, ill-ventilated factory, crowded with ill-guarded machinery, extolled by its proud owner as almost a paragon of Factory Act virtues."<sup>2</sup>

In order to complete this review of the subject, there are yet three points which call for brief mention, though they are outside the main purpose of this article. In the first place the numbers concerned in this industry are very considerable indeed. According to the Census of 1901, there were in England and Wales 196,141 females as against 8,874 males employed in laundry work. Of these only 82,000 women are in the 7,021 registered laundries; those in the unregulated laundries are therefore more numerous. Only thirty per cent. are under twenty-five years of age, the enormous majority being married women or widows, for whom this trade is the great resource. Comparing these figures with the total number of women engaged in occupations of all sorts, it appears that about one in twenty is a laundry worker. It is therefore no inconsiderable section of the population which is suffering for lack of better legislation. Secondly, those who have taken the trouble personally to investigate the other class of unregulated laundries, the domestic laundries (*i.e.*, those where not more than two workers dwelling elsewhere are employed) tell us that in these the lowest level in sanitation is usually to be found. The washing and ironing are done in the kitchen, where the ordinary life of the family goes on side

<sup>1</sup> Annual Report for 1902, p. 137.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* for 1905, p. 49; see also pp. 256—265.

by side with it, and the clothes are dried in the room where they are washed. More than once the proprietress has frankly admitted having reduced her staff to two in order that her laundry being outside the scope of the Act, she might work as long as she liked. Another said "every laundry in the street may be working different hours and changing them every day too."

The following are the hours worked in a typical laundry of this class. Monday was idle; on Tuesday and Wednesday they worked from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. (11 hours' work), the remaining three days of the week, work began at 6.30 a.m. and ended at 10 p.m., a stretch of 15½ hours' work. Employers urge that these evils are largely due to a habit on the part of the public of delaying to send their work early in the week. The small laundries have to take their work just when people choose to bring it in; much of the work is only dressing clothes which people have washed for themselves, and "working people living in tenements must do their washing when it's their turn of the wash-house." It is a fresh instance of the way in which all the problems of poverty are bound up together. Work is carried on in spurts, and as long as shamefully long hours alternate with days of idleness, the worker cannot be expected to develop any qualities but those of the casual labourer. The conditions force the temptation to drink. The employer usually provides two half-pints of beer a day, and to facilitate further purchases, wages are often paid daily. Those who are interested in temperance might take the matter up from this point of view, and urge that some drink such as barley or oatmeal water should be provided, as is done for men in certain trades where the nature of the work requires it. The irregular hours and the late hour of the return from work is highly inconvenient and destructive of family and social life, as well as of health. It must be remembered that the workers are mostly mothers of families. This class of worker is specially liable to consumption, rheumatism, and anæmia. In the unregulated laundries there is no certifying surgeon to test the workers' fitness, and whatever her condition she may go on till she breaks down or meets with an accident through falling fainting on the machinery. Only girls of the rougher sort take up the work, and their hours make it difficult to do for them through the clubs what is done for other workers. Yet the industry, if properly organized, would be capable of offering really desirable employment to

skilled workers, instead of being, as it too often is, the last resort of the idle and intemperate.

We are wont to vaunt our factory system as against that of other nations, but it must be borne in mind that England is behind Germany and Belgium, and very far indeed behind France in the condition of its laundries.<sup>1</sup> With regard to the special point, in the first two, laundries are not often undertaken by convents as they are here, while in France they have for years been under the same regulations as other factories, and laundries, of whatever type, are treated alike. Not even the bogey of foreign competition can be urged against regulation in this trade.

It remains to consider briefly the long-deferred legislation which will probably be before the House by the time this paper appears. It will, we hope, be found to contain provisions for safety and sanitation, drainage and ventilation, and for diminishing and regulating the hours during which women may be employed in laundries. It may be expected to recognize frankly, in view of certain national customs, and of the fact that in this industry the work is both taken in and given out in the same week or even in the same day, that it is impossible at present, however desirable it may be, to force the whole body of employers to adopt the same regular hours that are observed in other industries where work is not done weekly for the convenience of the public. To attempt this would be to give the whole trade into the hands of the owners of large steam laundries, since they alone could so organize the work as to make absolutely regular hours possible. It would also be to inflict great hardship on the poorer members of the public. The forthcoming legislation will probably allow longer hours on certain days in the week counterbalanced by correspondingly shorter hours on other days. But whatever arrangement is made to secure that elasticity which is necessary in the interests of the public, the vital point is that the hours should be definitely fixed and notified to the Home Office. An inspector will then be able to discover whether the Act is more honoured in the breach than the observance, which is not possible under the present system where hours may be changed from day to day. At any rate, it will no longer be possible for women to spend sixteen hours, and fourteen hours actually at work, in a laundry.

<sup>1</sup> Annual Report for 1902, pp. 194—206, *passim*.

The Government Bill will further render obligatory the inspection to which nearly all laundries in religious and charitable institutions have of late voluntarily submitted, by bringing them under the provisions of the Act. It should be premised that such inspection is *desired* by those ultimately responsible for Catholic institutions, and we understand that this is true also of the majority of Anglicans. It is further *desired* that in regard to sanitation, safety, and notification of hours, the same provisions should apply to charitable as to commercial laundries. But there are differences between a commercial undertaking run for profit, and employing paid workers who can leave or be dismissed at any time, and an institution whose aim is to benefit those who have taken refuge there, and who are not paid, but lodged, fed, taught, and assisted. Legislation which failed to recognize these differences would be inept indeed. The points on which elasticity is desired may be summarized briefly as follows: (1) That institutions should be obliged to give as many holidays as are ordered by the Act to be given in commercial enterprises, with the same power to substitute two half-holidays for a whole one, but that they should be free to choose the dates of their own holidays, subject to notification to the authority. It is manifestly undesirable that members of a reformatory should be given a holiday on a Bank Holiday. (2) That the legal limit of hours to be worked in any day or week should be adhered to, but that greater elasticity should be allowed as to the hours within which work may be done, say between 6 a.m. and 9 p.m. instead of the 6 to 6, or 7 to 7, or 8 to 8 of the ordinary factory. Unless this were allowed, it would be very difficult to arrange for the ordinary family life of the Home, needlework, housework, religious services, recreation, &c. (3) That, where qualified, the medical adviser of the Home should be the certifying surgeon. The regular attendant will necessarily know more about the inmates and their work than the surgeon appointed to the district under the Act, and his periodical visits would cause less disturbance to the workers. (4) That the notice boards with the regulations and the invitation to address complaints to the inspectors should not be compulsorily posted in the laundry, and that the inmates should not be examined in private by the inspector except in special cases by order of the Home Secretary. The reasons for this can be fully apparent only to those who have themselves done rescue and penitentiary work.

But the first object of such institutions is to guard the workers against themselves, and not to put temptations to untruthfulness and vindictiveness in their way. Workers in a commercial laundry can be fined or dismissed; in an institution the only resource under such circumstances would be to send the inmate away, which would defeat the very object for which the Home exists.

There are some who would prefer that the inspection should take place not under the Factory Department of the Home Office, but under the Reformatory and Industrial Schools Department, and it is certain that there are enough institutions to employ fully one or two inspectors. But whichever way this matter is settled, it is certainly desirable that the inspectorate should qualify for this special branch of its work. As it seems both unnecessary and expensive that the same persons and work should be inspected both as a laundry and as a reformatory, it would be desirable that legislation affecting such institutions should be codified in a separate Act or section of an Act to prevent overlapping, and to ensure that managers, matrons, and the inspectorate shall clearly know the requirements. These are the points on which separate treatment may reasonably be expected. It would be well if every man or woman who has the interests of the institutions at heart would write *at once* to the M.P. for the constituency in which they live enclosing the leaflet<sup>1</sup> from which this summary has been taken, and asking him to make a special effort to secure legislation on these lines.

To conclude, it has been shown that the late Conservative Government made repeated and strenuous efforts to effect these most necessary reforms, and that the present Liberal Government has undertaken to achieve them. Whatever our politics may be, justice requires that we should unite to gain a measure of relief for those to whose toilsome service we are each one of us personally indebted.

LUCY WYATT PAPWORTH.

<sup>1</sup> To be had of the Secretary, Reformatory and Refuge Union, 117, Victoria Street, S.W.

## Ferdinand Brunetière.

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THE premature death of M. Ferdinand Brunetière on the 9th of December last, has deprived the Catholic cause in France of one of its most energetic and able champions.

While fully recognizing the great services which M. Brunetière has rendered to French literary criticism, we may safely assert that his true vocation was realized in his more philosophical works. These give us the key to his life,—the life of a Catholic thoroughly imbued with a practical sense of the dangers, both intellectual and moral, which menaced the religion he had embraced.

M. Brunetière was a self-made man. He owed his advancement entirely to his own merits, which eventually won for him that crowning reward, a seat among the immortal forty of the French Academy. But as Catholics we may see in M. Brunetière something more than a man who has climbed the ladder of fame from its lowest rung. He was also a profound thinker who worked his way from Positivism to the Catholic Church, and has left us a method of apologetics which may prove of great service in the future. The aim of his whole life might be summed up in his own words: "*Faisons de l'histoire des problèmes une introduction à leur solution.*" And in his conversion<sup>1</sup> we have but the result of his practical fidelity to this rule.

### I.

Ferdinand Brunetière was born at Toulon in the year 1849. He came to Paris at the age of twenty, and studied at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, preparing for his entrance examination to the École Normale. His talents, however, were not of a nature to do themselves justice in general competition. He was a brilliant essayist and speaker, but his want of familiarity

<sup>1</sup> We have used the word "conversion" throughout to describe M. Brunetière's practical acceptance of the truth of the Catholic faith.



with Greek led to his rejection, and that at a school where his lectures some sixteen years later were to win for him a European reputation.

His literary studies were for the moment interrupted by the outbreak of the war of 1870, during which he saw active service in one of the infantry regiments. He returned after the war to Paris, where he had to earn his living as a "coach" in an establishment for preparing young men for the *baccalauréat*. His friend, Paul Bourget, who was associated with him in the Academy, and had been a fellow-student of his at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, was also on the teaching staff of this crammers'. He gives us the following graphic account of the drudgery which fell to Brunetière's lot during this period.<sup>1</sup> He arrived in the morning, we are told, at half-past eight, and gave two classes of an hour and a half each. He returned at three to give a further hour's lecture; and this without vacation every week-day throughout the year. What time he could spare from the correction of papers and the preparation of his lectures he devoted to writing for the reviews, in order to eke out the miserable pittance of six pounds a month which he received for his work at the *Institut Lelarge*. We gain some insight into the gigantic energy of the man when we remember that it was during this period that he acquired that vast erudition which all his writings betray.

Between the ages of twenty and twenty-five [he told a representative of the *Temps*] my interest was exclusively confined to the history of religion. During this time I worked up my Greek by myself, and studied Sanscrit for a year, without mastering it, at the *école des hautes études*, which had just been opened under the direction of M. Hauvette-Besnault.

It was at this time, too, that he contracted the habit of sitting up at night reading, often until four in the morning, deep in thought, and utterly oblivious of his surroundings. And yet he would be at his post to begin his lecture by half-past eight. It was after some two or three years of this drudgery that he was introduced by his friend, Paul Bourget, to the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was invited to accept the post of literary critic on the staff of that review. In his work as a critic his remarkable gift of judgment was universally recognized. This sphere of activity was entirely congenial to his talents,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. letter in *Le Temps* for December 11, 1906.

and in giving him the opportunity of putting his views before the public it gave him all that was necessary to secure the success of his work.

Within our present limits we can only afford to enumerate the more important posts which he filled. It was in 1886 that M. Liard offered him the appointment of *Maître des Conférences* at the École Normale, though in so doing he broke with the tradition which required that all professors at the École Normale should be chosen from the ranks of those holding special diplomas in the various faculties. M. Brunetière, however, more than justified the confidence thus placed in him. On the death of M. Lemoine in 1893 he was elected a member of the Academy, receiving in the first ballot twenty-two votes as against four for his opponent, who was no less a person than M. Émile Zola. In the same year he was offered the post of editor of the review for which he had formerly written as literary critic.

He was thus at the same time the editor of an influential periodical, a lecturer at the École Normale, and a very able and energetic public speaker. He himself gives us the secret of this prodigious activity. The difficulties with which his early life had been beset inclined him to a severe view of the world, and for some time he was drawn towards the rigorous teachings of Jansenism. His tendencies were pessimistic, and in order to free himself from his own recollections, he spent himself in work night and day.

Si je ne m'écrasais pas de travail, je mourrais de chagrin devant la couleur de mes méditations.

Religion was, however, the consolation of the last decade of his life. Throughout that life he had always thrown himself body and soul into the "actual" problems of the hour. In his critical work he invariably brought out the possibilities of the ideas with which he dealt.

It was when lecturing at the Sorbonne on Bossuet's *Variations of Protestantism* that he was drawn to the Church of Rome. Briefly, his reason for embracing Catholicism was that he perceived clearly the necessity of religion for the social progress of mankind, and saw that no religion could further this progress so well as Catholicism. In 1905, he gave the following account of himself in the *Temps*:

It was undoubtedly my study of the seventeenth century that led me to the question of morality and religion. I had sought to find

some means of constructing a *morale laïque*. In my quest I began by appreciating the difficulties. Then I saw that my project was perhaps even more rash than difficult. And finally, I realized that it was impossible. I therefore fell back upon the idea of religion. I had lived until then in a state of indifference or carelessness with respect to these questions, but I now felt that, if there was one thing which was utterly impossible, it was to preach the idea of religion from without, as a politician, without professing it oneself from the bottom of one's heart.

Even before his conversion he had paid a visit to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., and on his return he published an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, entitled, "*Après une visite au Vatican*," which indicated clearly the direction in which his thoughts were tending. It was in 1898 that he delivered at Besançon his famous discourse on "*Le besoin de croire*," in which he announced his intention of joining the Church. From this time forward he devoted himself to a regular campaign throughout France, and even in Belgium, Holland, Italy, and Switzerland. Towards the close of 1901 he had the courage to deliver a lecture at Geneva on Calvin, and was well received by the University authorities. Many of these admirable lectures are collected in his *Discours de Combat*, which give us the substance of his apologetic.

He did not endeavour to show to what extent the Church could modify itself to suit the prevailing spirit of democracy, but his object was to prove that the element of truth in other systems led up to the Catholic Church. It was on the data of Positivism that he laid the foundation of this his great thesis. Comte had attempted to construct a social edifice in which the "harmony of intellects" should create a civic harmony, order, and progress.<sup>1</sup> Comte's dream was an after-image of Catholicism, and M. Brunetière set himself to bring into relief the affinities of Catholicism and Positivism. In his own words, he "utilized Comte."

In the foregoing pages an attempt has been made to give a rough outline of the general tenor of M. Brunetière's work. He was a man of intense sympathies, but his criticism was always dispassionate. Though never possessed of robust health, he had an unbounded store of energy, and was never sparing in his use of it in the good cause which he supported so resolutely. Of him it has been said that the Church has secured no more valued adherent since the conversion of Newman.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the admirable tribute to his old master by M. Georges Goyau in *La Revue Hebdomadaire*, December 15, 1906.

## II.

It will help us to get a clearer notion of M. Brunetière's apologetics if we examine very briefly a work upon which he was engaged when death came to put an end to his labours. The scheme was to be completed in three stages, but, unfortunately, only the first stage—*The Utilization of Positivism*—has yet been published. Most of the material, however, for the completion of the work must have been collected and arranged, and it is to be hoped that steps will be taken to secure their publication. The second stage was designed to remove the difficulties against faith, and the third was to establish the transcendence of Christianity.

The first stage, *The Utilization of Positivism*, is made up of two parts; the one dealing with his method and leading up to the other. The first is critical, the second constructive. Positivism, the philosophy of facts, is in possession, and M. Brunetière's object is to use Positivism against itself: to vindicate the necessity of religion, making use of the very premisses of those who thought to dispense with religion but did not succeed in doing so.

It is a commonplace now-a-days to oppose science to religion. M. Brunetière does not pretend to show that such opposition does not exist; quite the contrary. But he points out that Positivism has only been able to work itself out by bringing a religion into requisition,—the "religion of humanity." He does not wish, for the present, to pass any judgment on that religion, but only to emphasize the *fact* that the most scientific and undoubtedly the least religious of philosophies in history has been unable to detach itself from the idea of religion.

We will look to Comte's premisses, then, to establish for us two facts: first, that morality can neither be justified nor maintained independently of religion, and secondly that such religion cannot be individual, but is necessarily social and based upon the affirmation of the supernatural. This method of course leaves untouched a large number of fundamental questions. But let it be remembered that this work is but a stage on the road that leads to faith.

With regard to the method pursued, M. Brunetière has been much criticized by the disciples of Comte, by theologians, and by the philosophical world in general.

Comte's disciples [he says] regarded me as too half-hearted: theologians objected that I went too far. Lynx-eyed philosophers, while they perceived that I had made bold to draw from Comte's premisses conclusions which were not exactly his, did not give themselves the trouble of proving that my conclusions were either illegitimate or false. They simply contented themselves with the protest that these were not Comte's conclusions,—nor their own. And of this I was perfectly well aware.

The aim of his Preface is to justify his position by removing misunderstandings. His object is not to explain Comte. If it were, he would have to take Comte's system as a whole. But the sole function of a system is not that it should be analyzed, synopsized, and catalogued in history. The historic method is not the only method. It might be well enough if systems did not contain ideas which, of their very nature, tended to work themselves out in motor ideas. No modern philosopher has consecrated himself to his studies solely for the pleasures of philosophy, nor for the joy, high and pure as it is, of the search for truth. All, even the most disinterested, have had as their object to influence contemporary ideas, and, by this means, to act upon the future destiny of mankind.

M. Brunetière is thus fully justified in his endeavour to detach from the system which he studied the *âme de vérité* (to use the phrase of M. Ollé Lapruné), and as far as method is concerned, it must be admitted by all that he has been most faithful to Comte's principles.

My great claim is that I have faithfully followed his method, in so far as it consists in starting from facts, in seeing in the fact no more than a fact, and finally of never generalizing save within the limits of fact.

It is by these methods that M. Brunetière sets out to prove the necessity of religion. The position which he is combating is that taken up by men like Renan, who, in his work entitled *L'Avenir de la Science*, proclaims it as the object of science to "explain man: that is, to give him in the name of the only legitimate authority, viz., human nature taken in its entirety, the symbol which religions gave him ready made, but which he can no longer accept." It was on account of the failure of science to make good what was thus promised in her behalf by her authorized exponents, that M. Brunetière spoke of "the bankruptcy of science."

This expression called forth considerable protest on the part of men of science, and involved M. Brunetière in a long discussion with the famous chemist, the late M. Berthelot. But

in the main M. Brunetière was quite justified in his assertion. So great an authority as Professor Paulsen has, in one of his recent works, made similar statements without encountering any opposition.

In recent years [writes Professor Paulsen] . . . an undercurrent of hostility to the scientific activity of our universities has made itself felt in many ways. Something like disappointment is perceptible because scientific research does not seem to redeem its promise to supply a complete and certain theory of the universe, and a practical world-wisdom founded in the very necessity of thought. Former generations had been supplied with such conceptions by religion or theology. Philosophy inherited this place in the eighteenth century. With what hopeful joy the generations of Voltaire and Frederick looked up to it! Hegel was the last heir of pure reason. Then a new generation, as distrustful of reason as the former had been of faith, turned to science with the expectation that exact research would place us upon a sure footing, and supply us with a true theory of the world. But this science cannot do.

For the *Utilization of Positivism* both Spencer's "Unknowable" and Comte's *religion de l'humanité* are brought to give their testimony to the fact that science cannot provide a substitute for religion. At this stage of the inquiry any philosophical difficulties as to the representation of the "Unknowable" are of secondary importance.

Do not let us confuse issues [says M. Brunetière]. All that I wished to establish here was that the theory of the "Unknowable" provides a basis or scientific foundation for religion. We find God again at the end of the most laborious and conscientious attempt to dispense with Him.

Comte's real contradiction was his attempt to realize the Unknowable,—to give it a concrete form in humanity. Humanity is not the Unknowable, and the word religion loses its meaning where we propose ourselves as the object of our adoration. The "religion of humanity" is no religion.

This much, however, of Comte's conception may be retained with advantage, namely, that those alone are qualified to give precision and depth to our notion of the "Unknowable" who regard the destiny of mankind as the principal object of their study. Such men will not be solicitous for art or science in themselves, but rather for the services which art and science can render to the moral education of mankind. Finally, such men will endeavour to develop, strengthen, and perfect that social solidarity which is a fundamental characteristic of man.

## III.

But little space remains in which to treat of the second portion of M. Brunetière's book. It is here that his constructive genius is seen to its best advantage; for he has now to erect his edifice of morals and religion upon the foundation of social requirements.

Comte's Positivism, he says, implies a religion which knits together her human society. It is a fact that all religion is necessarily a "community of beliefs." We do not make our religions for ourselves; an individual religion would be a contradiction in terms. The word "religion," just as much as the word "family" or "country," involves a collective idea. But it is only in the Catholic Church that this notion of a community of beliefs can find its fullest realization.

This portion of his these, namely, the social character of religion, M. Brunetière illustrates further by showing that persecutions have in history invariably taken the form of a crusade in the interests of existing society. Our Lord Himself was a disturber of the people. It is this fact which constitutes the difficulty, or, speaking humanly, the impossibility of converting to Christianity a people like the Chinese. The Chinese religion is eminently a social code, and conversion would involve a change in the constitution of society.

So, too, every religion that ceases to be a society ceases to be a religion. Where the social bond of union is destroyed, the break-up of religion inevitably follows. What, indeed, were the causes of the great wave of irreligion which swept over Europe in the sixteenth century? Was it that there suddenly arose in the minds of men intellectual difficulties with regard to the truths of the ancient faith, which up to that moment had been felt by none? So it is sometimes said, but not by those who have fullest knowledge of the literature of that period. Science and higher criticism are of too recent growth to have been responsible for the movement. It has often been attributed, and with a great degree of truth, to the revolt of the younger generation, brought up in the pagan atmosphere of the prevalent Humanism, against the severer morality of the Gospel. But far more importance, in this connection, is to be attached to what Comte has aptly termed *la grande maladie occidentale*. It was the Protestant assertion of individualism which, by severing social ties, took the initial step towards the total destruction of the idea of religion. There is an indissoluble connection between religion and the social organization. For this reason

the task which the present Government in France has set itself is in open contradiction with the national motto, *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. In his chapter on "Religion as Sociology" M. Brunetière points out the real source of the persecution which is at present in progress.

We have the inalienable right [he says] to think differently from the State. But, since religion is indispensable, the State reserves the right to banish or suppress us if our way of thinking differs from its own. But why is religion indispensable? Because without it the State ceases to be a State—an organized society—a body whereof the citizens are but the members. It becomes an aggregate of disparate elements, heterogeneous, hostile—in a word, the very opposite of all that is implied in the notion of a State. A lay State can remain a State only on condition of its making a religion of itself and of the sum of the methods which it regards as best calculated to guarantee its own continuance.

Thus the ultimate connection between the social question and the idea of religion is an established fact.

It is even more obvious that morality is indissolubly bound up with religion. Morality is but the sum of the principles which govern human conduct. Whence are we to derive these principles if not from the idea we have of our destiny? There may, indeed, be a science of ethics, but there can be no sort of ethics founded on science. Faith is the ultimate foundation of all morality.

The results, therefore, of the second part of the *Utilization of Positivism* may be thus summed up. The social tendency is a fact of our nature. Examine what society implies. It necessarily postulates a code of morality. Morality is thus a second established fact. But is it an ultimate fact? Does it contain its own explanation? No, it does not, for morality is founded on religion.

Here, for the present, we must take our leave of M. Brunetière. It may be that some will put away his work with the feeling that the conclusions arrived at are too meagre and shadowy, too vague and illusive to further the interests of religion. But we must bear in mind that M. Brunetière's message is not directed primarily to those who are already firmly established in their Faith as Catholics. Yet they, too, may have something to learn from his work. It will teach them sympathy with the needs and aspirations of others, so that they may aid those who still grope darkly amid images and shadows, and guide their faltering steps along the road that leads to Faith.

MARCUS K. AMBROSE.



## Galileo.

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THAT in the Case of Galileo the authorities of the Catholic Church incontestably proved themselves to be the implacable enemies of science and determined opponents of its discoveries, is a commonplace with anti-Catholic and even non-Catholic writers. It appears to be assumed as a patent fact requiring no proof, that when the Inquisition instituted proceedings against the inventor of the telescope, the head and front of his offending was his introduction of the experimental method into the study of nature and the doubt he thus ventured to cast upon the time-honoured doctrines which had so long been accepted in the schools, and which the Pope and Cardinals were determined to uphold. It seems, indeed, to be thought that the old geocentric astronomy was regarded as an article of faith which they were resolved at all hazards to force upon the acceptance of mankind, as a matter of no less importance than the Apostles' Creed itself. Mr. Morley tells us, for example,<sup>1</sup> that the "intellectual insurgents," of whom he finds a type in Abelard, "could have taught Europe earlier than the Church allowed it to learn, that the sun does not go round the earth, and that it is the earth which goes round the sun." This clearly means that any one who was left at liberty to think for himself must of course have perceived the truth of the matter, and that only ecclesiastical tyranny could have prevented its recognition,—although it cannot have been this which hid it from the acute minds of Aristotle and Ptolemy.

It is as demonstrating this supposed anti-scientific temper of Churchmen that the case of Galileo is of real importance,—but as Cardinal Newman characteristically observes,<sup>2</sup> this very case suffices to prove that the Church has *not* set herself against scientific progress, for this is "the one stock argument" to the contrary, the exception which proves the rule.

<sup>1</sup> *Diderot*, p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> *Apologia*, c. v.

Nor is Newman here alone. One who can be so little suspected of Catholic sympathies as Professor Augustus De Morgan, draws the same conclusion.

The Papal power [he writes]<sup>1</sup> must upon the whole have been moderately used in matters of philosophy, if we may judge by the great stress laid on this one case of Galileo. It is the standing proof that an authority which has lasted a thousand years was all the time occupied in checking the progress of thought. There are certainly one or two other instances, but those who make most of the outcry do not know them.

It is worth while, therefore, to examine this particular case with some care, in order to determine what was the motive which led to the prosecution of Galileo, and how far this was actuated by a desire to obstruct the progress of science.

It is, of course, unquestionable that Galileo was prosecuted before the Roman Inquisition, on account of the astronomical novelties which he championed, and no attempt will here be made to deny that those who so prosecuted him made a great and deplorable mistake, and did their utmost to compromise ecclesiastical authority, by endeavouring to make it the judge of scientific truth, a function altogether alien from its character, which it was not competent to exercise.<sup>2</sup> Their error arose from the belief long dominant in Christendom, that the Scriptures literally interpreted were meant to be the supreme test of truth, human no less than Divine. Galileo's doctrines appeared reprehensible and dangerous, not because they promised to enlarge the domain of human knowledge, but because they appeared likely to unsettle the belief of the Christian people—especially of the uneducated masses—in the Bible, and consequently in religion altogether, which a great wave of scepticism already threatened to submerge, and, although such a consideration does not avail to justify the course adopted, it cannot be denied that, whilst on the one hand the dangers apprehended were real and substantial, the gain to the human race of substituting Copernican-

<sup>1</sup> Article "Motion of Earth" in *English Cyclopaedia* and *Penny Cyclopaedia*.

<sup>2</sup> We are not now considering the Case of Galileo in its theological aspect, nor inquiring how far Papal infallibility should be held to be involved in the decision of the Inquisitors. An observation of Professor De Morgan may however be noted. "It is clear," he writes, "that the absurdity was the act of the Italian Inquisition, for the private and personal pleasure of the Pope—who knew that the course could not convict him as *Pope*—and not of the body which calls itself the *Church*. Let the dirty proceeding have its right name." (*Budget of Paradoxes*, p. 60.)

ism for the old Ptolemaic system was by no means so evident. It is easy in this matter to exaggerate the practical effect of Galileo's teaching, and many persons appear to assume that those who held the geocentric theory must have been in every respect as ignorant of science as Hottentots or Fuegians. No doubt, it was very sad that men should continue to think that the sun moved and the earth stood still: but, after all, such an erroneous supposition, while it no wise affected men's lives, did nothing to hinder progress in directions in which humanity was far more vitally concerned, and in which it has never been pretended that the Church manifested any hostility to it. Some of the greatest steps in human development had already been taken by men who believed as firmly as the Inquisitors themselves in the old astronomy of Alexandria. By such men printing had been invented, introducing a new factor in human affairs, in comparison with which all astronomical systems and theories were as nothing. The New World had been discovered, and the road by the Cape to India opened up by mariners who never doubted that the globe they traversed was fixed and immovable in the centre of space. In the domain of practical astronomy itself, eclipses could be accurately predicted, and Columbus on a famous occasion overawed the American Indians by announcing such an occurrence and the exact time when it would happen. The reformed Calendar which we still employ was the work of men who, living after Copernicus, rejected his system. Nor is there any reason to suppose that had the old astronomy continued in honour, it would have blocked the way for the discovery of the steam-engine or the telegraph, or for advances in geology, chemistry, or biology. It did not even, as already said, enable eclipses and other celestial phenomena to be more accurately predicted. It was only as a theory, recommended by its beauty and simplicity, that the Copernican system really added to the store of human knowledge, and we shall see that as a theory there was never any objection to its being promulgated. On the other hand, the unsettlement of religious belief was undoubtedly a serious matter,—in the eyes of those who held the Catholic Faith for the most vital of all verities, it was the most serious of all matters, and however ill-advised were the efforts made to safeguard religion, it can hardly be said with any show of truth that their motive was hostility to science. On the contrary, however erroneously, Galileo's judges believed

themselves to be maintaining the cause of *true* science, against its counterfeit presentment. For, as will be seen, the traditional doctrine of centuries was but slowly eliminated, and the Inquisitors did but represent the views held by many whom we still honour as leaders of scientific thought.

Before speaking of Galileo we must study the history of his great predecessor, Copernicus, his senior by about a century.<sup>1</sup> Copernicus was a cleric, probably a priest, certainly a canon of Ermeland, at one time administrator of the diocese, and his name is found in a list of candidates proposed for the Bishopric. Over and above his life-long study of astronomy and mathematics, he both studied and practised medicine, and made it a rule for himself to place his services as a physician freely at the disposal of the poor. Another rule was to allow no other occupation to interfere with his clerical duties. He was known as a most devout child of the Church, having a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in whose honour he composed several poems. Like the rest of his family, he was also a Dominican Tertiary.

Such was the man who patiently and laboriously thought out the system which, however plain and obvious the common consent of mankind makes it appear to us, was in his day opposed not only to a public opinion no less unanimous, but seemingly to common sense and ocular demonstration. His great work, "On the Revolutions of the Orbs of Heaven" (*De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*), commenced in 1507, was not published till the very close of its author's life in 1543, and perhaps, but for the importunity of others, would not have been published at all. Copernicus, as he himself tells us, shrank from the storm of obloquy which he was sure to arouse by contradicting "the received opinion of the mathematicians, and almost contradicting common sense," in supposing the earth to move. Foremost amongst those who urged publication was an eminent Churchman, Cardinal Schömberg, who insisted upon the scientific value of this novel theory. When he resolved to comply with these solicitations, Copernicus dedicated his work to Pope Paul III., in a Preface detailing the objections which he anticipated. These he apprehended would be from the "mathematicians,"—or philosophers,—as indicated above, but he sustained himself with the reflection that each of these had his own theory of the heavens which differed from all the rest. As for ignoramuses who might strive to raise objections from

<sup>1</sup> Copernicus, b. 1473, d. 1543; Galileo, b. 1564, d. 1642.

Scriptural expressions which they misinterpreted, of these he made no account ;<sup>1</sup> which is his only allusion to the theological aspect of the question.

The book having appeared, the only voices raised on theological grounds against its novelties were those of Protestants. Luther denounced Copernicus as an arrogant fool who wrote in defiance of Scripture. Melanchthon declared that such mischievous doctrines should be suppressed by the secular power. Other chiefs of the same party spoke in the same sense.<sup>2</sup> Osiander, being commissioned to superintend a new edition, foisted on the work a Preface quite foreign to the author's intentions, and explaining his conclusions away.

Catholic Churchmen—on the other hand—received the book with much favour. As has been said, its publication was due chiefly to the exhortations of Cardinal Schömburg, as well as the Bishop of Culm, while the Bishop of Ermeland afterwards set up a monument to its author. Pope Paul III. accepted the dedication ; and neither he nor any of the twelve Pontiffs who followed him raised any question concerning its teaching : nor did any of the Roman Congregations ; whilst "lectures in support of the heliocentric doctrine were delivered in the ecclesiastical colleges."<sup>3</sup> For more than seventy years the *De Revolutionibus* encountered no sort of opposition in these quarters : not till Galileo forced the Scriptural question upon notice were any modifications of its language insisted on,—and these, as will be seen, were trivial, and of little practical importance.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Si fortasse erunt ματαιόλογοι, qui cum omnium mathematicum ignari sint, tamen de illis iudicium sibi sumunt, propter aliquem locum Scripturæ, male ad suum propositum detortum . . . illos non moror."

<sup>2</sup> Luther, *Tischreden* (Edit. 1743), p. 2260. Melanchthon, *Init. doct. physic.* (Edit. Butschneider), vol. xiii. p. 217.

<sup>3</sup> Whewell, *History of Inductive Sciences*, i. 418. (Edit. 1847.)

<sup>4</sup> Professor Draper writes (*Conflict between Religion and Science*, p. 167) :

"Copernicus, a Prussian, about the year 1507, had completed a book 'On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies.' . . . Aware that his doctrines were totally opposed to revealed truth, and foreseeing that they would bring upon him the punishments of the Church, he expressed himself in a cautious and apologetic manner, saying that he had only taken the liberty of trying whether, on the supposition of the earth's motion, it was possible to find better explanations than the ancient ones of the revolution of the celestial orbs ; and that in doing this he had only taken the privilege that had been allowed to others, of feigning what hypothesis they chose. The Preface was addressed to Pope Paul III. Full of misgivings as to what might be the result, he refrained from publishing his book for thirty-six years. . . . Its fate was such as he had anticipated. The Inquisition condemned it as heretical, etc."

From the facts as given in the text, the reader can form his own opinion as to the honesty of such an account of things.

It must not be forgotten that, beyond its greater simplicity and beauty, Copernicus could adduce no proof whatever to sustain his theory, for, the telescope not being yet discovered, he had not even the insufficient arguments employed by Galileo. It is even a matter of some uncertainty, as Professor De Morgan declares,<sup>1</sup> whether Copernicus was really a Copernican, that is to say, whether he believed that his system was true in fact, and did not rather present it as one which, explaining all the phenomena of the heavens in less complex fashion than others, might conveniently be employed in astronomical calculations.

Such was the situation when Galileo came on the scene. Beginning life as a convinced follower of the traditional astronomy of Ptolemy, he was by the year 1597 an enthusiastic Copernican. In 1609, he invented, or rather perfected, the telescope, with which he speedily made discoveries which did much to establish the truth of the newer system. The chief of these were the satellites of the planet Jupiter, revolving round their primary, the phases of Venus and Mercury, the supposed want of which had been one of the strongest arguments urged against Copernicanism, and the spots of the sun, which shed so much light on the motion and constitution of that luminary.

These were Galileo's most important contributions to astronomy, and had the enlargement of scientific knowledge been the bugbear of ecclesiasticism, they should at once have drawn down upon him a storm of persecution. But, far from this, they at once made him a public character, and obtained for him triumphal honours throughout Italy, and very specially at Rome. Visiting the Eternal City in 1611,—as Sir David Brewster tells us<sup>2</sup>

He was received with that distinction which was due to his great talents and his extended reputation. Princes, Cardinals, and Prelates hastened to do him honour; and even those who discredited his discoveries, and dreaded their results, vied with the true friends of science in their anxiety to see the intellectual wonder of the age.

So great was the desire for instruction and information that, setting up his telescope in the Quirinal garden, belonging to Cardinal Bandini, he exhibited his discoveries to eager and admiring crowds.

<sup>1</sup> *Companion to the British Almanack*, 1855.

<sup>2</sup> *Martyrs of Science*, p. 44.

Not till four years later—1615—was this peaceful condition disturbed, and whilst we cannot but deplore the totally wrong course adopted by his opponents, it is undeniable that the blame must largely rest with Galileo himself. Had he been content to confine himself to his own province of science, he might undoubtedly have gone on undisturbed with his observations and discoveries, but he was a fierce controversialist, and insisted on attacking those who would not accept his teachings in a style which naturally excited their hostility.<sup>1</sup>

Nor was this all ; he tried his hand on the interpretation of Scripture, in regard of which—as Whewell observes—the Reformation controversy had, since the days of Copernicus, made the Church authorities highly suspicious, and his attempt to produce Scriptural confirmation for the earth's motion, which to the multitude seemed an incredible paradox, and even to the scientific few a daring though beautiful innovation, was not calculated to allay suspicion. It is no doubt true, as he urged, along with his friend the Carmelite Foscarini, that the inspired writings are intended to teach only the truths necessary for salvation, not those which we are capable of discovering by the exercise of our natural powers, but this, which would now be admitted as a truism by the most orthodox, was then a totally new idea, calculated to shock the public mind. It is also undeniable that those who judged Galileo were firmly persuaded, however erroneously, that the system which he championed was entirely false, and therefore not science at all. In any case, they certainly held it for a far greater evil that men should have their faith in the Bible shaken, than that they should not know whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth. It is clear, moreover, that Galileo was encouraged by the sceptical party—by no means a small one—which wished to discredit religion altogether, and that what his adversaries chiefly laboured to prevent was the dissemination of his doctrines amongst the masses, who having no scientific training would be sure to misunderstand and exaggerate their import.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The boldness—may we not say the recklessness—with which Galileo insisted upon making proselytes of his enemies, served but to alienate them from the truth. . . . The Church party, particularly its highest dignitaries, were certainly disposed to rest on the defensive. Flanked on one side by the logic of the schools, and on the other by the popular interpretation of Scripture, and backed by the strong arm of the civil power, they were not disposed to interfere with the prosecution of science, however much they may have dreaded its influence." (Sir D. Brewster, *op. cit.* p. 58.)

<sup>2</sup> See, for instance, the letter of Remus to Kepler, *infra*.

This being so, what the authorities objected to was Galileo's dogmatic insistence on the absolute truth of his own view, especially as he had no sufficient proof to demonstrate it. Therefore, as Dr. Whewell sums up the matter,<sup>1</sup>

He was accused before the Inquisition in 1615, but at that period the result was that he was merely recommended to confine himself to the mathematical reasonings upon this system, and to abstain from meddling with Scripture.

Unfortunately, his judges further insisted that Galileo should formally repudiate the doctrine of the earth's motion as untrue, and should promise on oath never again to defend or advocate it, which he did in ample terms; that this was not, however, considered as absolute and final by the Court itself is clear from a declaration made by its most influential member, Cardinal Bellarmine. Writing to Galileo's ally, Foscarini, Bellarmine urges<sup>2</sup> that they should both be satisfied with showing that the Copernican theory explains all celestial phenomena, an unexceptionable proposition (*benissimo detto*), and one sufficient for the practical purposes of the mathematicians. But let them not declare that their system is actually true in fact, which appears to contradict Scripture. He then continues:

I say that if a real proof be found that the sun is fixed in the centre of the world, and the earth in the third heaven,<sup>3</sup> and that the sun does not revolve round the earth, but the earth round the sun, then it will be necessary to proceed, very circumspectly, to explain the Scriptures.

That Galileo had in fact no "real proof" of the doctrine which he so loudly proclaimed, is now universally admitted,<sup>4</sup> and was acknowledged by Galileo himself, who, writing to Bellarmine, could only plead that his system satisfied the phenomena, which was equally true of the old Ptolemaic

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.* p. 419.

<sup>2</sup> See his letter in full, *apud* Grisar, *Galileistudien*, p. 367.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, is the third in order of the planets.

<sup>4</sup> "By investing Copernicus with a system which requires Galileo, Kepler, and Newton to explain it, and their pupils to understand it, the modern astronomer refers the want of immediate acceptance of the system to ignorance, prejudice, and over adherence to antiquity. No doubt all these things can be traced: but the ignorance was of a kind which belonged equally to the partisans and to the opponents, and which fairly imposed on the propounder of the system the onus of meeting arguments, which, in the period we speak of, he did not and could not meet." (Professor De Morgan, *Companion to the British Almanack*, 1855, p. 21.)



astronomy, though with more cumbrous machinery.<sup>1</sup> How far less plain was the matter then than we now are naturally inclined to suppose, may be judged from the evidence of Professor Huxley, who wrote to Professor Mivart, Nov. 12, 1885 :

I gave some attention to the case of Galileo when I was in Italy ; and I arrived at the conclusion that the Pope and the College of Cardinals had rather the best of it.<sup>2</sup>

Neither must it be forgotten that Copernicanism was rejected not only by Popes and Cardinals, but by men of science whose names were then most in repute, and whom we still regard with reverence. To name but a few : Clavius, the reformer of the Calendar, and Tycho Brahe, the great Danish astronomer and Kepler's master, would have none of it : Lord Bacon pronounced it "most certainly false :"<sup>3</sup> Descartes, who outlived Galileo, while accepting it as a perfect theory, would not admit it as actually true, for want of proof.

Nor is this all. It helps us to realize the confusion which reigned in men's minds, to find that Galileo himself and other leaders of his party, in many instances adopted theories which were quite unscientific, and rejected others which are now reckoned amongst the greatest of scientific discoveries. Galileo

<sup>1</sup> Whewell, after observing that if the Copernican system had the advantage of *simplicity*, the Ptolemaic had that of *obviousness*, thus continues (*op. cit.* part v. c. 1) :

"Nor when we speak of the superior simplicity of the Copernican theory, must we forget, that though this theory has undoubtedly, in this respect, a great advantage over the Ptolemaic, yet that the Copernican system itself is very complex, when it undertakes to account, as the Ptolemaic did for the *inequalities* of the motions of the sun, moon, and planets ; and that, in the hands of Copernicus, it retained a large share of the eccentrics and epicycles of its predecessor, and, in some parts, with increased machinery. The heliocentric theory, without these appendages, would not approach the Ptolemaic in the accurate explanation of facts. . . . After the promulgation of the theory of eccentrics and epicycles on the geocentric hypothesis, there was no *published* heliocentric theory which could bear comparison with that hypothesis."

<sup>2</sup> *Life and Letters*, ii. 424.

<sup>3</sup> Bacon writes (*Descriptio Globi intellectualis*) : "In the system of Copernicus there are many and grave difficulties." [Some of the author's assumptions] "are proceedings which mark a man who thinks nothing of introducing fictions of any kind into nature, provided his calculations turn out well."

Bacon (says Whewell) wished for a system that could be supported by sound physical considerations, "and it must be allowed that, at the period of which we are speaking, this had not been done in favour of the Copernican hypothesis."

Milton, who paid a visit to Galileo at Florence, appears never to have been a convinced Copernican. There are passages in the *Paradise Lost* which seem to favour both systems.

maintained that the phenomena of the tides were evidence of the rotation of the earth,—which we know to be quite wrong. He lent his name to a totally untenable theory regarding comets, already disproved by Tycho, and wrote in its support.<sup>1</sup> The objection against the heliocentric system, founded on the supposed absence of phases in the inferior planets, was met by Copernicus with the supposition that Mercury and Venus are transparent and the sun's rays pass through them. Such an explanation was evidently unscientific, nevertheless, Galileo praises Copernicus for thus sticking to his guns, though, as Whewell says, this was a real and grave difficulty requiring a scientific answer. What is still more important, Galileo refused to accept the laws discovered by Kepler, a much greater astronomer than himself, these laws ranking second only to those of Newton in the history of astronomy.

Kepler in his turn was never wholly weaned from belief in astrology. Copernicus, over and above his groundless assumption of planetary transparency, in order to get over a difficulty, encumbered his system by attributing to the earth, besides rotation and revolution, a third motion, that "of declination," in order to explain how it is that its axis points always to the celestial pole.

The condemnation of Galileo was accompanied by that of the *De Revolutionibus* of Copernicus, which, however, was not absolute, but only "*donec corrigatur*," that is to say, until certain specified changes were made. These changes, not a dozen in number, were merely verbal and trivial, the object of all being to show that the heliocentric system was proposed as an hypothesis, not as an established fact.

In the same condemnation was included the *Epitome* of Kepler, a treatise advocating Copernicanism. Thereupon its author, though not a Catholic, took alarm, and wrote to an Italian friend, Remus, to ask what this meant. Would the condemnation extend to Austria, and the sale of his book be there prohibited? Should he himself visit Italy, would he be in danger of imprisonment, or of having to forswear his scientific beliefs?

His friend replied :<sup>2</sup>

This book is only prohibited as contrary to the decree pronounced by the holy office two years ago. This has been partly caused by

<sup>1</sup> In his *Saggiatore*. The theory maintained that comets are mere atmospheric emanations reflecting sunlight after the evanescent fashion of a halo or rainbow. See *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th Edit.), article "Galileo," by Miss A. M. Clerke.

<sup>2</sup> See Drinkwater's *Life of Kepler*, p. 48.

a Neapolitan monk [Foscarini] who was spreading these notions by publishing them in Italian, whence were arising dangerous consequences and opinions; and besides, Galileo was pleading his cause at Rome with too much violence. Copernicus has been corrected in the same manner, for some lines, at least, in the beginning of his first book. But, by obtaining a permission, it may be read (and, as I suppose, this "Epitome" also) by the learned and skilful in this science, both at Rome and throughout all Italy. There is therefore no ground for your alarm, either in Italy or Austria: only keep yourself within bounds and put a guard on your own passions.

Galileo's subsequent behaviour, if it does not justify, undoubtedly went far to provoke his second prosecution, in 1632. Having solemnly vowed not to promulgate the Copernican theory as anything but a theory, he proceeded straightway, not only to break his word, but to import into the question fresh bitterness and rancour.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, when in 1624, he again visited Rome, he met with what Brewster styles "a noble and generous reception," from Pope Urban VIII., who as Cardinal Barberini had been his warm friend, and had opposed his former condemnation. Besides other marks of honour, Urban now conferred upon him a pension, to which as a foreigner he could have no claim.<sup>2</sup> He would not, however, as Galileo had expected, annul the former judgment of the Inquisition.

On his return to Florence, Galileo set himself to complete his famous but ill-starred dialogue on the two great systems of astronomy, in which the defender of Ptolemaism is utterly routed and put to shame by the advocates of Copernicanism. This was published in 1632, and being plainly in contravention

<sup>1</sup> "Though Galileo had made a narrow escape from the grasp of the Inquisition, yet he was never sufficiently sensible of the lenity which he experienced. When he left Rome in 1616, under the solemn pledge of never again teaching the obnoxious doctrine, it was with a hostility against the Church, suppressed but deeply cherished; and his resolution to propagate the heresy seems to have been coeval with the vow by which he renounced it. In 1618 . . . he alludes in the most sarcastic manner to the conduct of the Church. The same hostile tone, more or less, pervaded all his writings, and, while he laboured to sharpen the edge of his satire, he endeavoured to guard himself against its effects, by an affectation of the humblest deference to the decisions of theology. . . . He was spurred on by the violence of a party." (Sir D. Brewster, *op. cit.* p. 77.)

<sup>2</sup> "Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the Papal State owed him no obligation, and hence we must regard the pension as a donation from the Roman Pontiff to science itself, and as a declaration to the Christian world that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the Church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies." (Brewster, *op. cit.* p. 79.)

of his previous solemn engagement, was taken by the Roman authorities as a direct challenge, and in consequence he was once more cited to appear before the Inquisition. Although he disavowed his supposed opinions, and maintained that since 1616 he had never held the Copernican theory, he was condemned, as "vehemently suspected of heresy," to incarceration at the pleasure of the tribunal, and was enjoined by way of penance to recite once a week for three years the seven Penitential Psalms.<sup>1</sup>

The prosecution of Galileo, and the assumption by an ecclesiastical tribunal of authority to decide a question of physical science, was undoubtedly, as has been acknowledged, a grievous and deplorable mistake, which no one will now attempt to defend. But what we have to inquire is how far the action of those who condemned Galileo can be held to support the charge of inveterate hostility to science brought against the Church. On this question, after what has already been said, it will be sufficient to quote the observations of Dr. Whewell. Having freely expressed his mind as to the prosecution, he thus continues : <sup>2</sup>

I would not, however, be understood to assert the condemnation of new doctrines in science to be either a general or a characteristic practice of the Romish Church. Certainly the intelligent and cultivated minds of Italy, and many of the most eminent of her ecclesiastics among them, have been the foremost in promoting and welcoming the progress of science ; and, as I have stated, there were found among the Italian ecclesiastics of Galileo's time many of the earliest and most enlightened adherents of the Copernican system. The condemnation of the doctrine of the earth's motion, is, so far as I am aware, the only instance in which the Papal authority has pronounced a decree upon a point of science. And the most candid of the adherents of the Romish Church condemn the assumption of authority in such matters, which in this one instance, at least, was made by the ecclesiastical tribunals.

<sup>1</sup> As to Galileo's actual treatment, *vid. infra*. As to a famous traditionary episode of his trial the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says :

"The legend according to which Galileo, on rising from his knees after repeating the form of abjuration, stamped on the ground, and exclaimed, 'E pur si muove !' is, as may readily be supposed, entirely apocryphal. The earliest ascertained authority for it is the seventh edition of an *Historical Dictionary*, published at Caen in 1789."

More recently, a somewhat earlier record of it has been found in the *Querelles Littéraires* of the Abbé Iraitlh, published at Paris in 1761. No authority is given beyond "assure-t-on."

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.* p. 462.

Dr. Whewell's judgment is fully borne out by the facts of the case. Galileo himself was no wise checked in his pursuit of science, and even in the province of astronomy could pursue his researches to his heart's content, provided only that he refrained from proposing Copernicanism as an established fact. It is even pleaded that science was the gainer by his forced withdrawal from polemics, which enabled him to devote his great powers to more profitable labours.<sup>1</sup> However this may be, he remained busy with his telescope, and in 1637—just before he was stricken blind—he discovered the diurnal libration of the moon.

But although he is popularly known as an astronomer only, it was not in this branch of science that his most substantial work was done. The direct services which he rendered to astronomy are virtually summed up in his telescopic discoveries,<sup>2</sup> and he did not, like his great contemporary Kepler, reveal new laws. But in the province of physics he has left enduring monuments. With him the science of motion may be said to have begun. Happily combining experiment with calculation, he discovered the laws of falling bodies. He studied the properties of the cycloid, and attempted the problem of its quadrature. In statics he gave the first direct and satisfactory demonstration of the laws of equilibrium and the principle of virtual velocities. He discovered the isochronism of the pendulum. In none of these discoveries did he meet with anything on the part of ecclesiastics or any others but encouragement and applause.<sup>3</sup>

Neither was he debarred from communication and correspondence with other scientific men, amongst whom may be mentioned Toricelli, Cavalieri, Michelini, Sotterini, Dino Peri, Ambrogio della Concezione, and Vincenzo Renieri, the last two being members of Religious Orders.

And meanwhile scientific research was pursued with ardour throughout Italy. Magallotti made valuable observations of comets, and Padre Plati of solar eclipses. Honoratus Fabri

<sup>1</sup> Grisar, *op. cit.* p. 338.

<sup>2</sup> *Encyclopædia Britannica*, *ut sup.*

<sup>3</sup> At Pisa, early in his career, by experiments made from the leaning tower, he demonstrated to his fellow-professors and students of the University the falsity of the doctrine that bodies fall with velocities proportional to their weight, and consequently that of elemental weight and levity. Complicated by a quarrel with the Medici family, this upsetting of old beliefs made him unpopular, and induced him to leave Pisa; but there is no ground whatever for the statement sometimes made, that the Church had anything to do with the matter.

and Gottignies advanced mathematical studies. At Rome itself, Cassini discovered the moons of Saturn, and the Jesuit Kircher, being summoned to Rome within two years of Galileo's trial, through the influence of Cardinal Barberini, there devoted himself for many years to the study of light, magnetism, and other branches of science, besides forming a museum, the "Kircherianum," at that time the best scientific collection in existence. At the same time the telescopes manufactured in the same city by Campani and Dici obtained a world-wide reputation, and were everywhere in request. Various scientific societies and academies also flourished—unmolested.

From such facts we can form an opinion as to how truly the one instance quoted to prove the hostility of the Church to science, can be said to have been animated by an anti-scientific spirit.

Although the treatment actually endured by Galileo at the hands of the Inquisition does not directly affect the subject of our inquiry, it seems advisable, in view of the statements commonly made and believed in its regard, to say something concerning it.

Professor Draper, for example, writes thus :<sup>1</sup>

He [Galileo] was then committed to prison, treated with remorseless severity during the remaining ten years of his life, and was denied burial in consecrated ground.

It will be sufficient to compare with such statements the account given by the eminent authorities whose testimony we have so frequently cited.

Professor De Morgan writes :<sup>2</sup>

We heartily wish that all persecutions, Catholic and Protestant, had been as honest and as mild. There is no reason to doubt the perfect good faith of the whole proceeding, and remembering that the tribunal was one of which Galileo himself admitted the jurisdiction, and supposing the inquisitors to have believed they were doing their duty, any less amount of severity would have been a palpable respect of persons, for Galileo had powerful friends.

Sir David Brewster :<sup>3</sup>

During the whole of the trial, Galileo was treated with the most marked indulgence. Abhorring, as we must do, the principles and practice of this odious tribunal [the Inquisition], and reprobating its

<sup>1</sup> *Conflict between Religion and Science*, p. 132.

<sup>2</sup> *English Cyclopædia*, "Motion of the Earth."

<sup>3</sup> *Martyrs of Science*, p. 88.

interference with the cautious deductions of science, we must yet admit that, on this occasion, its deliberations were not dictated by passion, nor its power directed by vengeance. Though placed at their judgment-seat as a heretic, Galileo stood there with the recognized attributes of a sage; and though an offender against the laws of which they were the guardian, yet the highest respect was yielded to his genius, and the kindest consideration to his infirmities.

Dr. Whewell :<sup>1</sup>

The prosecutors of Galileo are still held up to the scorn and aversion of mankind: although, as we have seen, they did not act till it seemed that their position compelled them to do so, and then proceeded with all the gentleness and moderation which were compatible with judicial forms.

It must also be noted that when Galileo's "imprisonment" is spoken of, the term must be understood in a sense quite different from the ordinary. As Grisar does not hesitate to declare :<sup>2</sup>

During the whole course of his life, Galileo spent not one single hour in a prison properly so called.

The "prisons" provided for him were lodgings, always comfortable, and generally luxurious, in the houses or palaces of his friends and patrons.

Finally, he was buried, not only in consecrated ground, but within the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence.<sup>3</sup>

As to the alleged torture of Galileo, Dr. Whewell writes :<sup>4</sup>

It has sometimes been asserted or insinuated that Galileo was subjected to bodily torture. An argument has been drawn from the expressions used in his sentence. . . . It has been argued . . . that *rigorosum examen* necessarily implies bodily torture, notwithstanding that no such thing is mentioned by Galileo and his contemporaries, and notwithstanding the consideration with which he was treated in all other respects: but M. Biot more justly remarks (*Biog. Univ.* article "Galileo") that such a procedure is incredible.

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Inductive Sciences*, pp. 425, 426.

<sup>2</sup> *Galileistudien*, p. 77.

<sup>3</sup> Brewster, *op. cit.* p. 113.

<sup>4</sup> *Op. cit.* p. 465.

## *A Royal Recluse.*

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### I.

IN the *salles des Nattier*, on the ground floor of the Palace of Versailles, hangs the portrait of a girl princess, slight and soft-featured, with big brown eyes. Her dress, surroundings, and attitude suggest the dainty elegance of the eighteenth century; one hand holds a carnation, and the eyes look out upon the world with the wistful frankness of an innocent child.

This smiling personality seems so far removed from the hardships of a cloistered life that it is difficult to recognize in "Madame Louise de France," a future Carmelite, and to believe that the silken robes were exchanged for the rough serge habit, that the abundant hair was closely cropped, and the laughing eyes, accustomed to the splendid horizon of courtly Versailles, opened during seventeen years only on the narrow precincts of a poor suburban convent.

The exchange was made by Madame Louise when in the prime of womanhood, consequently it was a free, deliberate act, carried out in all its details with a quiet energy and a practical common sense that are eminently characteristic.

What the Court and the world were pleased to call a sublime sacrifice brought the donor unmixed happiness even in this life: the merriest nun in the kingdom was doubtless the royal lady, who laughingly remarked that the rough serge habit weighed less heavily on her shoulders than the elaborate robes of stiff brocade, of which the portrait gallery at Versailles gives us so many samples.

Her renunciation appeared to her contemporaries all the more striking from the contrast between the life that she gave up and that which she embraced. In mediæval times, vocations like hers were of frequent occurrence; numbers of women of princely or royal birth exchanged a Court for a cloister, without exciting the wonder of their friends. In the sceptical and pleasure-loving eighteenth century, a different spirit reigned



among the upper classes; these might have approved that a king's daughter should become the abbess of some royal monastery, where a certain amount of religious practice was gracefully combined with much pomp and splendour, but Madame Louise's absolute renunciation was too thorough to be easily understood.

Hence, the sensation that was, not unnaturally, created by a vocation so unexpected; hence also the interest that after more than one hundred and thirty years is attached to the story of the royal recluse.

Louise Marie was the tenth and youngest daughter of Louis XV. and his Queen, Marie Leckzinska. She was born at Versailles on July 15, 1737, and, except to her mother, her advent into this world gave little pleasure. The birth of a Dauphin in 1739 made the direct succession to the throne apparently safe, and was a cause of universal rejoicing, whereas the births of eight princesses, two of whom died young, were considered as an extra and irksome call upon the impoverished finances of the kingdom.

According to the traditions of the Court, each little princess was provided with a separate household; the baby Louise, for instance, had fifteen servants attached to her small person from the moment of her birth, and the households of her elder sisters were further increased by a number of governesses and ladies in waiting. This complicated and expensive arrangement was particularly objectionable at a moment when the public exchequer was well-nigh empty, and the prime minister, Cardinal Fleury, determined upon a bold stroke of economy. He persuaded the King to break up the households of his youngest daughters and to send the four princesses, with a limited number of attendants, to the royal Abbey of Fontevrault, to be educated with no more pomp than the children of noblemen.

This unprecedented step excited much criticism, but the Cardinal held to his point; the Queen, after shedding a few unavailing tears, gave her consent, and on June 16, 1738, the four children, Victoire, Sophie, Thérèse-Félicité, and Louise, aged respectively five, four, two, and one year, departed for Fontevrault, near Saumur.

The journey lasted thirteen days, and summer was at its height when the little girls reached the noble abbey that lay in the fair and fertile province of Anjou.

It was founded in the thirteenth century by Robert d'Arbrissel, who established two convents, one for men, one for women, with the curious stipulation that the Abbess should govern the monks as well as the nuns.

The holder of this responsible position was, as a matter of course, a woman of princely, or at any rate noble birth, and, if possible, of superior attainments. When the King's daughters were sent to Fontevrault, the Abbess was Louise Françoise de Rochechouart de Vivonne, who, clad in the white habit of her order, welcomed her little guests at the gates of the monastery.

The pride of Fontevrault were its cloisters, where some of the Plantagenet Kings of England, their Queens, and their children slept their last sleep, but the lodgings allotted to *Mesdames de France* lay beyond, close to a terrace overshadowed by chestnut trees. Here, in the *logis Bourbon*, the children spent some happy years, saddened only by the death in 1744 of Madame Thérèse-Félicité, our little heroine's favourite play-mate.

Madame Louise was a quick-tempered, generous, and truthful child; her natural haughtiness seems to have been gently, but firmly repressed by her chief governess, Madame de Soulanges, a Religious whose mental and moral capabilities fitted her for the delicate task of training a king's daughter. The atmosphere of Fontevrault was in all respects healthier than that of Versailles, and though the princesses were surrounded by every care, there seems to have been no fulsome flattery or servile submission among those who served them. Once, petulant and high-spirited Madame Louise, indignant at her maid refusing to obey her, exclaimed: "Am I not the daughter of your King?" "And I, Madame," was the prompt reply, "am I not the daughter of your God?"

The child was by nature straightforward and sincere, willing to acknowledge her failings; after another outburst of pride and self-will she begged her maid's pardon: "You are right; do forgive me."

Madame de Soulanges, while she checked her pupil's faults and developed her nobler instincts, did not neglect to give her the amount of instruction appropriate to her social condition. It has been said that the education bestowed on the daughters of Louis XV. at Fontevrault was so imperfect that Madame Louise at the age of twelve did not know how to read! The letters written by the little princess sufficiently disprove this

assertion ; neither she nor her sisters were learned women, but well informed and well educated. "You know," writes Madame Louise at the age of thirteen, "that I am not lazy. Thank God, that is my least fault," and she seems to have willingly responded to her governess's tuition.

In 1748, at the age of fifteen, Madame Victoire, the eldest of the quartette, was recalled to Versailles, and two years later, in October, 1750, her younger sisters in their turn left Fontevrault, after spending twelve peaceful years in the solemn precincts of the royal abbey.

The journey homewards in the autumn must have been full of interest to the convent-bred princesses ; through the "Garden of France" the slow procession of coaches wended its way : a bevy of ladies of illustrious birth had been sent from Versailles to escort *Mesdames*, and the villagers, amused and interested by the gorgeous aspect of the *cortège*, enthusiastically cheered as it passed.

Along the valley of the Loire, the princesses travelled within sight of the stately Renaissance *châteaux*, around which are gathered so many tragic and splendid memories : Chaumont, Chambord, Amboise, Blois ; at Cléry, near Orléans, they stopped to pay their respects to the time-honoured statue of our Lady ; finally, at Bourron, in the forest of Fontainebleau, they found waiting for them under a gold canopy of yellow and russet leaves, the King, the Dauphin, and their sister Victoire.

The Court where Madame Louise now took her place, and where she was to live for twenty years, presented an appearance of refinement and splendour, beneath which were concealed grave abuses. In spite of his open neglect of his Queen, Louis XV. still retained a hold upon the affection of his people, who, a few years before, had bestowed upon the handsome young sovereign the most ill-deserved surname of *le bien aimé*. Matters assumed a different aspect at a later period, when a series of reverses and the disgraceful squandering of public finances enlightened the nation as to its ruler's real worth ; the King's popularity then rapidly declined, and his surname of the "well-beloved" became a bitter irony.

Madame Louise, when she left Fontevrault, was only a girl of thirteen, and, in consequence, better able to appreciate the external brilliancy and charm of her new life than to penetrate its underlying evils.

The Queen, resigned to her fate, led a colourless, somewhat

solitary existence ; she found her best comfort in practices of devotion and charity, and her chief pleasure in the society of a few chosen friends. These men and women were wanting neither in culture nor intelligence, and professed for their royal mistress a devotedness that her kindness of heart and dignified patience well deserved.

Her daughters, whose lives, although fenced in by the hard and fast rules of Court etiquette, were in a certain measure mingled with her own, remained unmarried, except the eldest, who, in 1739, became the wife of Philip, Infant of Spain and Duke of Parma. *Madame Infante*, whose coarse features and florid colouring even Nattier's courtly brush failed to beautify, seems never to have taken root in her tiny Italian duchy. She returned to Versailles on long visits, and died there of small-pox in 1759.

Of her five unmarried sisters Madame Henriette was gentle, serious-minded, deeply religious ; Madame Adelaide, handsome and clever, but domineering and ambitious ; Madame Victoire, fair and graceful, kind-hearted and easy going ; Madame Sophie, plain and shy. The very distinct personality of Madame Louise, the youngest of the sisterhood, stands out with peculiar vividness ; she seems to have combined Henriette's piety, Victoire's kind-heartedness, and Adelaide's love of outdoor sports and amusements. Her gay, good humour carried her safely over the shoals and pitfalls that lay under the dazzling surface of Court life, and prevented the unhealthy and uncongenial atmosphere from tainting her soul or narrowing her mind.

She was not handsome, scarcely pretty, but "nothing can be pleasanter than *la petite*," wrote her mother, to whom her daughter's portrait gave unfeigned pleasure when, in 1747, Louis XV. sent Nattier to Fontevault to paint the little princesses as a surprise for the Queen. As a girl and a woman, Madame Louise kept the promise of her childhood. She had a bad figure, an expressive, pleasant, intelligent countenance, full of life and eagerness. She was clever and courageous ; having nothing about her of Madame Sophie's shyness, she willingly acted as spokeswoman on behalf of her sisters when the occasion required it. As became a daughter of the Bourbons, in whom love of sport was an inherited taste, she loved hunting, and was a bold and skilful horsewoman. On one occasion when hunting in the forest of Compiègne she was thrown from her horse, but to the admiration and dismay of her attendants she insisted on remounting immediately, and rode back to the *château*.

She was neither sentimental nor imaginative, simply a bright, healthy-minded, active, and energetic girl, who took part with the simplicity and eagerness of youth in the pleasures that life at Versailles naturally presented to a convent-bred princess. But her enjoyment in her surroundings never interfered with the devotional practices that, when once adopted, formed part of her every-day life, and were never, under any pretence, sacrificed to more mundane occupations. "I not only love my daughter Louise, I respect her," often said the Queen, who delighted in this happy combination of natural enjoyment with deep-seated piety.

The wearisome rules of Court etiquette, that in after-years were to weigh more heavily on her shoulders, sat lightly on Madame Louise in the first flush of her youth, before experience had taught her its stern lessons and death had narrowed her family circle. Within the gorgeous precincts of the Court, the Queen and her children formed a small coterie which, during some years, was not devoid of brightness. Marie Leckzinska's gentle and passive resignation kept at bay the rebellious feelings that their mother's grievances might have suggested to her children. The princesses were young, and so far the artificial atmosphere of Versailles had not quenched their spirits or distorted their minds. To this circle belonged the Dauphin and his wife, a Saxon princess, whose sound good sense and sterling worth harmonized with her husband's views and principles. Louis XV., an indulgent parent when his daughters were concerned, was ill at ease with his heir, whose character and conduct seemed a perpetual reproach, and whom he carefully excluded from any share of political influence. Thrown on his own resources, the Dauphin turned his attention to military matters, on which he was an authority, and to the careful training of his four sons, three of whom were eventually to wear the crown.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately for these royal boys, neither the Dauphin nor his wife lived to complete a task for which both were pre-eminently fitted.

Thus passed the first few years of our heroine's Court life; like all noble souls, she only gave the true measure of her worth when touched by misfortune's hand; as long as her happy family circle remained unbroken she seemed to experience no craving for a fuller, more perfect life; it needed the voids

<sup>1</sup> Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X.

created by death to make her realize the weary emptiness of her splendid surroundings. After this weariness came a keen realization of her father's errors and, as a consequence, an ardent wish to expiate them ; but this feeling, the keynote of her religious vocation, only developed later. Seldom indeed was a vocation more carefully studied, more deliberately fostered and prepared than hers, but when, after years of thought her resolve was made, seldom was a decision so important carried out with such matter-of-fact simplicity.

The first break in Madame Louise's home circle was caused by the death of her sister Henriette, in 1752 : "To me she was a beautiful example, she lived like a saint." Such was the testimony rendered by the future Carmelite to the young princess, who at the early age of twenty-four seems to have attained a rare degree of perfection. Then, in 1759, died *Madame Infante*, less saintly, but endeared to her sisters by ties of blood and of close companionship. After her, the Dauphin's eldest son, the little Duke of Burgundy, was carried off by a disease that in these modern days might probably have been arrested by skilful surgery. A portrait in the *salles des Nattier* of this sturdy little prince, whose premature death was looked upon as a national calamity, pictures a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, bearing a strong likeness to his Saxon mother. He was unusually gifted, and had, says the memoirs of the time, "a royal soul ;" haughty and overbearing, but singularly generous and brave. It is a curious symptom of the habits of thought of the contradictory and puzzling eighteenth century that the boy's death was spoken of before him as though he had been a grown man instead of a mere child. He was kept informed of the progress of his disease, exhorted to make the sacrifice of his life ; even his devoted tutor, Mgr. du Coetlosquet, addressed to him as he lay dying a sermon on the text, "My kingdom is not of this world" !

One wonders whether, had this energetic and intelligent child lived to wear the crown instead of his younger brother, Louis XVI., the destinies of France might have been modified ! It is at any rate certain that the death of the Dauphin, who, in 1765, followed his eldest son to the grave, hastened the progress of the Revolution, that a quarter of a century later was to sweep away the ancient French monarchy. The Dauphiness, Maria Josepha of Saxony, was the next taken ; she died in 1767, at the early age of thirty-five, leaving five little children, to whom

her wise tenderness and enlightened care were of untold value in the midst of that corrupt and careless Court.

Marie Leckzinska's heart was broken by the loss of her only son, the pride and comfort of her shadowed life ; when she lay dangerously ill and the physicians surrounded her with suggestions of new remedies, " If you wish to cure me," said the dying Queen, " give me back my son."

This last blow, that fell upon her in 1768, broke up the happy circle in the midst of which Madame Louise was led to forget the artificial atmosphere so contrary to her frank and joyous nature.

About the same time other influences contributed to ripen and develop the graver tendencies of her mind. In after-years, when reviewing the different stages through which her religious vocation had passed, she alluded to a ceremony that took place in 1751 as the starting point of her call to the Carmelite Order.

The heroine of the ceremony was a woman, young, beautiful and wealthy, the Comtesse de Rupelmonde, who, having lost her husband and her only child, entered the Carmelite convent of the Rue de Grenôlle, in Paris. The Queen, to whose person Madame de Rupelmonde had been attached as lady in waiting, was present on the occasion, accompanied by her youngest daughter. The sight of the new Religious, a woman who, barely thirty years of age, smilingly put aside all the good things of this world, seemed to fascinate Madame Louise. She asked to visit the monastery, and so evident was the interest that she took in all the details of the nun's life that the Prioress laughingly observed : " One might almost believe that Madame means to become a daughter of St. Teresa." " Why not," was the reply, " if the daughters of St. Teresa are so happy."

This vivid impression was deepened and strengthened by the princess's intercourse with the Carmelites of Compiègne, during the yearly visits paid by the Court to the *château* that, lying on the borders of the royal forest, was, during the last century, the favourite residence of Napoleon III.

The Carmelites of Compiègne have lately been brought prominently before the Catholic world : sixteen of these holy Religious, who were beheaded for the Faith during the Reign of Terror, were beatified by Pope Pius X. in May, 1906. Some of these future martyrs were already members of the community when Queen Marie Leckzinska and her daughters visited the convent ; indeed, one of them, Sœur Euphrasie Brard, was a

special favourite with the Queen, who delighted in her quaint humour.

Madame Louise in after-years often talked of these visits with the nuns of St. Denis, adding, with a smile, that unconsciously the Queen contributed more than any one to develop her religious vocation. Several volumes of *Meditations*, written by her own hand and published after her death, give us the daily history of the workings of her mind as day by day she neared the goal towards which Providence was leading her. It has been noticed that St. Ignatius' famous book, the *Spiritual Exercises*, reflects the military spirit of the soldier Saint of Loyola, so the *Meditations* of the royal daughter of France bear the impress of her splendid and ceremonious surroundings. They contain frequent allusions to the grandeurs of this world, to the strict obligations incumbent on those in high places to give good example to their inferiors, and the like.

There is not much mysticism about these outpourings of a mind that was above all practical, lucid, and sincere, but a leading thought gradually dominated the writer: that of making her life an expiation for her father's sins. The glamour with which youth had once invested her surroundings gradually faded as time went on, and Madame Louise, as she grew older, realized the perils and abuses that were slowly sapping the very foundations of the throne. The crushing expenses entailed upon the country by the Seven Years' War, the defeat of the French armies at Rosbach, the loss of Canada, and, within the kingdom, the expulsion of the Society of Jesus, increased the misery and discontent of the people on the one hand, and on the other proclaimed the triumph of the philosophical and free-thinking party. Contrary to her usual habits, Marie Leckzinska, for once, interfered in politics on behalf of the Jesuits, but her mediation was ignored, and Madame Louise, her mother's confidant, was able to measure the strength of the evil influences that swept along Louis XV. in their onward course. In 1762, she was then twenty-five years old, the princess made her will, and expressed her desire to be buried in the habit of St. Teresa, a circumstance that proves, not indeed that her vocation was ripe, but that her affection for the Order had taken shape; then came the Queen's death, and from that moment the incipient vocation of her youngest daughter becomes more clearly defined: "I have compared the state of a princess to the state of a Carmelite," she wrote, "and I have decided that the state of a Carmelite is the best."



Quietly she began, under pretence of observing a medical *régime*, to live on dry bread, to the dismay of her *chef*, who complained somewhat bitterly that his mistress disdained his most appetizing creations. Under her robes of silk and damask she wore a rough serge tunic, given to her by the Prioress of Compiègne, and when her attendants marvelled at this unusual adjunct to her apparel, she assured them that it was efficacious in curing rheumatism! The *Rule of St. Teresa* was the subject of her constant study; she kept the precious volume in a small box, the key of which never left her person, and with the practical precision that characterized her she carefully examined every item of the rule of life that she wished to embrace.

Madame Louise's chief confidant was the Archbishop of Paris, Christophe de Beaumont, the most eminent prelate of his day. He alone, besides the princess's confessor, was acquainted with her resolve to become a nun and with her final choice of the Order of St. Teresa. At first, she seems to have vaguely thought of Fontevrault, endeared to her by the memories of her happy childish days, but her sacrifice to be acceptable must, she thought, be as complete as possible, and life among the white-robed Religious of the royal abbey was soft when compared to the austerities of the Carmel.

In spite of his indifference and immorality, Louis XV. was, as regards his daughters, indulgent and even affectionate, and in his intercourse with them there was none of that latent hostility that had marked his attitude towards his heir.

Madame Louise, when she finally made up her mind, resolved to apprise him of the fact, but, unwilling to inflict the blow herself, she begged the Archbishop, her counsellor and confidant, to acquaint the King with a decision which was the outcome of long years of meditation, prayer, and self-examination.

Mgr. de Beaumont discharged his commission in January, 1770; the King's surprise was great and, to do him justice, his emotion seemed sincere as, clasping his forehead with both hands, he exclaimed: "*C'est cruel, c'est cruel!*" However," he added, "if God asks for her, I cannot refuse her; I will give you my answer in a fortnight."

On the 18th of February, Louis XV. wrote to his daughter giving her the desired permission and, immediately, Madame Louise sent for the Abbé Bertin, who was ecclesiastical Superior of the Carmelites of St. Denis; she learnt from him what she already suspected, that the monastery was extremely

poor, so poor indeed that the nuns had just finished a novena to our Lady, to implore her assistance in their pressing necessities.

This determined the princess's choice and, without further hesitation, she quietly made her final preparations; she provided for the welfare of her servants and secured a written promise from her father that her intentions in this respect should be carried out.

Meantime, the Abbé Bertin went to St. Denis, and much to the surprise of the simple-minded nuns, made certain arrangements within the monastery; the community, from motives of economy, only drank cider; he ordered them to buy some wine, and he had a rope placed to serve as a bannister along the steep and narrow staircase of the convent. The Superioress timidly remonstrated, pointing out that these expenses were useless, but her observations were put aside without further explanations; even the community that she was about to join was to know nothing of the princess's jealously-guarded secret.

Her sisters were equally ignorant of the impending change, and it speaks volumes for our heroine's power of self-control that she was able to keep an unmoved countenance before her family and the world at large.

On the 11th of April, 1770, at daybreak, a royal carriage, which the princess had ordered the previous day, stood at the entrance of the palace. Madame Louise had informed her lady in waiting, the Princess de Ghistelles, and her gentleman in attendance, M. de Quincerot, that as she intended to go to St. Denis she required their company, but desired no other escort. The fact that the late Queen was buried in the royal basilica seemed to explain her youngest daughter's visit, and her command excited no surprise.

Thus, on that fair spring morning, when the stately palace, the park, and woods were bathed in silence, did Louise de Bourbon bid adieu to her royal surroundings! She took the step alone and in silence; no loving sisters were there to weep over her departure, no faithful dependants to marvel at the renunciation of the daughter of kings! *Mesdames* slept quietly under their damask hangings while, pale, quiet, self-controlled, the princess crossed the great courtyard and drove away for ever from her home.

Those who are acquainted with the western environs of Paris can easily trace the royal traveller's progress during that eventful morning. At Sèvres she changed horses, then pursued

her way along the Bois de Boulogne, in those days a royal forest. At Clichy she again changed horses, and finally reached St. Denis, where on entering the town she ordered her coachman to drive to the Carmelite convent, not to the abbey where the Kings of France have for centuries slept their last sleep. At St. Denis, as at Versailles, no one, except the Abbé Bertin, knew of the princess's decision, indeed the portress at first declined to open to her. Finally, *Madame*, by right of her rank as a daughter of the royal house, was permitted to enter the enclosure. Before speaking to the nuns, who, all unconscious of her arrival, were pursuing their usual quiet routine, she went straight to the parlour and, standing herself *within* the iron grating, she summoned her attendants, who, perplexed and alarmed at their mistress's conduct, had remained outside. In a few words she informed them that they must return without her, that she intended to stay in the convent. The Princess de Ghistelles fainted, M. de Quincerot expostulated and protested until Madame Louise produced a paper in the King's handwriting authorizing her to remain at the monastery. Even the wrathful *écuyer* had to yield at the sight of the momentous scrap of paper that discharged him from his responsibility, and, with the weeping lady in waiting, he reluctantly turned his back on the poor home that his royal mistress had chosen to make her own.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

## *St. Bernardine of Siena in Art.*

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IN purely religious art of the *quattrocento* there is no figure of saint more memorable and more appealing than that of the great friar-preacher of the Franciscan Order, St. Bernardine of Siena. Not St. Francis bearing upon him the marks of the Stigmata, not the boyish St. Antony in adoration before the Divine Child, were to the painters of that age themes more inspiring than the pale ascetic preacher bearing in his hands the sacred monogram of Him whose name he invoked throughout the length and breadth of Northern Italy. Visitors to Siena, and more especially visitors to the delightful exhibition of ancient Sienese art held three years ago in the Palazzo Comunale, need hardly be reminded how prominent a figure the Saint has been in the art of his native city. Over and over again, in fresco, in altar-piece, in early wood-engravings, we find the familiar form of the aged friar, tall and gaunt in his Franciscan habit, with shaven head and toothless jaw and wide sunken eyes illuminated by an expression of such appealing tenderness, such glowing spirituality that all trace of austerity is obliterated. It is thus, with greater or less skill, that St. Bernardine is portrayed not only by many a forgotten artist of the later Sienese School, but by men such as Vecchietta, to whom is attributed an authentic portrait, by Neroccio di Landi, one of the greatest masters of Renaissance Siena, and above all by Sano di Pietro, most tender and mystical of painters, who seemingly never wearied of reproducing the familiar features of the great Saint who shares with St. Catherine the homage of the hill city. And if Sodoma himself—who, after studying in the school of Leonardo, spent his most prolific years in Siena—was less markedly inspired by the popular preacher than when he painted St. Catherine in ecstasy for the great brick church of St. Dominic on the hill above Fontebranda, the little Oratory of St. Bernardine, under the shadow of San Francesco, is none the less a worthy shrine to the memory of Siena's greatest Franciscan son. In executing

the series of frescoes and decorative designs with which walls and ceiling are covered, Sodoma had the assistance of Pacchia and Beccafumi, and it is to the former that we owe one of the most beautiful and dignified presentments of the Saint that have come down to us.

Nor must it be assumed that the personality of Bernardine appealed only to the artists of his native city. In Umbria he was scarcely less beloved than in Tuscany, and Umbrian artists from Alunno onwards have delighted to do him honour. It was he who inspired that enchanting series of panels by Perugino's master, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, in which are depicted with an indescribable gaiety and sprightliness certain miracles for which the Saint was held in renown, a series constituting one of the treasures of the Perugia gallery. At Perugia, as at Siena, he has his Oratory, the *façade* decorated with exquisite tinted bas-reliefs by Agostino Ducci. But it was reserved to Pinturicchio, in one of his happiest, most mystical moods, to paint what is, in my opinion, the most perfect pictorial monument to the preacher in existence, his "Glorification" in the little chapel of the Ara Coeli church in Rome. Neglected as these frescoes are, damaged alike by time and restoration, they remain an incomparable expression of the popular veneration that St. Bernardine aroused in almost as high a degree as did the *poverello* of Assisi himself. The dignified figures of the three Franciscan saints admirably posed in the spacious landscape, the lovely floating angels, the pale luminous atmosphere, all combine to reveal an artist of far deeper religious emotion than one would have anticipated in the gay and courtly decorator of the Siena Library. And, once again, it was St. Bernardine who was the inspiration. We may well ask ourselves, in the face of a popularity so widespread, who this Bernardine was, why his influence was so potent, and how his personality was brought home to so many of the great artists of his century.

In his Preface to the Life of the Saint, M. Paul Thureau-Dangin,<sup>1</sup> to whom I am indebted for much of my information, points out very truly that whereas a marvellous artistic creativeness in art and in literature, founded on a passion for classical models, has overshadowed every other characteristic of the period known to us loosely as that of the Italian Renaissance, there existed, in direct antagonism to this seemingly

<sup>1</sup> *St. Bernardin de Sienne* (Pion, Paris). This work has been translated into English by Baroness G. von Hügel (Dent, 1896), price 4s. 6d.

pagan tendency, an opposing current of sanctity and asceticism, exemplified not only in the austere figure of Savonarola in Florence, but, at a somewhat earlier date, by saints and preachers of the Franciscan Order scattered throughout the peninsula. It is to this group of reformers within the Church that St. Bernardine belongs, a set of men stern indeed in their denunciations of sin and vice, worn and emaciated by their own penitential practices, but, in their outlook on life and in their relations with others softened by some measure of the tenderness of their seraphic founder, and touched with that spirit of holy joy which, in a special sense, it has been the privilege of the Franciscan Order to foster. Thus, in a very real way, they were the friends of the poor and the outcast, sharing in their life, participating in their sufferings, and leading them back to the fold less by the horrors of Hell than by the compelling power of Christ's love for man.

Bernardine then was of the people, a mendicant friar, a wandering preacher, trudging from town to town, gathering his congregations now in the churches, now in the open piazza, much as the Salvation Army gathers them to-day. His sermons were emphatically evangelical and hortatory; he came to preach Christ crucified, to urge evil doers of every rank to repentance, to change men's hearts and reform men's lives by the power of the Holy Name that was for ever upon his lips. In an age and a land characterized by the ferocity of its enmities and the recklessness of its law-breakers it was his special mission to teach afresh the ideal of Christian charity, to heal dissensions and reconcile family feuds and compel adversaries to exchange the kiss of peace. That his success was phenomenal we know from abundant contemporary sources.

It is in keeping with those frequent and vivid contrasts which impress every student as characteristic of mediæval history that it should have been precisely Siena to produce this peace-bringing Saint. For Siena, throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, shared with Perugia an unholy pre-eminence in violence of faction-strife and frequency of murder and massacre, a state of things testified to even to-day by the sombre palaces of that period, with rare, heavily-grilled windows high up in the walls that face the narrow streets, palaces built not for comfort but for safety. Yet just as Perugia was to be the centre of the most purely religious school of painting that even Italy has produced, so Siena could boast not a few of her citizens among

the saints and *beati* of the Church. Bernardine was no unique example of sanctity. In the very year (1380) in which he was born Catherine of Siena died, and she herself was born but a few months before the city was decimated by that terrible visitation of the Black Death which brought Blessed Bernard Tolomei and his monks from their austere retreat on Monte Oliveto to the assistance of the unhappy city from whose luxury and temptations they had fled in the days of her prosperity. No true appreciation of the social condition of the Italian cities can be arrived at without taking into account the alternating phases of religious fervour and wild lawlessness through which not only individuals but whole towns seem to have passed. And the recurrent periods of penance and restitution were in many instances due to the preaching and example of the mendicant Orders, Dominican or Franciscan, whose hold on the people is a factor of considerable significance. They preached "revivals" on a large scale, at once more widespread in their influence and more lasting in their effects than the modern variety with which we are familiar. When the revival preacher happened to be a saint the results were such as no man can estimate.

Bernardine's preaching was the practical outcome of fifteen years of prayer and silence within the seclusion of his Order. He was Guardian of the humble little friary of the strict observance that still crowns the rock above Fiesole, and which owed its origin to a similar movement of conventual reform as that which endowed the Dominicans with the more celebrated monastery on the slope of the hill, when, in 1417, the divine call to missionary preaching came to him. He at once prepared to obey. There followed, until his retirement to Capriola, another fifteen years of almost daily preaching and travelling, years of ceaseless and exhausting labour. The humble *début* of the then unknown friar was made at Milan, under the rule of the last of the Visconti, and after his second Lent the fame of "the good little friar, so miserably clad," to quote the words of an early admirer, was fully established. All Lombardy clamoured to hear him, and within the next few years he gave missions in all the large towns, Bergamo, Como, Brescia, Mantua, Cremona, besides preaching in the innumerable villages through which he passed on foot. Later he visited Venice, Verona, Ferrara, and so to Bologna and Florence; thence home to his native Siena. His custom was to preach daily, soon after Mass, and his sermons lasted three or four hours. Whole populations would

flock to hear him, and country-folk would stream into town before dawn so as to secure at least standing room. For such congregations even the great churches that the Franciscans, like the Dominicans, had built in many towns with vast empty naves for the very purpose of facilitating popular preaching, were wholly inadequate, and many of his sermons had to be delivered in the open air. Sometimes when the peasants were at work all day he would preach to them through the night, and even then his sermons were, according to modern ideas, of excessive length. Yet we are told by an eye-witness that everywhere and at all times he was listened to with "inconceivable attention."

One great secret of his success was the skill with which he suited his sermons to the needs of his hearers. In Lombardy, his first aim was to reconcile Guelf and Ghibelline, divided from each other by a blind hatred that had passed down from father to son; in Venice he denounced usury and immorality, at Ferrara luxury of living and immodesty in dress. At Bologna he won the people over from their besetting sin of card-playing and gambling with such effect that the last days of Lent saw a blazing bonfire into which dice and playing-cards were flung. Similar scenes were enacted at Florence, where Bernardine would seem to have inaugurated a reform that Savonarola was to pursue half a century later. As the result of his sermons in Santa Croce against the prevailing vices of that pleasure-loving city, women brought their false hair and all the objects of their personal adornment and burnt them in public. One wonders how fastidious modern congregations would respond to such blunt denunciations of popular weaknesses, such candid handling of difficult questions. Doubtless even in Bernardine's day there was a scoffing and scandalized minority, but the protesting voices have long since been stifled by the overwhelming evidence of the widespread spiritual awakening wrought by the burning words of the "good little friar."

It is easy for us to reconstruct the scene of the Saint's preaching in his native Siena, to which his return at the height of his public career was welcomed with civic honours and a widespread curiosity. The tall Torre della Mangia and the Palazzo Comunale with its stately Gothic *façade* still exist as in Bernardine's day, and before them lies the world-famous Campo in its beautiful shell-like curves across which has swept the whole history of the city. Here, in a pulpit erected against the wall of the palace, Bernardine preached daily for fifty days,



having first celebrated Mass. Every detail of the occurrence is supplied to us by no less an artist than Sano di Pietro in a painting preserved in the *Duomo* chapter-house, where we see the emaciated preacher holding aloft a square tablet bearing the Holy Name, the civic authorities in a reserved space, and the Campo filled with a crowd of kneeling listeners, the white-veiled women to the left, the men to the right. Among the young men on one such occasion was the gifted humanist Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini, whose adventurous career, culminating in the papal throne, is so delightfully chronicled on the walls of the *Duomo* library, and Aeneas records that his emotion was so great at the preacher's words that he almost became a friar himself. Nor was he unmindful of this early favourable impression, and in later years showed himself a protector of the strict observance which was to flourish so marvellously under the guiding hand of Bernardine.

Nothing is more difficult than to test in after-years the value of preaching. Written sermons are usually dull reading, and the spell of voice and personality once lost, it becomes well-nigh impossible to account for the extent or cause of a great preacher's influence. Little light is thrown on the problem in the present instance by the five volumes of sermons in Latin that have come down to us, for obviously they contain merely the groundwork of discourses delivered in the colloquial Italian of the *quattrocento*, and often indeed, as the preacher himself has assured us, in the dialect of the district in which he found himself. Much more can be inferred from a series of forty-five *Prediche Volgari*, whose preservation we owe to the zeal of a Sienese admirer, and which may be assumed to have been delivered more or less as they have been recorded, always pre-supposing that the scribe was familiar with some efficient form of shorthand. From them, at least, we gain an impression of Bernardine's vivid colloquial oratory, his apposite anecdotes, his caustic comments, his power of taking his hearers at one moment at their own level, at another of lifting them up into high spiritual regions. Yet even after studying the selected passages from the *Prediche* with which M. Thureau-Dangin has supplied his readers, we should fall far short in our estimate of Bernardine's powers of that which was clearly current among his contemporaries, were it not for the historical evidence of the results achieved by his preaching. We know how he, and he alone, possessed the power to make peace between the rival

factions of his own city, and how on one occasion (1431), he was sent for in all haste when war against Florence appeared imminent, and prevailed on his fellow-townsmen to lay down their arms. We know the surprising impetus given by him to the convents of the strict observance, and the galaxy of Franciscan saints he inspired and trained: St. John Capistran, St. James of the Marches, Blessed Albert of Sarteano, Blessed Bernardine of Feltre, and others less known to fame. Finally, we know how, when he was summoned to Rome as a "sower of scandal and superstition" by his advocacy of devotion to the Name of Jesus, Martin V. and the papal Court had but to hear the teaching of Bernardine from his own lips in order to be wholly convinced—in spite of earlier prejudices—of the mystical beauty and entire orthodoxy of his doctrine. Doubtless his oratorical gifts counted for much in all this, but I am inclined to believe that his sanctity counted for infinitely more. And it was by the intensity of his own personal love of our Lord, and by the correspondence of his own daily life with that which he preached to others, far more than by any flights of pulpit eloquence that he accomplished what was the crowning work of his life, propagation of devotion to the Holy Name. The Name of Jesus was never absent from his lips; the sacred monogram, inscribed on a tablet and surrounded with golden rays, was always in his hands, always held aloft before men's eyes during his sermons. Taught as Bernardine taught it, the I.H.S. became the symbol of a renewed and purified Christianity, and men placed it upon their houses, and carried it on their persons as a testimony to that change of heart and reformation of life on which they had entered at the preacher's bidding. In many towns the tablets bequeathed by Bernardine became objects of the deepest veneration, and in his native Siena the symbol has adorned the *façade* of the Palazzo Comunale from that day to this. The devotion not only spread throughout Italy with extraordinary rapidity, but was carried across the Alps by Franciscan friars, so that even in the lifetime of our Saint, St. Colette, urging the reform of the Poor Clares, took the Name of Jesus as the sign manual of her mission, and Joan of Arc, as all will remember, refused to go into battle save carrying a banner on which it was inscribed.

It was precisely this devotion, appealing so powerfully to the popular imagination, which became translated into the popular religious art of the time. To the painters of the

*quattrocento* Bernardine stood as the type of devotion to the Name of Jesus. What her wheel is to St. Catherine, or the gridiron to St. Laurence, so is the I.H.S. to the friar preacher, as much an integral part of him as his Franciscan habit or his long pointed chin ; and taking it for granted that devotion to the Holy Name was but the outward expression of a personal love of our Lord, a love which is the bed-rock of Catholic faith, it follows that the unquestionable popularity of St. Bernardine among artists was not a mere casual preference for a picturesque personality, but the expression in art of what was one of the strongest spiritual influences of the fifteenth century. And here we find the answer to the questions with which we began. In the treatment of St. Bernardine as an artistic theme we have what has long seemed to me an admirable illustration of the intimate relations that existed in his day between religion and art, and between both religion and art and the daily life of the common people. To-day art has no relation to the common life of the people ; it is a luxury of the rich, a product of the select few. There appears to be scarcely any common ground on which art and religion can meet, and no available medium by which the spiritual ideals of the people, where they exist, can find expression through art. That things were far otherwise in the centuries preceding the Renaissance we know, and the life of Bernardine of Siena is typical of a social state which, with all its admitted evils, possessed valuable possibilities of spiritual growth, not the least of which was this spontaneous visualizing of the purest idealism of the people in fresco and altar-piece.

VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.

## *Further Light on Oates's Plot.*

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IN January the Historical Manuscripts Commission issued a volume containing matters of interest to students of the Popish Plot.<sup>1</sup> The chief interest lies in the letters of Sir Robert Southwell, Clerk to the Privy Council, to the Duke of Ormonde, written in the years 1677 to February, 1679—1680, when he ceased to hold the appointment. The nature and value of the letters is fairly set out in the carefully-written Introduction, for which we are indebted to Mr. C. Litton Falkiner :

From October, 1678, onwards, Sir Robert's letters are almost exclusively filled with details of Oates' Plot and the proceedings in connection therewith, both at the Privy Council and in Parliament. So much [says Mr. Falkiner] has been written of late years on the subject of the Plot that there is no occasion to summarize here the incidents which the correspondence now printed presents with so much detail. It cannot be said that the letters contain any new facts which sensibly modify the view which history has long since passed on the Plot and all connected with it. They do not afford, for example, any fresh clue to the mystery of the death of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, whose fate has quite recently been made the subject of careful investigation by more than one writer. But students of the period will find that Sir Robert Southwell's comments on the developments of Oates' accusations as they were unfolded from day to day do much to illuminate one of the most extraordinary episodes in the history of English politics.

And the details here given come from a man of high character, in a high position, knowing at first hand all that was going on. Of the existence of "a most hellish design against the life of His Majesty," Southwell was, at least in January, 1678-9, "as convinced as of his creed." Charles has been often, but perhaps unjustly, blamed for not exercising the Crown's prerogative of pardon in favour of the victims of the conspiracy.

<sup>1</sup> *Calendar of the Manuscripts of the Marquess of Ormonde, K.P., preserved at Kilkenny Castle.* New Series, vol. iv.

Here is a passage showing once more how reluctant was his consent to executions demanded by almost the entire country :

Mr. Speaker told him frankly how universal an expectation was fixed upon the execution of Ireland, Grove, and Pickering, who are condemned. But His Majesty did, on the other side, manifest wonderful reluctance thereunto—that he had no manner of satisfaction in the truth of the evidence, but rather of its falsehood, and that when they were so busy in revenging the innocent blood of Godfrey, it was hard for him to consent to the shedding of more : and that he well remembered what his father suffered for consenting to the Earl of Strafford's death. Most of the Board did labour with His Majesty to show the disparity of the cases, the ill-grounded scruple His Majesty had taken, and that the evidence and trial were much fairer than His Majesty had been told, and that he could not be answerable for any wrong done or innocent blood shed, but it lay upon the witnesses and jury, if such a thing could be thought of in this case. None laboured herein more vigorously than the Lord Treasurer, Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Lauderdale, who, it seems, had in private done their uttermost before. At last it was ordered that when the Judges come on Friday, so many of them as sat upon that trial are to inform His Majesty how the proofs appeared. And the Bishops that are of the Board are then to be present and to assist His Majesty as to the point of conscience in this matter.

In another passage we see how great was the danger run by Pepys through the false accusations of "one Colonel Scott . . . a great rambler in the world and of very ill fame." To Sir Robert Southwell it appeared that Pepys, "however prepared, must certainly be destroyed."

The detailed information given by the Clerk of the Council has a direct bearing upon one point. In the whole story of the supposed murder of Godfrey, nothing is more strange than the shifting of the supposed scene of the crime. Bedloe, the first "discoverer"—rewarded for his discovery with £500—placed the murder in the Upper Court of Somerset House, where the Queen was in residence at the time. The choice of Somerset House by Bedloe, probably acting in concert with Oates, is easily understood : as the Queen's residence, Somerset House might be regarded as the headquarters of the Catholics. There was also, with another object, a fixed plan of implicating the Queen in the supposed murder. Bedloe's deposition was made on November 7th. On December 21st, Prance was arrested by Bedloe, and induced to make "discoveries," to which,

after retracting them, he finally adhered. The stories told by the two men are contradictory in almost every single point. In particular, the scene of the murder was changed by Prance from the Upper Court of Somerset House to Somerset Water Gate, or Yard, a frequented passage leading to a landing-place on the Thames. Prance could as easily have been tutored to name the Upper Court as the Water Gate. The one story was as improbable, not to say as impossible, as the other: then why the change? The reason for the change has been supposed to be a fact alleged by James II. in his *Memoirs*: Bedloe

made a long narration of the manner which amazed the people at first, but upon recollection the King remembered he was at Somerset House himself at the very time he swore the murder was committed. This made His Majesty doubt the truth of what he said, and to send the Duke of Monmouth with Bedloe to Somerset House to show him upon the place where everything had passed. When the Duke of Monmouth returned, he told the King the room where Bedloe said he saw the body lie, was the Queen's backstairs which, being the common passage for all the Queen's servants, the place through which her meat was carried, and where the footmen constantly waited, confirmed the King in the belief of its being all a fiction: besides, his having been there at that time himself, made it impossible that a man should be assaulted in the Court, murdered, and hurried into the back-stairs, when there was a sentry at every door, a foot company on the guard, and yet nobody see or knew anything of it.

Since I quoted this passage in my book, *Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?*<sup>1</sup>, I have seen that the point is not free from difficulty. Godfrey disappeared on Saturday, October 12, 1678, and was supposed to be murdered on the same day. Now, it is on record that the King went to Newmarket on Tuesday, October 1st.<sup>2</sup> The sentinels who gave evidence in the trial of Green, Berry, and Hill, fixed their recollection of the night on which the body was supposed to be removed (Wednesday, the 16th), by saying that it was the night the King came from Newmarket.<sup>3</sup> It is notorious that the reports of these trials, revised by the Crown lawyers, are to be regarded with caution, even with suspicion, but no reason is apparent for doubting about these dates. Indirect confirmation of them is found in the manuscript records of the Privy Council, which I was allowed to inspect. The King was present at a meeting of

<sup>1</sup> P. 61.<sup>2</sup> *State Trials*, vii. 30.<sup>3</sup> *State Trials*, vii. 207, 208, 209.

the Council on September 30th, absent from meetings held on October 4th and 11th, and again present at the Council of the 16th. That the soldiers were right in the date of the King's return from Newmarket is proved by letters in the present volume, the writers being Sir H. Coventry and Sir Robert Southwell.<sup>1</sup>

If James is right, then Charles, who had gone to Newmarket on the 1st, must have returned to London on or before the 13th, gone again to Newmarket, and finally returned to London on the 16th. That the King should have been in London on Saturday night, have returned to Newmarket and again been in London on the following Wednesday is quite possible. Newmarket is distant from London by road sixty miles. The journey was frequently made in a day. In June, 1670, Evelyn went from London to Burrow-Green, five and a half miles south of Newmarket, in a day.<sup>2</sup> On October 10, 1671, he went to Newmarket in a coach and six, changing horses thrice, "so by night we got to Newmarket."<sup>3</sup> Pepys mentions that in March, 1668, the King set out for Newmarket at three o'clock:<sup>4</sup> in April, 1669, "betimes."<sup>5</sup> On September 26, 1671, he started at about four o'clock.<sup>6</sup> These early hours show that the journey was to be completed in the day. If the King left London on the morning of Sunday the 13th he would arrive in Newmarket in the evening. When the disappearance of Godfrey became known, and it was said that he had been murdered by Catholics, there was great excitement. Charles had already been blamed for going to Newmarket on the 1st. His absence would now be much more serious. A messenger despatched on Monday to recall him would reach Newmarket on Monday night, giving ample time for the King's return by Wednesday.

But though the movements detailed are not impossible, they are extremely improbable. It is not to be supposed that so singular an event as the King's sudden return and departure would have escaped the minute observation recorded in these pages. But more than this, Sir Robert Southwell expressly refers to "the King's absence at Newmarket" at this very time.<sup>7</sup> We must therefore conclude that the King's recollection or

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 217—459.

<sup>2</sup> *Diary*, edit. 1850, ii. 47.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 63.

<sup>4</sup> Edit. Wheatley, viii. 252.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* viii. 307.

<sup>6</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm.* rep. 12, app. 7, p. 84.

<sup>7</sup> P. 468.

James's record of it was mistaken. The passage to which reference has just been made runs thus :

Bedloe went with these Lords [the Earl of Ossory, Lord Clarendon and Lord Gerard] and showed them the place where he saw the dead body lie, which it seems is a lobby or place for servants to attend in. And this being done while the Queen was there at Somerset House for many days during the King's absence at Newmarket, the Queen's servants deride the whole story as a falsehood and impossible thing, and accuse this man for a notorious robber and highwayman.

This is dated November 9, showing that Bedloe's character was known at the outset.

The probability seems to be that, wildly improbable as the story of the murder in Somerset Water Gate was, it appeared less impossible than that which assigned the murder to the courtyard of the Queen's palace. At all events it served its purpose: in spite of its improbability, in spite of the violent contradictions between Bedloe and Prance, it sufficed to hang three innocent men.

ALFRED MARKS.



*Lois.*

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

### NO HEALING.

KATEY hired a large cottage, the nearest she could find to the Kellys'. The family who lived there said they did not want to make money out of the lady's distress, and if she just paid for their lodgings they would go to the village and stay in separate houses with friends. Katey gave them a large sum, as it seemed to them. But they had given too, and not less generously than she.

Lois hung for many days between life and death ; then the balance turned in favour of life.

She must be very patient, very quiet, she was told, and not try to move ; *not try to move*—for it was so essential to her to gain strength first.

She heard quietly, and made no answer. She did not know Katey was near. She was not to know—yet—Katey had said.

Margaret Kelly was much with her. Lois liked Margaret ; she had seen a great deal of her ; and Margaret's voice was sweet, and there was a very pleasant atmosphere about her, as Lois felt.

Margaret brought her beautiful flowers—they were sent, she said, by a lady who had heard of Miss Moore's accident, and was so sorry for her.

"I didn't know there were any ladies—any ladies who could send such flowers as these, I mean—about here, Margaret."

"Well, there is, miss. Maybe flowers is cheaper in Ireland nor in England."

Margaret told her many things she thought would interest her, and Lois liked to hear the ripple of her talk. She told her one day how she had been subject to bad headaches, and how she had been cured. This was after Lois had had a long spell of pain, which had been brought under, Margaret was sure, by

the Rosary they had said for her, father and mother and all. But she did not tell Lois this belief: only when Lois said her head was quite well now, Margaret smiled and said, "I knew it would get well, miss."

"When I was thirteen or fourteen," said Margaret, "I used to have dreadful bad headaches. They went on for a couple of years. My skull seemed all open. And then mother heard how Father Charless—he was one of the Passionate Fathers—was healing people. Yes, he could heal! Then my mother took me to Harold's Cross—that's where the Passionate Fathers live—and we waited outside the church till Father Charless came out to me. He told me to go three times up to the altar. There was a lot of people kneeling there at the rails. Father Charless signed me with the cross three times on the forehead. He had a relic. I never saw it: he had it in the heart of his hand. I felt much better. I came again the next day, and I was quite cured."

"Did the headaches never come back again?" said Lois.

"No, never, miss. Then there was my little cousin. When he was about nine, he had a sort of a red film over his eyes, just like a bit of raw meat. An' he went an' made his confession, an' we all made confession for him. The first time he went to Father Charless he was much better, an' he could see to walk home. He was quite cured, an' now he's a fine young man, an' nothing wrong with him."

"Was everybody cured that went to Father Charless?" Lois asked.

"Oh, no, miss. There was some other people not cured. They wanted to be cured all at once. You see—if *you* believe!"

"Ah!" said Lois, trying, for courtesy sake, to put some interest into her tone. "And he never was blind again? The film never came back?"

"Never, miss. If you saw him now, you'd admire him, you would. A fine, strong, plentiful young man, with never an ache or a pain."

"That's very nice," said Lois gently.

The words she had heard, half negligently, half as one hears a tale of things remote, seemed to come back to her. These stood out, "We all made confession for him."

"What did you mean by saying, 'We all made confession for him,' Margaret?"

"We said the *Confiteor* for him, miss. Ah, you don't know it! To tell God we were sorry for all he had done wrong."

Lois did know it, but she only said, "Say a bit of it, Margaret, if you don't mind."

Rapidly, so rapidly that it would have seemed an irreverent rattling out of words, had she not seen the look in the girl's face—a look that swiftly brought a remembrance of Croyde—Margaret said the *Confiteor*.

"Thank you, Margaret; thank you. Now, I'll be quiet for a little, I think."

And Margaret left her.

She lay back there, looking straight before her to the lovely hills. The lights and shadows were playing on the furze, and on the brown and bronze and yellow and green of the autumn-touched bracken—for it was autumn, though autumn lying on the skirts of summer; and on the ragworts, too, whose passing was so much more beautiful than their prime, those lights and shadows played; great clumps, showing the richness of brown tints, and tipped with little white feathery tufts, that here and there still kept a yellow floret or two; the stalks red-brown, with the crisp curled leaves, brown too, and drooping. She knew how they looked on sunless days; but now the westering sun was upon them.

She heard the voice of the stream: the stream that, lower down, turned the paper-mill. She heard the twitter of birds and the homelier cheeping of chickens. Voices came up from the little shop where they sold flour, and soap, and cigarettes, and pipes, and cotton, and pills—there were pills in the window and pills on the shelves—and lemonade, and tea, and sugar, and penny packets of stationery and—everything.

The silver birch in front was gleaming in the setting sun. The rustling of the aspen leaves in the light wind was like the patter of rain.

"We all made confession for him." What did it mean? If—she were a Catholic—she might make confession for Katey—for Katey!

She laughed within herself a bitter little laugh.

Then she saw all the little nearer things. The window was swaying slightly with a baby ghost of a creak. There was a jam-pot with big daisies, and a vase with a bunch of roses, brought by one of the cottagers near for "the poor lady" whose case evoked so much sympathy, and the rarer flowers by her side,

sent by "the lady who was sorry for her." But her thoughts flew out again, to the pines and the hills and the streams, and then they brought her to stand as she had once stood, by the little cross erected at the side of the tram-line, with its face to the little police barrack: the orbéd stone cross with its clumsily cut inscription to the memory of Mary Mahoney, who had been killed by the unlooked-for and unwatched-against moving of the tram: "Mary Mahoney, aged sixteen years."

Lois shuddered inwardly, not because that young life had gone out, but because her own life was still unquenched. For, she had come to feel sure now that she would not recover though the doctor refused to say so, and Sir Michael Geraghty was coming again.

And a few days later she heard her doom: the doom of hopeless invalidism; crippledom, she called it. She heard it with a calm face and a bearing that made the doctor say, "You are one of the bravest people I have ever seen."

Margaret told Katey how she had taken it. Katey knew better than Margaret what that calm must mean. And Katey's heart felt like to break.

Katey had been sure Aloysia Egerton ought to be told about Lois's accident. She felt as if she must not write to her: so she sent her a paper with the marked account of it. And this came to Croyde as Giles Egerton was giving up his stewardship, calmly making the commendation of his spirit into the hands of God. The illness, the long, sluggish disease, was rapid at the end. He said this was well: he was glad that watching and anxiety would not press on the daughter: he asked that, if possible, Ralph should come to him, and Ralph was with him when he died in Aloysia's arms.

He remembered Lois when speaking to Aloysia about some small arrangements not set down in his will: he wondered she had not written: he was sure Aloysia would not forget her where they had together prayed for her.

And so Aloysia did not know what had happened in Ireland until after Lois knew the worst. Then even, it was almost accidentally that she heard. A young girl who was helping her to look over newspapers and periodicals that were to be sorted out for burning or for giving away, saw the notice, and recognizing the name as that of the lady who had come to Croyde earlier in the year, showed it to Aloysia. The paper was then some weeks old

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## EUTHANASIA.

LOIS was lying quite still. Her silence, her calm, seemed sometimes to terrify Margaret; for she would lie for hours, only obeying the wish that she should take nourishment of some kind, and then shutting her eyes, as a sort of signal, they found that she wished not to be spoken to. Katey watched her through the chink of the badly shrunk door; saw her lie with eyes wide open; saw, too, waves of pain pass over her face; pain that she would have given much to be able to bear for her. She thought hard about the best plan for Lois's future: what must it be? And there Lois was lying. Katey slipped away to a little distance, where she could not see Lois, but could hear her bell; the little bell which she quite easily rang.

Lois in thought was walking along as she had done on Sundays—three Sundays—with Margaret to the village church four miles away. But it was one Sunday that was specially present to her because of the peculiar beauty of the day: one of those days that have something about them so exquisite that it must go with them, pass as they do, not lie upon the heart of other days. A lovely walk it was, down that country road, part of which ran by the river, and the whole of which was clothed upon with all manner of fairness of tree and bramble and wild flower. She entered the church again in spirit, where the old Passionist Father was holding a mission. At the stall outside they were selling wax candles, and beads, and crucifixes, and pictures of saints, all sorts of objects of piety.

She could see the old priest's kindly face; hear his voice in the homely address that every one listened to so attentively. He had begun by saying, "Come to Mass every morning this week, if ye can. Ye can come and say yer prayers at church instead of saying 'em at home. Ye can take a cup o' tea. Ye don't know how comfortable ye'll be after a cup o' tea. Sometimes, ye know, ye hurry over your prayers because ye haven't had a cup o' tea. The women may all have a cup o' tea—an' a bit o' bread and butter with it, if they like it." This prefaced the good, practical talk about seeking first the Kingdom of God and His justice. The strength, the tenderness, the touch here and there of humour, quickly passing, the perfect understanding of the lives of his hearers, the belief in the highest

and best for them; all so new to Lois, and so strange, she remembered well.

And then the rest of the Mass, to her hitherto a feeble thing, unworthy of the unseen Power, if such there were: the tinkling of a poor little bell; the bowed heads, the wave of something she realized was there, though she could not define it, throbbing through the worshippers; wave of emotion, reverence, revelation, fruition, whatever it might be: something which had awed her as she had not been awed even at the great silence in St. Peter's at the Lifting-up. She had heard the Mass in its highest magnificence at Rome. She was hearing it now in the country where devotion is most devout, where love and worship go hand in hand.

Then had come the walk back, the numbers of people on foot, or in carts, in gigs, on side-cars, drawn by ass, or mule, or horse, greeting each other, making homely jokes, laughing, talking.

Then her thoughts flew to London. And the morning was a dank one and a foggy, and she was entering the room at the A.S.I.S., where an address was to be given by Mr. Ralph Comyn on the Religious Ideal.

Margaret came in; she was privileged to do so. "Would you like to be read to a little, Miss Moore? There's such a beautiful poem I think you would like—I know you like poetry."

Lois said, "Yes, please," only because she knew Margaret wanted to do it. And Margaret thought this a good sign of returning interest and growing strength.

It was a translation of Heine's *Procession at Kevlaar* that Margaret read, simply and quietly, and as if she loved to read it.

She read in the rhythmical words how the mother and son went together to Kevlaar, where the Mother of God was "dight in rich array," and had homage from rich and poor: they went that the heart of the sick son, Wilhelm, might be healed in him; the heart that was broken when Gretchen died. They walked in the procession, singing, "We bless thy name, Marie!" Rich and poor were bringing offerings to her: waxen limbs, that limbs of theirs might be whole again; waxen hands and feet; and the offerers were made whole.

The mother took a wax-light,  
And a heart thereof she made:  
"By this thy heart in its sorrow"  
The Mother of God shall aid.

And Wilhelm prayed to our Lady, telling her how he and his mother dwelt in her own Köln city ;

“ And near us once dwelt Gretchen—  
Now is no Gretchen there—  
Marie, a waxen heart I bring—  
Heal thou my heart's despair.

Heal thou my heart's deep sorrow  
So evermore shall be  
My prayer to thee unfailing,  
‘ We bless thy name, Marie ! ’ ”

That night when slept the mother,  
Her sick son resting by,  
The Mother of Jesus entered  
The chamber silently.

Above the sick she bowed her,  
And a light hand did lay  
Upon his heart once gently,  
Then smiling passed away.

And in her dreams the mother  
Yet more had thought to see,  
But that her sleep was troubled,  
As the dogs bayed mournfully.

And the mother woke in the morning, and found her son with the flush of morning-red upon his dead face.

Her hands the mother folded ;  
No word of grief spake she ;  
But gently sang this only,  
“ We bless thy name, Marie.”<sup>1</sup>

Lois listened, and spoke—eagerly, passionately almost.

“ Ay, your Madonna heals the broken heart by death ! It's the best way. But the useless limbs—the crippled, paralyzed limbs—ah ! I have seen plenty of offerings, Margaret—these *ex-votos*. But what of those who are not healed ? Of those who go on from morning to night, and at night wish for morning, and at morning wish for night ? ”

Katey heard, and every word stabbed her : and like a wounded thing, she crept away.

It was the next day that Margaret came in, and laid down that little white packet on the table, while she brought the tray to Lois with her jelly.

<sup>1</sup> I have quoted (from memory) from a translation by Charles Pelham Mulvany. I have been unable to verify it.

"What's that, Margaret? More medicine?"

"Oh, dear, no, miss; Bride brought it from Dublin just now. The poor old cat is so ill that we are going to put him out of pain."

"Oh, it's poison? Show it me, Margaret." She took it in her hand and read, "Cyanate of potassium." Margaret said, "We must be very careful, miss. There's very little, but a very tiny quantity is fatal. I'll put it away till it's wanted. I don't know why I brought it here at all. You don't want to be bothered about cats."

She put it on the chest of drawers near the window, and removed Lois's tray.

But when Margaret left the room—Lois liked to be alone as much as they would allow her—she forgot the packet. And Lois looking over, saw it. "A very tiny quantity fatal." The words rang in her ears. "A very tiny quantity fatal." What did "fatal" mean? The contents of that tiny packet would put an end to anyone's life—her life—Lois Moore's. What that tiny packet held was one of the forces that make for destruction: or for peace? Both, surely; destruction of bodily pain; destruction of mental torture; that mental torture that was with her when she woke and shadowed her in her dreams. The presence of the nurse, a refined and graceful woman, and the kindly and sweet presence of Margaret, and all the gracious sympathy that was about her might have kept the torture in check to some extent. But Lois wanted to be silent; wanted to think; wanted—she knew not what. Would it go on always? To face it for years—many years, they said she might live—perhaps in the ward of a pauper's sick home—a workhouse infirmary! She could never write any more. Her money must soon be gone—perhaps it was gone already, for she had signed a large cheque. She had dictated a letter to Mr. Harvey, asking if she might have payment now in full for the serial rights of the story in his magazine; explaining why she asked. And the kindest of letters had come back, enclosing the cheque and an extra hundred pounds, which he called an advance on whatever sum the publication in book form might bring in. And the words of sympathy and cheer that came too were good for Lois to have. But this would not last very long. Sir Michael's fee was a large one, and there would be bills to pay in various directions.

To go on—like this—and poor, helpless, growing old—no, it could not be. It must not be!



Euthanasia! Euthanasia! She could remember the discussions about it which had taken place at Katey's, and elsewhere, and how some of those people had agreed to make a little propaganda to spread the doctrine that a sufferer ought to be encouraged to put an end to his pain; because it was far more merciful to himself, far more kind to those around him than that he should drag on under a ghastly weight of suffering days and weary nights.

"What right has God—if there is a God—what right has He to ask me to live, when He has crushed me flat like this? If there is—oh, if after all there should be another life after this? If there is, surely I cannot be worse off there."

Oh, these wretched lingerings of superstition! Where did the voice come from, clear, loud, unrelenting? "Thou shalt do no murder!" Where but down the old ways of childhood and youth with their folly and their superstition, could it come? For was she not of those who, generation after generation, had breathed an atmosphere still impregnated with Christian thought and Christian law? This air of Free Thought, subtle, clear ether, let them call it if they will—it does not matter—was too—rarefied? or too gross? And she was sinking down to the lower level: or rising beyond it?

She called herself, "Coward." It was perhaps the last chance: some one might come and take the poison away. Close by her lay the expanding scissors, the "lazy tongs" which Katey's thought had provided, so that she might feel less helpless. She opened them and stretched them out. Yes, they would just reach the packet. It was caught, and she drew it towards her. It was in her hand. It was open, and raised to her lips.

She looked up, why she did not know, perhaps to say a mute good-bye to the things around. There, just opposite to her, it hung. It hung, no beautiful thing carved with exquisite skill, but a poor plaster Figure, soiled and chipped, on a poor wooden cross. That which has taught penitence and faith, and hope and love. That which taught the greatest scholar-saint more than he ever learned from all his books. That which for so many centuries has been reflected in hearts innocent, hearts holy, hearts penitent. That which will be the symbol of all help, all healing, all life, till time shall be no more.

In that moment, Lois *saw*.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## COR JESU.

MARGARET came in a few minutes later. She had knocked, but no answer had come; and very softly she opened the door. Was Lois asleep? What was that look on her face that Margaret had never seen before? Something that almost awed her, and yet had in it what in a manner spoke of healing. She came close to her, and saw she was not asleep.

"You are better, Miss Moore?"

"Yes, I am—better."

"Thank God."

"Margaret, say your Sacred Heart Litany for me."

And Margaret, with a joy that brought tears to her eyes, knelt before that crucifix, and rapidly crossing herself began the Litany of the Sacred Heart.

When she came to, "Heart of Jesus, source of life and holiness," she heard Lois whisper, *Have mercy on us*. "Heart of Jesus, atonement for iniquities," *Have mercy on us*, again that whisper.

And when Margaret said, "Heart of Jesus, our Resurrection and our Life," there came the fulness of the cry that never goes up unheard,

"*Have mercy on me.*"

Margaret rose, and said, "There's something you'll be glad to hear, miss. Your cousin is come!"

"My cousin! Aloysia! Oh, Margaret, where is she? Let me see her."

"I am here!" and Aloysia was by her side; Aloysia who, kneeling outside, had joined in the Litany indeed with all her heart.

It was late in the day, and Lois's room was being arranged for the night. Margaret picked up a packet which was lying on the floor near the window; she supposed the wind had blown it down. Nurse's quick eye caught it in Margaret's hand. "What's that? Oh, cyanate of potassium: what is it for?"

"To put an end to poor old puss. The creature is so poorly and miserable that we thought——"

"You thought that was going to put an end to his sufferings, did you? My dear, it would have done nothing of the kind.

They have given you cyanate of potassium, instead of cyanide, which, I suppose, was what you asked for. And a good thing too. Such frightfully dangerous stuff as cyanide of potassium ought not to be allowed to be sold like that. You deserve a lecture, my dear, anyhow, for leaving a thing about that you thought was poison. There now, don't be too sorry about it, but be careful another time."

"Indeed, and I will. Glory be to God!"

Lois looked up. "Nurse, was not that poison in Margaret's little packet?"

"No, Miss Moore, certainly not."

"And suppose someone had swallowed it?"

"Well, they would have been none the worse for it, as far as I know. Now, Miss Moore, let us dress you for the night."

When the preparations for the night were over, Lois said: "May I see Miss Egerton again?"

"She's coming to say good-night. But I shouldn't let her stay long, if I were you. She has been travelling, and ought to rest. You will see her comfortably to-morrow."

So, when Aloysia came, Lois just said, "Good night," and "Pray for me." But, in the night, when she knew that Lois was lying awake, Aloysia came to her; and Lois said a few words, just a very few, but words that held great cause for Aloysia's rejoicing.

EMILY HICKEY.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **The Montagnini Papers.**

WERE a proof needed to show that the instructors of English public opinion have two sets of scales, one for weighing the conduct of men generally, another for weighing that of the Holy See and its adherents, it would be hardly possible to find a more conclusive proof than has been furnished by the comments of the English press on the seizure and publication of the Montagnini papers. We can conjecture how loud and many-tongued would be the outcry of these press people if a Catholic Government were to act in a similar way towards the representative of a Protestant power; and though no such case has arisen by which to test this conjecture, it is not hard to think of instances within the last half century when Protestant representatives at Catholic Courts have abused their position to encourage and assist revolutionary movements. We know too from actual experience what surprise and indignation our leader-writers can express when a newspaper correspondent, with no pretensions whatever to a diplomatic position, is bidden to leave promptly a country whose Government he has persistently accused, and with whose revolutionaries he is suspect of having been in close relations,—although there has been no attempt to confiscate papers, no forcible expulsion under police conduct, no approach even to a violation of diplomatic courtesies, and no violation of the laws or habits under which the offended country lived. Yet, with one or two honourable exceptions, our English newspapers have not uttered a word of protest against the outrage to which the Papal *chargé d'affaires* at Paris has been subjected, or a syllable to show that they regarded this outrage as otherwise than a perfectly proper and laudable proceeding. On the contrary they have welcomed this irregular publication with cordiality—as one which could supply piquant copy to scandal-loving readers, and might be

hoped to contain some revelations which with a little dressing up might be made to appear discrediting to the administration of the Holy See. They regarded the occasion, in other words, as one in which the end justifies the means.

But how monstrous an outrage it was, and in how many ways, has been ably exposed by Cardinal Merry del Val in the dignified letter of protest which he addressed at the time of the expulsion to the Courts at which the Holy See is represented. The text of this letter,—for what reason we cannot understand—was published by the *Messidor*, M. Buisson's paper, on April 22nd. We give it here entire, in view both of its official character and of the clear summary of the whole affair which it contains :

(Cardinal Merry del Val to M. X. . . . Nuncio Apostolic, or *chargé d'affaires*, to the Holy See at X.).

Rome, Dec. 19th, 1906.

You are doubtless aware of what happened at Paris on the 11th of this month. The representatives of the judicial authority, accompanied by numerous police-agents, came without warning to the Palace of Mgr. Montagnini, the special *chargé* of the Holy See for religious interests in France, and custodian of the archives of the Nunciature. After a minute perquisition they carried off the general protocols of the acts of the Nunciatures of Mgr. Chari and Mgr. Lorenzelli, and also the books of their administration as well as those of the Peter's Pence. Afterwards, Mgr. Montagnini was ordered to quit French territory, and was conducted to the frontier, just as if he were a criminal, by the police-agents, without even being permitted a delay of twenty-four hours, such as is never refused in similar circumstances.

It is scarcely necessary for me to point out the enormity of these facts, which are without precedent in our days among civilized nations. Even after the rupture of diplomatic relations, the residences of those who represent the powers are respected, and, most of all, the archives are considered inviolable. Moreover, the representatives of the Holy See in the different countries, even in those where they have no diplomatic character, are everywhere treated with special attention by the Governments ; and there has not been a single case in which the archives of a Pontifical representative have been violated, even in times of strife and discord.

In particular, to have carried off the catalogue and the cypher which belonged to past Nunciatures is a grave offence not merely against the Holy See but also against all the civilized nations, to whom it is of the greatest interest that the secrecy of diplomatic documents should be respected. It must be added that the documents carried away might reveal secrets of great consequence for some nations, particularly as the French Government has in its telegraph offices

copies of the cypher telegrams, and could, with the aid of the cypher which it has seized, get to know the contents of them all.

Quite unfounded is the statement made in the French Chamber that the Nunciature ceased with the denunciation of the Concordat, and that the documents anterior to the rupture or those relating to foreign powers, will be returned. For not only has the Concordat never been officially denounced to the Holy See, but, as all the world knows, the promise of restitution notwithstanding, there remains the fact of the violation of the documents, and of the knowledge of their contents which the Government can obtain.

Quite apart, too, from considerations of a diplomatic order, it is evident that the Sovereign Pontiff, as Head of the Catholic Church, has ordinary and immediate spiritual jurisdiction over all Catholics throughout the world, over the clergy as well as the laity, and has, consequently, the right to communicate freely and directly, or through the intermediacy of some assigned person, with the Bishops and the faithful. This evident right of the Roman Pontiff, based on the constitutions of the Church, has been openly violated by the French Government in the facts related.

But, beyond these grave observations, there is another important observation to make. All will understand that in the archives of a Pontifical delegacy there may be found documents dealing with secrets of the greatest delicacy relating to the conscience or honour of individuals, which ought, by natural law, to be religiously respected.

The French Government has pretended to justify its proceeding by accusing the *chargé d'affaires* of the Holy See of inciting three Paris *curés* to a violation of the Separation Law, by communicating to them the orders of the Holy See. This accusation is void of all foundation. Mgr. Montagnini has held no communication of any kind with the three *curés* in question, nor will any one be able to prove the contrary.

In the présence of such an offence, the Holy Father finds himself obliged to make an energetic protest. You are charged to communicate this protest to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, giving him this dispatch to read and a copy of it to keep.

(Sd.), RA CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

"Even after the rupture of diplomatic relations," says the Cardinal, "the residences of those who represent the Powers are respected, and their archives are treated as inviolable." And "Diplomaticus," in his interesting article in the *Westminster Gazette* for April 9th—an article in which he shows himself hostile rather than favourable to the Holy See—testifies exactly to the same effect. After observing that "so learned an authority as M. Paul Fauchille, the editor of the *Revue Generale de Droit International Public*, has recently condemned the French

Government root and branch," and that "among practical diplomatists the whole incident is . . . regarded as a deplorable in correction," this writer gives his own judgment as follows :

Whatever Mgr. Montagnini may have done he had beyond doubt a certain diplomatic character. He was the official custodian of the archives of the Nunciature, confided to him by the Nuncio, Mgr. Lorenzelli, when that prelate was handed his passports by the French Government, and his position and diplomatic immunities were precisely the same as those of the French Secretary of Embassy, to whom M. Courcel, the French Ambassador at the Vatican, handed over the care of his archives when he was recalled at the same time. . . . The fact that there was a rupture of diplomatic relations between the Republic and the Holy See does not in any way diminish the diplomatic character of these officials within their strictly defined functions. . . . In any case this was what the French Government did in Rome, and what was right in its case cannot be wrong in the case of the Vatican, and its representative in Paris. . . . But even supposing Mgr. Montagnini had lost his diplomatic character and immunities with the diplomatic rupture, it would still be very questionable whether the course adopted by the Government in regard to his papers was justifiable. In theory the proposal to discriminate between the archives of the Nunciature, and the "Italian priest's" private papers is sound enough, but in practice it is quite inadmissible. In order to discriminate, there must be—as, indeed, there has been—examination, and this of course is quite incompatible with the inviolability of the diplomatic documents proper.

It is surely difficult in the face of these arguments to deny that the diplomatic proprieties have been shockingly violated, but "Diplomaticus" in the same article, half suggests that the French Government was morally justified because Mgr. Montagnini, or rather the Pontifical Government through Mgr. Montagnini, was "meddling in party politics," and "exercising certain functions of the Nunciature office, which the French Government had already taken pains to abolish." He is obviously referring to the message sent to certain French Catholics, at the time of the General Election, exhorting them not to divide the anti-Bloc vote by setting up candidates of their own ; and to the correspondence with the Bishops relative to the filling up of vacant sees. Perhaps it is natural that a Protestant should see in this an attempted continuance of diplomatic functions ; but the Cardinal Secretary in his letter of protest has called attention to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Holy See which is essential to the constitution of the

Catholic Church; and it was in virtue of this, not of any diplomatic pretensions, that the acts were done which "Diplomaticus" condemns. Such acts the Holy See will never consent to forego, nor will the faithful, whether clergy or laity, ever abstain from soliciting them and obeying them. Of course the Government may declare even this class of acts to be contrary to their law, and this is what Maitre Mornet, the *avocat* for the Republic, sought to do in the Jouin trial. But to take up this attitude is to acknowledge openly that their law is persecution pure and simple of the Catholic religion, and is to eat their own repeated professions of tolerance; especially those of M. Briand, who several times over, during the discussions of December and January, laid stress on the perfect liberty of such relations with the Vatican which the Separation Law allowed.

The special pretext which the French Government alleged for its action was based on supposed judicial grounds. They claimed knowledge that Mgr. Montagnini had incited the three *curés* to disobey the Separation Law, and so had the right to search his premises for the incriminating documents. But no case could possibly have broken down more utterly, or even more ludicrously. For, as has been pointed out by several French lawyers, for instance, by Maitre Jules Chammel, in the *Journal des Débats* for March 12th, (1) Mgr. Montagnini should in that case have been not expelled, but retained in the country till the courts had either convicted or discharged him of the imputed offence. (2) Both he and the three *curés* should have been present, either in person or by their representatives, at the perquisition to see that all was done fairly; and only such papers should have been taken as bore on the incrimination in question, the rest being returned to the owner; in other words, at most, out of all the thousand and more letters, the six or eight which were subsequently used at the trial should alone have been retained. As it was, the police, and a Foreign Office official, were the only parties present at the search, and these did what they chose with the papers, and then delivered them over indiscriminately to translators who had not even been sworn, as the practice of the Courts required. It is the French version of these translators, manipulated for aught we know by garblings, interpolations, and omissions—indeed probably thus manipulated, for how else explain the many *démentis* which the publication provoked—it is this suspicious version which was used in court, and which has been circulated far and wide by



the press, the letters having apparently been sold in batches to the newspapers that sought them, by these translators or some other Government officials.

Moreover, when at last, after four months inexplicable delay the case came into court, the proceedings were so grotesque as to savour more of a comic operetta than of a grave court of justice. Only one Abbé out of the three was indicted, the other two being recognized as unaffected by the charge. (3) The sole charge against this one was that in one of the weekly leaflets he distributes at the church door, he had used the words, "Our sorrow, sad and deep as it is, must be an armed sorrow. It is no longer sufficient to keep the Faith, we must also defend it;" words which, as the Abbé contended and the court itself allowed, were used metaphorically, of the armour of the soul, not of the body. (4) On the Abbé asking to be told which of the Montagnini papers were held to incriminate him, the *avocat* for the Republic replied "there are none against you," and the President of the Court said these papers "had no importance as regarded the case" before him. (5) It would have seemed to follow that the motive alleged for the confiscation of the papers had broken down, and that in this particular trial at all events no use should be made of them. But the Government must try to save its face, and so its *avocat* concocted the pretext that the papers were admissible as evidence, as tending to extenuate the guilt of the accused, who would not have committed his offence had it not been for Mgr. Montagnini's orders; and having constructed for himself this basis, M<sup>c</sup> Mornet spent five minutes on the Abbé Jouin, and two hours on Mgr. Montagnini and the Pope. The Abbé Jouin protested that he had received no orders from Mgr. Montagnini, who, moreover, had no power to give them; that the only authorities from whom he had ever received orders were his Bishop, and beyond the Bishop the Pope, that consequently his connection with the case had ceased to exist, and it should be called rather the Clemenceau case, or the Montagnini case. (6) This was an obviously sound contention, but it meant that the Government was in the absurd position of prosecuting a man who had not only not been made to appear in court, but had even been prevented from appearing in court, to hear and reply to the charges against him. Nor was there a syllable in the letters that were read in court which convicted him of aught else than reporting on the condition of the country

and its religious needs to one who, by divine appointment, is chiefly responsible for the course to be taken by the French Church, as by every other Church, in a critical hour of its existence. Whether Mgr. Montagnini's reports were in all cases correct, or his observations wise, is beside the mark as far as the characterization of M. Clemenceau's dealing with his papers is concerned. But the Holy See can claim that, out of an ordeal to which only the most barefaced contempt for honour and justice could subject it, it has drawn a clear proof that it has acted throughout with the most perfect loyalty, dignity, and moderation—opposing, in short (to use Pius X.'s recent words), "love to hatred, truth to error, pardon to maledictions." (7) The Judgment in this strange case was in keeping with the *requisitoire*. Not a word has it to say about the Montagnini letters; and, whilst it pronounces the Abbé Jouin guilty of an offence against the Separation Law, which under the circumstances it considers sufficiently punished by a fine of sixteen francs, it does not hesitate to declare that the action punished ought never to have been made an offence, and had been so made in defiance of the most elementary considerations of equity.

Such is the issue of this wonderful *procès*, which is rendered yet more wonderful by the circumstances of the time of its occurrence.

Really too glaring [says the *Journal des Débats*, for April 13] is the contrast which is presented by the severity with which the Government dissects an ecclesiastical metaphor, at a time when it remains inactive in the face of the provocations to violence, to insurrection, to desertion, which are paraded on the walls of Paris under the protection of the Trades Unions. No question there of the meaning of ambiguous terms. Nothing could be clearer or more direct than the usual style of the Labour Confederation. And yet the *Parquet* does not move; the *juges d'instruction* open no inquiries; the police commissaries violate no Trades Union immunities, doubtless more sacred than diplomatic immunities. In the whole of this Abbé Jouin *procès*, it is this which most impresses the public. When the socialists menace the public peace a *curé* is prosecuted.

S. F. S.

### **The Pronunciation of Latin.**

There can be little doubt that we are shortly to witness a more serious attempt than has yet been made, to bring the mode of Latin pronunciation current in England into harmony with that of other nations. The movement for reform has its origin in various quarters. Scientific men find more and more the need of an international tongue in which they shall all be equally at home and intelligible to one another; and the botanists in particular, since their congress at Vienna two or three years ago, feel this to be a pressing necessity, for at present an Englishman's Latin is as incomprehensible to a Continental scholar as if he spoke Chinese.

It appears, moreover, that our educational authorities are about to take the matter up, and to impose upon all under their jurisdiction a system of Latin pronunciation which they have determined to introduce, but whether this is likely to be a help or a hindrance to true reform, is another question.

The end which should be kept in view is obviously, before all else, the practical one of rendering Latin once more, as it used to be centuries ago, an international tongue for scholars of all races, or rather of admitting English scholars to share the advantages of such a tongue which are already enjoyed by those of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Each of these—the French especially—have their own peculiarities of pronunciation, distinguishing them from one another, but these do not avail, as do the sounds which Englishmen are accustomed to give the vowels, to make the Latinity of one of these peoples incomprehensible to the others.

It would therefore seem that common-sense would suggest the adoption of some system which shall sufficiently resemble those in use on the Continent to secure this practical object; but unfortunately the Oxford and Cambridge Professors, to whom the framing of a scheme was committed, complicated the matter by the introduction of a pedantic element which threatens to destroy the practical benefit of the change, and, more unfortunately still, their recommendations have been adopted by the Education Office.

It is accordingly proposed to endeavour to recapture the "Augustan" pronunciation, and to make Englishmen pronounce Latin in the manner in which the contemporaries

of Virgil and Horace may be supposed to have pronounced it. Even were this possible—which is a point much disputed—it is clear that the result must be to isolate the English pronunciation from that of other countries little less effectually than at present. If Frenchmen, Germans, and Spaniards understand one another, it is not because their several pronunciations resemble the ancient but the *modern* Roman, which is the fundamental type upon which all are based, and if we are to call *Cicero* “Kikero”—*vicissim* “we kiss him,” and *jacio* “yakio,” our mode of speech will be to them little less puzzling than it is now when we pronounce *mihi* as “my high,” or *Ante mare* as “Aunty Mary.” The diphthongs, too, are to be violently dealt with, and such a word as *aquae* is to be written *aquai* and pronounced “aquah-ee.”

Another disturbing element is the proposal to mark quantity in speaking, calling *pater*, for instance, “patter,” and *sumus* “summus.” No doubt it would be desirable thus to distinguish long and short vowels, if, in the first place, we know how this ought to be done in accordance with classical usage, and, in the second, if the attempt were not calculated to neutralize practical advantages which are more important. To speak of “patter,” instead of “pater,” is not in reality to shorten the “a,” but to attribute to it a different sound, and it is not easy to suppose that this was the old Roman practice. It is remarkable that in order phonetically to represent such an abbreviation, we have to double the consonant following, which to a Roman would have meant not the shortening, but the lengthening of the preceding vowel.

It seems, therefore, as has been well observed by a writer in the *Church Times*, that were the attempt to introduce this so-called Augustan pronunciation fully successful, it would make our Latin no more comprehensible to foreign scholars, than the French taught in Chaucer's time at Stratford-atte-Bowe would be to the present inhabitants of Provence.

For English Catholics the question has a special interest, since it is undoubtedly most desirable that in regard of Latin they should understand and be understood by their fellow-countrymen, which is not the case at present. They are quite at home with Continental scholars, but their Latin is quite unintelligible to an English University or public-school man, and his no less to them. The traditional English mode of pronouncing Latin is not impossibly that which obtained in

England previous to the Reformation, when Latin was undoubtedly the common language of the learned throughout Christendom, in which Englishmen appear to have found no difficulty in communicating with their brethren abroad. There are even those who maintain that the present prevailing English system was deliberately introduced in order to make Continental Latin, and especially the Catholic Liturgy, unintelligible to the people.<sup>1</sup> The fact that north of the Tweed a pronunciation almost identical with the English has always prevailed goes far to justify the belief in its antiquity.

But although their traditional pronunciation has thus strong claims upon Catholics, they must undoubtedly be prepared, like others, to sacrifice something for the sake of securing the practical advantages of national uniformity. In their case, however, the sacrifices required will be slight as compared with others. Indeed, except for the abandonment of the awkward sound by which they are accustomed to represent the vowel "u" in certain positions, *Per Dominum nostrum* . . . *Filium tuum*, for example, there would be little to alter on any sane principle of modification.

But if the "Augustan" pronunciation is to be foisted upon us, and bolstered up by such artificial means as officialdom can command, nothing but confusion worse confounded can be expected.

One sign of hope may be noted. The men of science, who, as has been said, are anxious for a reform, evidently take a far more rational view of what is desirable and practicable, and advocate a system of pronunciation on far simpler and more sensible lines than those we have been considering.<sup>2</sup> These savants at least are not under the control of the Education Office, and it is to be hoped that they will not submit to be forced into an absurd and impracticable position by its whims.

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> See L. C. Miall's *Thirty Years of Teaching*, p. 136. "Roger Ascham [he writes] and Sir John Cheke must needs break with the Latin of the monks, and it was they who set up that insular pronunciation which we are ashamed to produce before foreigners." See also the speech of Dr. Gow, Headmaster of Westminster, at the Headmasters' Conference of 1906 (*The Times*, December 22, 1906).

<sup>2</sup> See for example the *Glossary of Botanic Terms*, by Mr. B. Daydon Jackson, General Secretary of the Linnean Society, Appendix B. p. 366.

## Reviews.

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### I.—SPINOZA.<sup>1</sup>

HIS *Ethics*, though circumstances prevented him from publishing it during his lifetime, was regarded by Spinoza as his most important work. It is, however, far from easy to understand, and Mr. Allanson Picton offers us a study of its argument. He was moved, he tells us, to write it, by "the growing impression that a rich vein of common-sense and sound morality runs through all his speculations, though it has often to be digged for as a hidden treasure." Of much that is to be found in Spinoza's *Ethics* it may readily be admitted that this is a true account. There are, for instance, many acute observations in the Definitions of the Mental Affections and in the Right Principle of Living, which form the contents of his Appendices to Parts III. and IV.; and it is with the sections where Mr. Picton cites largely from these Appendices, that his readers will be chiefly interested. At the same time even here, before drawing an inference as to Spinoza's originality, it might be well to compare St. Thomas of Aquinas's *Secunda Secundae*, and even the still older Aristotle's *Ethics*. But in any case the speciality of Spinoza's theory is to be sought not in his observations of this sort, but in the fundamental conceptions on which he builds, and judged from this standpoint there are flaws in his *Ethics* which Mr. Picton has not perceived. The difficulty for Spinoza, as for all others who have trod in his footsteps, is to find a sufficient basis for morality apart from acknowledgment of the existence of a personal God, and of the freedom of the Will. He lays down, as a first principle, that right conduct is acting according to the dictates of right reason, and there we shall all agree with him, as we shall also—though not in several important particulars—when he contends that by the application of this principle we can deduce the code of moral precepts by which our conduct should be ruled. But we all of us

<sup>1</sup> *Spinoza*. A Handbook to the *Ethics*. By J. Allanson Picton. London: Constable.

distinguish sharply between compliance with these precepts when it is freely rendered, and when it is the outcome of some necessary process; in the former case deeming the act to be praiseworthy and moral, in the other not. For instance, we deem it praiseworthy in the servant who calls us so punctually in the morning, but not in the alarum which arouses us with equal punctuality, or even in the cock which is so punctual in its crowing. Spinoza seeks to meet this difficulty not indeed by denying that we have freedom, but by applying the name to a process to which it does not belong. As Mr. Picton puts it,

The freedom expounded [by Spinoza] is not that of caprice or self-will, but simply action without compulsion or restraint from without. And by compulsion or restraint from without is meant any impelling or deterring influence which is not spontaneously generated within the area of the man's nature considered as a finite expression of God. Thus no man is free who acts through hope of Heaven or fear of Hell, or through the impulsion or restraint exercised by any other pleasure desired or penalty feared.

And he gives, quite correctly, as illustrations of Spinoza's idea of freedom, the poet's *afflatus*, "I do but sing because I must," and the sport of lambs on a spring evening. Yet to say this is to go straight against our most elementary idea of freedom. For no one, surely, thinks that the sporting lambs are free, and the very idea of the poet expressed by his "must," is that he cannot help singing, in other words, that his singing proceeds not from this freedom of action he has in other respects, but from a certain inward compulsion. Nor does any one in setting the hope of a prize or the fear of the rod before a schoolboy imagine that he is thereby destroying his freedom of action.

Nor, again, do either Spinoza or his commentator explain to us successfully whence we get the idea of obligation, supposing the belief in a God, a non-Pantheistic God, to be without warrant in reason. It is significant that neither in Mr. Picton's *Index*, nor, in his book, so far as we have been able to discover, is there any reference to the term "obligation." The nearest allusion to it we can find is, under the name of sanction, in a passage where, speaking of the "usual sanctions of morality, God, eternity—in the true sense—reward and punishment, repentance, &c.," he says, Spinoza "gives them a profounder security by showing that they are no mere ordinations of any will, but the eternally necessary results of that divine nature which in its infinity is

absolutely perfect and good." But this does not help us very much to overcome the difficulty that if a man says, "I do not choose to follow right reason" there is, on Spinoza's system, nothing to compel him, or anything which, in a vast number of cases, can convince him that he will not be the gainer in the end by his wrong-doing.

A commentator must follow his author, and may still be doing his work very well, though unable successfully to vindicate his author in all respects. Thus considered, Mr. Allanson Picton has produced a book which can be read with interest by the philosophically-minded, even though one cannot but feel that he sometimes misses the point of Spinoza's arguments through unfamiliarity with the Scholasticism which, though he discards some of its conclusions, was still the mould in which Spinoza had learnt to think.

## 2.—THE RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.<sup>1</sup>

The English Press continues to insist that the French Catholics have brought their present troubles on themselves by their political plottings, and that the Government has been actuated throughout by no anti-Christian spirit, but only by the desire to protect the national security with as little restriction of religious liberty as possible. And there are, unfortunately, too many Englishmen whose anti-Catholic prejudices make them willing victims to these newspaper misrepresentations. On the other hand, there is no inconspicuous number of our fellow-countrymen who, as daily intercourse proves, are most anxious to learn the real truth about the question, and welcome any trustworthy information that can be furnished. Fortunately, a good deal of such information is gradually reaching them, such as, for instance, can be got from the Comtesse de Franqueville's letter to the *Times*, and article in the new number of the *Church Quarterly Review*. The book before us is of a more homely kind, but is well worthy of being perused. It consists of letters written during the last six years' residence in France, which have already appeared in the Press of the United States. They are not like too many newspaper correspondences, but are moderate in tone, and bear the mark of having been written

<sup>1</sup> *The Religious Persecution in France (1900—1906)*. By J. Napier Brodhead: London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.



with a due sense of responsibility by one who was in close touch with the facts all through, and could discern the true inwardness as well as the external character of the events which have succeeded one another so quickly in the last few years. It helps, too, to understand the movement, to watch how the writer's first impressions of March, 1900, grow into clear convictions by November, 1906, the date of the last of these letters—for the two concluding sections are not letters recording present events, but essays, and instructive essays, on Liberty and Christianity, and on Christianity and Civilization. Thus, also, the reader has the means of considering as a whole this painful history which, though it was unfolded in distinct stages, beginning with the Associations Bill and terminating (so far) with the Separation Act, has been stamped by a unity of purpose throughout, and a unity of purpose devised and elaborated as regards the relative order and manner of its two stages by the Grand Orient of France. Very significant in this connection is the Manifesto which was published by this all-powerful body on November 3, 1904, and one could wish that Mr. Brodhead had given its text in full, instead of only portions of it. "Without Freemasonry," boldly says this document, "the Republic would not exist;" and, referring to the elaborate spy system in the army, the discovery of which astonished the country and caused the overthrow of the Combes Ministry, it defends it on the ground that "the head partner, or *commanditaire* of a great industrial enterprize in which he has placed his capital, has the right to denounce to the manager the peculations of his employes;" the head partner being obviously the Grand Orient, from whose archives the *affiches* were stolen by a recreant Mason, B. Bidegain, and given to the public. Of this B. Bidegain, it says:

He projected to steal from our archives documents confided to us. . . . We signal him to Masons all over the world. In exacting the just punishment of his crime, the Council of the Order summons him before masonic justice, and, until the final sentence is rendered, we suspend all his titles and prerogatives. . . . And now we declare to the whole Freemason body that in furnishing these documents (*i.e.*, these spy denunciations) the Grand Orient has accomplished only a strict duty. We have dearly conquered the Republic, and claim the honour of having procured its triumph. . . . Without the Freemasons the Republic would not be in existence. . . . Pius X. would be reigning in France.

Another point upon which these letters give interesting facts. Even had it been true that some of the French clergy were plotting against the Republic, no such charge could lie against the poor nuns who in such numbers were quietly praying, teaching, and engaging in works of charity in their various convents. Why expel them and reduce them to starvation? But it was said, "Oh, we shall provide for their maintenance." An instance of how they are doing this is furnished by Mr. Brodhead from a letter of the Bishop of Nancy to M. Briand.<sup>1</sup> From a convent at Nancy, fifty-six nuns were turned out in 1902, their convent being sold for 527,000 francs. Within the four years, twelve of them had died, and the remainder had received 12,000 francs to be divided among them. Another incident useful to know and bearing on the kindred question of the character of the schools to make way for which the Congregational schools were destroyed, is taken by the author from the *Dépêche Dauphinoise*, an anti-clerical paper, which appears to have approved highly of the affair. A child of twelve, a pupil of the *École laïque* at Alleverd, died last autumn. A young companion was deputed to give an address at her grave, and this is how it ran: "For thee infinite nothingness has begun, as it will begin for all of us. Thy death, or rather the supposed Being who caused it, must be very wicked or very stupid. . . . He made thee the victim of a society refractory to society solidarity. . . . We really cannot excuse this celestial iniquity."

A complaint we have against the author is that he has too much the French newspaper habit of giving insufficient references. It would have been easy, for instance, in the case of the quotation just given to supply the date of this number of the *Dépêche Dauphinoise*.

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### 3.—HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN NORTH AMERICA.<sup>2</sup>

It is seldom that the reviewer has to report on an English Catholic work of a magnitude and thoroughness like that of Father Thomas Hughes. To be sure the work treats primarily of that land of great things, America. But though the geography is mostly American, the history is almost entirely

<sup>1</sup> Nov. 17th, 1906.

<sup>2</sup> *History of the Society of Jesus in North America.* By Thomas Hughes, S.J. Vol. I. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 647 pp. Royal Octavo. 15s.

English. It describes the English immigration, and is a record of English ideas, enterprize, courage, character, diversified, let us add, by English foibles, party squabbles, and grumbles. There is a full description of the works and archives consulted, especially the Jesuit archives, and the value of these chapters is considerable. The period covered begins with the departure of missionaries in 1633 and ends with the Civil War in 1645. It is the period of the predominance of Lord Baltimore's family, of which we hear much. Father Hughes presents to us Cecil, the second lord, in a somewhat less favourable light than that which has hitherto been usual. But here, as usual, he produces such a wealth of evidence in support of his views that we do not venture to question his conclusions.

The Jesuit Father most in evidence is Father Andrew White, an attractive and admirable figure, and there are a handful of followers, men evidently worthy of their chief. The story tells us of their gradual success amid a thousand difficulties, external and domestic (Father Hughes is commendably full and conscientious in telling us the real truth upon unwelcome, as well as about welcome truths), in building up a mission, that endures and flourishes even at the present day, though the volume closes with the apparently crushing catastrophe of the Civil War.

English students will not always agree with Father Hughes's presentation of men and things. True, he has many very difficult matters to treat of, controversies both with Protestants and Catholics, and the perennial "Jesuit question." He always has facts worth recounting, papers worth quoting, though we should here and there accentuate other circumstances, draw different conclusions, and use other terms. Sometimes, though not often, one comes upon phrases and sentences, which hardly seem worthy of so scholarly a work. The writer is full of enthusiasm for the different matters that come up for discussion, and the interest he takes cannot but communicate itself to his readers, though his historic narrative is not of a very high order, the numerous details impede the presentation of the history as a whole. On the other hand, ample indices, tables, and maps enable one to find one's way without difficulty about a book which bristles with information, and introduces us in every section to new lands, to little-known persons, to rare books, important legislation, or deep social, philosophic, and religious questions. Not the least commendable feature in this admirable volume is the very reasonable price at which it has been produced.

4.—TYBURN CONFERENCES.<sup>1</sup>

Dom Bede Camm's well-known familiarity with the records of our English martyrs will always win him a ready hearing. His presentation of their stories is, moreover, enhanced by his familiar acquaintance with the actual scenes amid which their heroic struggles took place. These ever-ready place allusions give a tone of striking reality to the narrative. Now it is to this hall in Lancashire, now to that church in Derbyshire, or to the cliffs at Whitby, to a ferry across the Thames, or to the bridge on Higham Ferrers, and so forth. One cannot help feeling at every turn that it is our own country, our own kith and kin, which are in question. Add to this that the Conferences are written with unusual grace of style, and are stored with apt quotations, ancient and modern, grave and gay, in poetry and in prose, and we hope that we have said enough to induce our readers to read for themselves. They will not be disappointed.

5.—MAKERS OF MODERN MEDICINE.<sup>2</sup>

In the present work, Dr. Walsh, whose excellent book, *Catholic Churchmen in Science*, was noticed in our issue for November last, gives an instructive and interesting sketch of various pioneers of medical progress who by their discoveries have in various directions notably extended the frontiers of the healing art. He does not write, it must be noted, for specialists only, but has provided for all who desire information on the subject a very readable account of those whom he has selected for this purpose. Starting with Morgagni, who was styled by no less an authority than Professor Virchow the "Father of Pathology," we are introduced severally to such great names as Jenner, Galvani, Müller, Schwann, and Pasteur, to mention but a few, and are presented in each case with a careful and lucid sketch, not only of the man himself and his career, but of the character and significance of his contributions to knowledge.

A main object of the author is avowedly to examine the assumption that the study of medicine tends to make men irreligious,—as it has been said, "Show me three physicians and

<sup>1</sup> *Tyburn Conferences: Oxford, Douay, Tyburn.* By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. London: Burns and Oates. 1906.

<sup>2</sup> *Makers of Modern Medicine.* By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph. D., LL.D. New York: Fordham University Press. Pp. 362. Two dollars. 1907.

I will find you two atheists." As against this, Dr. Walsh shows that of the illustrious band with whom he deals, and who in original research and thought hold a conspicuous place among their fellows, not one was an atheist or materialist,—but all on the contrary were sincerely religious, and a large proportion of them were devout Catholics.

By such publications as these Dr. Walsh is undoubtedly rendering most opportune and valuable service in assisting those who, from insufficient knowledge of facts, are liable to be swept away by the flood of shallow rationalism with which we are deluged, and the confident assertions which with so many of our "popular scientists" take the place of argument.

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6.—THE LIFE OF SIR TOBIE MATTHEW.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Mathew has presented us with an interesting biography of a remarkable man. Sir Tobie's father was an Anglican Bishop, who persecuted Catholics to death, yet the son became a Catholic. Thrice banished from England, he won his knighthood and reached a position of influence in a Court which hated Catholics, yet died in exile. He was employed on missions to Spain, France, and Ireland, he lived in Italy, Ireland, Rome, and in Flanders. Having been secretly ordained priest, he took some part in the burning clerical controversies of those days, and is believed by his biographer to have been a Jesuit. He is mentioned in many memoirs and contemporary letters, and his friend Bacon called him his *Alter ego*.

Such a life offers large scope to the biographer, and Mr. Mathew has succeeded, if not to perfection, yet very respectably, and he has written a book which every one can read and enjoy.

A side-issue claims a passing word. Was Sir Tobie a Jesuit? Mr. Mathew decides in the affirmative for reasons which are not convincing. A nun wrote "an exact relation of her whole life," and did so "by command," while in it she addresses "Dear Mr. Mathew." On this our author argues that such a command could *only* have emanated from her Jesuit confessor, and that Matthews *must* have been that Jesuit!

The fact seems to have been that the knight was very devout to the Society, and participated in all its privileges

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Sir Tobie Matthew.* By Arnold H. Mathew. pp. 391. 12s. 1907.

and his intimate connection with it is sometimes spoken of in generous terms, which it is certainly hard to gauge accurately. Yet he neither lived in Jesuit houses, nor under Jesuit discipline. When buried (in a Catholic country), no Jesuit epitaph was put on his grave. He retained the use of money, &c., in a way inconsistent with Jesuit Rules. Even though he should have formulated his private devotion to the Order by vow, that would not have altered his status. No official notice of his reception among the Jesuits has yet been discovered, and no writers, who have had access to official papers, have reckoned him as of the Society. The case for considering him a Jesuit is not made out.

### Short Notices.

THE Cambridge University Press have recently issued the third and concluding volume of the Poems of George Crabbe, edited by the Master of Peterhouse. Together with the monumental study of the poet by M. René Huchon, this will, it is to be hoped, induce many readers who may not already have done so to acquaint themselves with the works of a writer of such marked originality and power, who has been well described as "Pope in worsted stockings," and for whom, as he himself tells us, Cardinal Newman always entertained much esteem and admiration.

From the same press comes the second volume of Abraham Cowley's English writings—containing the poems not included in the folio which appeared in the year following his death (those included therein appeared in the first volume of this edition) along with the prose contents of this folio, and Cowley's English Plays.

The story of St. Margaret of Cortona, told by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., in *A Tuscan Penitent* (London: Burns and Oates, 1907, pp. iv. 291. 4s. 6d. net), is a very extraordinary and exceptional one in the annals of sanctity. Beginning life not only as a thoroughly worldly girl, but entangled for nine years in an illicit *liaison*, she not only, after her lover's death, became a Religious of the Third Order of St. Francis, but a mystic of mystics, in continual receipt of wonderful supernatural visitations and favours. These are fully related in the "Legend" composed by Fra Giunta Bevegnati, her confessor, which is adapted and translated by Father Cuthbert, who prefixes a short Life.

*Stories of the Great Feasts of Our Lord.* By the Rev. James Butler (London: Sands and Co., 1907, pp. 94. 2s. 6d. net) is a narrative in simple language for boys and girls of some of the earlier and later mysteries of the Life of Christ. Father Butler freely paraphrases the text of Scripture, in order to be more intelligible to the young, nor does he confine himself to the matter furnished by the Evangelists, but—as in the story of the Epiphany and elsewhere—makes use of that supplied by legend.

The eight illustrations which accompany the text are from pictures by masters of very various schools, from Fra Angelico, Luini, and Ghirlandajo, to Guffin and Scheffer.

Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., is right in thinking that the Decrees of the Vatican Council should be better known. Even those unprepared to accept them as authoritative will at least find in them a clear and forcible statement of fundamental Catholic doctrines, such as, if interested in knowing the truth about the Catholic Church, they should be glad to have in their hands. They may welcome this text of the *Decrees of the Vatican Council* which Father McNabb has edited, and Messrs. Burns and Oates have published in a tasty and convenient form.

*Moehler*, par Georges Goyau (Librairie Bloud), is a volume of the series entitled, *La Pensée Chrétienne, Textes et Études*. Both names, that of the author and that of his subject, are such as to attract one to this little study. The controversies on Justification are not so burning now as they were, in England, forty or fifty years ago, but those who at that distant date were led to read Moehler's *Symbolik* found in it almost a revelation, with such philosophic insight and such lucid exposition does it set forth the root ideas of the contending systems, Luther's and the Council of Trent's, and trace the course of their development in the Protestant sects and the Catholic Church. In M. Goyau's book the present generation has the advantage, with less expenditure of time, of grasping the essentials of Moehler's thought, on Justification, the Sacraments, and the Unity of the Church, and also of studying it in its living connection with his life.

In *L'Evangile selon Saint Jean (Études bibliques*, Paris: Librairie Lecoffre), Père Th. Calmes, S.S.C.C. furnishes, together with an Introduction, the text of St. John's Gospel with some very brief notes. But, though brief, they are those of a careful scholar, and will form a safe and useful guide to readers of this difficult Gospel.

*Religious Instruction in Schools*, by Robert J. Smythe. *The Pope and the French Government—Who's to Blame*, and *M. Briand's Real Sentiments* (the last two contained under one cover), are republications by the C.T.S. of articles that have appeared in our columns.

## Magazines.

### *Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1907, II.)  
The forgiveness of sins in Origen. *J. Stuffer*. The early Church and the truth of the Biblical narrative. *E. Dorsch*.  
Leo X. and the German Indulgence for St. Peter's in 1514. *H. Schrörs*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE DES QUESTIONS HISTORIQUES. (1907, II.)  
The Baptismal Question in the time of St. Cyprian. *A. d'Alès*.  
Leopold I. and his Court (1681—1684). *G. Guillot*. The Persecution of Religious in the eighteenth century. *H. du Bourg*. The Campaign against the "Emigrés." *P. Bliard*.  
Current English Literature. *Abbot Cabrol*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. (1907, II.)  
The Introduction of St. Chrysostom into the Latin world. *C. Baur*. The Holy See and its attitude to the Immaculate Conception in early days. *P. Doncoeur*.  
The Franciscan Question. *A. Fierens*. Negotiations between England and the Low Countries in the seventeenth century. *L. Willaert*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1907, II.)  
The *Ad Constantium* of St. Hilary of Poitiers. *A. Wilmart*.  
The *Te Deum* as a type of Anaphora. *G. Morin*. The Fall and Indictment of the Carafas. *R. Ancel*. A complete Manuscript of the fourth Book of Esdras. *D. De Bruyne*. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (April 22.)  
The Riddle of the World and Materialism. *H. Hoffmann*. The Social Democratic Family of the Future. *V. Cathrein*.  
The Golden Madonna of Essen. *S. Beissel*. Rosmini and Rosminianism. *J. Bessmer*. Reviews, &c.



## *God's Orphan.*

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### I.

For thee this twinèd coronal, O my Queen,  
Have I with mine own hands decked out ; to thee  
I bear it from a mead inviolate,  
Where shepherd ne'er was bold to feed his flock,  
Nor ever came the scythe ; inviolate,  
In the sweet spring the bee roams there at will ;  
And for its gardener hath it Purity  
And running waters : only they whose heart  
Is wholly sinless in despite of all,  
Nor cherish chastity by rote and rule,  
'Tis these alone have law to pluck its flowers.  
So, dearest Lady, deign for thy golden hair  
To take this garland from my virgin hand :  
For I alone of all the world have right  
To live near thee, to hear and answer thee,—  
Hear thy dear voice, e'en when I see thee not—  
And may I end life's race as I begin.

(Euripides, *Hippolytus*.)

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MENANDRION was sitting in the water-garden, and here, at least, the Egyptian afternoon was cooled.

This garden was, in reality, no more than a great cistern, some twenty feet by twelve, down one long side of which, and across the ends, ran a cemented pathway fenced by a very high wall. Over this wall the sunlight streamed through a fence of feathery trees, acacia, tamarisk, and weeping willow, and made a pattern of faint shadow, crossed with reflections from the water, over the lower part of the pylon opposite, whose blazing slope, plunging sheer into the pool, enclosed the garden on its fourth side. The water slid into the cistern from beneath this pylon, and escaped at the further limit of the parallelogram, where the side wall left a space of about six feet from the end. A trellis filled this gap, and over it vines were trailed. Here alone the sun had a free access, making a glory of transparent green and gold, warmly illuminating that part of the enclosure,

in which the light, else, was almost all reflection, a light floating ubiquitous, creating a jewel-like atmosphere of delicate incandescence. For not only did the roses and the jasmine-tufts that topped the wall, catch the sunlight and hold and radiate it until they blazed like little suns themselves, but, in the strong beams reflected from the pylon-face, even the innumerable flowers that stood in the high wall's shadow found their bells filled with a soft radiance that made them half-transparent, like dim gems, pearl and opal, where veiled fires slumber. Iris glowed there, with their intricate tracery of veins blue, lilac and deep crimson on the milky surface, or themselves imperial purple and rich gold: hyacinths, grey-blue, and elusive pink; periwinkles, stars like the evening sky, ghostly against dark leaves; gladiolus; anemones, magnificent once more, sombre glories at the end of their fine stems. And on the surface too of the water, the same phantom colours burned; the flower-cups of the lotus, translucent blue and pink. But the miracle, the magic of that atmosphere was beyond doubt the work of the thousand crossing lights, light striking against the sun's direction, light streaming upwards from the water, light lingering in the shadows like a pulse of life. And at times living glories would dart, dragon-flies in armour of lapis-lazuli and emerald, over water itself like one huge sapphire, unfathomable, crystalline at the surface, infinite deep blue below, the *dolce color d'oriental zaffiro* that, time and time again, the inspiration of Israel had placed beneath the feet of Jehovah's throne, "work of bright sapphire stone, as it were the very heaven for clearness." But to-day, the heaven in the water was sapphire: overhead it was a firmer colour, pure turquoise.

And in this magic garden Menandrion sat out the afternoon, holding himself a little primly, lest motion of curiosity or unguarded idleness should ruffle the careful calm, the recollection, which was to guard the hours that carried him towards the great initiation. For it was now ten years since to that temple-home of the great mother Isis, his own mother had brought him, a solemn little lad of four, attired in a necklace, and his side-lock plaited fine like any prince's! She, poor woman, on whom fate had pressed hard and harder, robbing her of husband and five children, one by one, had determined to bring this son, her last, and offer him to the motherly goddess, acting on the blind instinct that somehow the sacrifice must be complete—that she must rightly be broken down, made dust of—that,

separated from her, mere stuff for suffering, the little one might live and thrive, the universal mother's baby; might become her initiate, some day, perhaps, her priest. . . . And, dumbly sorrowing, she had gone back to the brute work at the mill, following with increasing passion the violent rituals of the popular feast-cycle, visiting from time to time the temple with gifts of lotus and lily for the goddess; even her poor bracelets and ankle-rings she brought, putting them, for Isis, into the hands of the little acolyte, who had been promoted to a kind of sacristanship with ritual of shrine-sweeping and altar-decking, done gravely and with a sense that God was being served. But it was two years before he had come to do even these tiny tasks, and she had changed in that time; and since they never spoke, the lad looked with eyes always more wondering and distant at this silent woman, his mother too, somehow, but who lived there outside, excluded from the diviner Mother's home. And when she died, his only problem faded: no tie, however thin, held his thoughts and loves to that phantom-world: he was the elect, the favourite; the denizen of a celestial atmosphere in which nothing mattered but the shaping of his life to merit the crowning union.

For it must be realized that long before the second Christian century, when Menandrión lived, the worship of Isis had ceased, even in its outer circles of devotees, to present those crude and naturalistic features which it had shared with the other gods and goddesses of the Osiris story. It could be coarse enough, all that old symbolism, all the staging of the story of the Good Being, of Osiris, slain and rent in pieces by Evil, searched for with tears by Isis, his sister-spouse, and reigning a mysterious new life in the Hidden Place, whither all souls passed in at last only to emerge condemned by the enemy's final accusation, to "second death," or called through a long purgatory to identification with the pure God, themselves become Osiris. For most men, there can be no doubt, the ethical value, even the beautiful human character of the story<sup>1</sup> had for centuries remained latent.

It was at Alexandria, and in the hands of the Ptolemies, that the ancient religion was recast; or rather, was so stated, largely in terms of Orphic and Dionysiac mysticism, that all

<sup>1</sup> How much is not suggested by the fact that Nephthys, the sister of Isis and the spouse of the evil principle, Set, was always the close companion of the sorrowing goddess in her search for the mutilated body of Osiris?

its potential sublimity was evoked into act. The development swayed this way and that; there were temporary reversions; arrested energies; sporadic effort. The Trinity of Isis, Horus and the foreigner Serapis, "who holds the beginnings and ends of all things in his hands," had a wide triumph. But mainly in the person of Isis could old and new unite, most venerable from her ancient worship, even as most alluring to all forms of later religious craving, Roman and Greek alike. For the common folk, over and above the old and touching story, the death of the loved one, the search, the suffering, and the joy; over and above the solace and ideal of motherhood triumphant in virginity as over widowed grief, came the frankly human elements of bright and varied ritual, a famous feature being the mystic boat, brightly decorated, escorted at first by a whole flotilla of pleasure skiffs, carrying out the goddess over the spring sea to summon back the flowers and happiness of a new year. At the early dawn, there was the *salutatio*, the *levée*, the waking of the goddess to the sound of flutes, the drawing of her white curtains; sacrifice filled the day; from the altar and temple gates priests gave the blessing of the sacred Nile-waters, their shoulders covered with the veil that shrouded the holy flask. And in the evening, the worshipper would look back to where the statue showed pale behind distant lamps, and breathe "Good-night," before he left the sanctuary. At times the temple would still stand open, and the *ἐγκοίμησις*, the ritual sleeping before the shrine, would be observed; but this was of bad report in the Isiac worship; and the ebb and flow of passion, and even deliberate malice, made it a stone of scandal. Still, it was here that in dream or waking vision, the kind goddess was held to make her presence most intimately felt.

But for the inner groups of worshippers, the ascetic and mystical side of the cult was increasingly developed; absolute purity in mind and flesh was paramount; poverty, fasting, study and prayer were here cardinal virtues; the recurring Osirid legend, here ever more refined, carried the soul through memories of sorrow into a Hidden Place of dim joys and remote peace, which drew the veil of its sanctity over all the sensible world and blunted violent emotions. And what was true for the simpler devotee was accentuated here: the *personality* of Isis, her tender motherhood for all her august splendour, made the cell of the anchorite a home, in which the grating was, after all, unnecessary to keep him from a return to the outside world.

In this calm retreat, becoming yearly more strict, it was this ascetic and mystical side of his religion that Menandrión studied. Daily the head priest of the temple would mount to the boy's room, which looked out only on to sky, and contained nothing but a mattress of palm-fibre with a wooden pillow for the head, and a low table covered with papyrus-rolls. On one side, however, was a painted relief, showing Isis and her sister, and between them the dead Osiris; and here the instructions passed.

The priest, Menandrión remembered, as he dreamt back, that afternoon, over his long noviciate, had early taken him into his confidence, and told him the story of his own godless youth, of his miraculous cure of mind and body, of his heroic self-dedication out of gratitude. "To this harbour of peace, to this altar of mercy," he had concluded, his voice trembling, "did I then reach, dear lad, not by right of birth or rank, nay, nor of knowledge, but through the sorrows that were the prize of my youth's slippery path. They say Fate is blind! Well, her malice, if such it was, most certainly was ignorant of its end, since by that road of peril and racking pain she brought me to this religious state."

The day of cruelty was over, he concluded, "for to the detriment of those whose lives the majesty of our goddess has vindicated to herself, there is no room for evil chance. They have been admitted into the patronage of a Destiny that is not blind, who with her glorious light irradiates all heaven. Happy day, when I clothed myself in the white habit of the goddess my salvation, and gave in my name to that holy warfare wherein of old I fought not, yet by whose vows I was one day to be bound; when for the first time I dedicated myself to the obedience of our religion, and underwent the voluntary yoke of its ministry. For when first we begin to be the goddess' servants, then do we the more realize the profit of our new liberty!"

At such hours Menandrión would eagerly beg to be admitted to the vows; but the old priest, of repute for his cult of a sober worship, would gently check the lad, as a father might quiet his children's hasty desires, and would remind him that while the hour of better hope was bound to come, the day of initiation, the very priest who was to receive the vows, the very details of the cost of the ceremony, must first be revealed by the goddess in vision.

"We must bear patiently with all these details," he said : "we must be on special guard against impulsiveness as against obstinacy ; we must avoid both extremes, and while we must not keep our vocation waiting, neither must we rush boldly in before we are called. No one," he said, solemnly, "can be so deliberately mad, so fain of certain death, as, by a presumptuous sacrilege, to take on himself the ministry without explicit summoning of the goddess made known to himself. It would mean death ! For into her hands are given the gates of hell no less than the keeping of salvation. Your own self-oblation is so to be enacted as to be a kind of voluntary death, whence prayer only may win a rescue ; for lo, those to whom the great Silences of our religion may in safety be committed, must needs pass through the time-spaces of their life, and set their foot on the very threshold of this finite light ; and only the power of the goddess may bring them back, and dispose them, in a mysterious manner born again by her providence, to run once more the race of salvation. You too, my dear lad," he continued, "must patiently wait for the heavenly bidding, though assuredly it is by the peculiar and most evident condescension of the high divine Will that you have been so long set apart for the blessed work, and can even now abstain from profane meats and sinful, even as the other of the devout, that you may the more directly penetrate to the innermost secrets of our most pure religion."

Menandrión, now slowly walking up and down the cemented path beside the water, did his best to reconstitute these experiences, still careful, however, lest any quick or aimless movement should ripple the mirror of his memory, or disturb the current of quiet emotion. For it was not a fortnight since the priest had received intimation of the date of the boy's initiating, and for ten days he had been in close retreat, speaking to none save the old director, eating no meat, praying and reading. The retreat had begun with a kind of baptism in a pure font, while the temple chants had been sung, and the sacred liturgy read in the old Egyptian language. But now the "recollection" into which he had sunk himself lay too deep to be disturbed by the rhythm of his walk. He paced regularly up and down the water-garden, a slim figure, hips and shoulders perhaps too undeveloped, temples a little sunken, eyes a little tired from vigil and insufficient food ; but his skin shone healthy and copper-coloured in the afternoon light : a skirt of white linen fell from waist to ankles : on his arms and ankles plain gold rings gleamed.

And all about him brooded the divine presence, conscious and unbroken communion with which was perhaps the main object of his training. For the slowly developing, assimilative religion of Egypt had ended by evolving a gigantic system, metaphysical and ascetic, in which God and Universe met; man and all things finite, if not already God, tending, through the stream of phenomena, towards a divine unity. Isis, the all-mother, had declared, "I am all that hath been, and is, and is to be," though through her veil no mortal yet had penetrated to full knowledge. Osiris, by a quaint etymology, offered by a reverence which did not forbid a smile, was the sum of holiness of God and nature, the *ἱερόν* and *ὄσιον* in one. Isis, again, since life essentially passed by way of thought to knowledge, was named from *εἰδέναι*, to know. In terms of thought even the divine history was to be interpreted. Osiris was the sacred Word, torn asunder and obscured by the serpent Sin: Isis reconstituted, for her lovers, the unity of the divine plan. Their life and death was shaped wholly in view of this. "It is in our souls," had said the priest, "that we must carry about and adorn the holy Word, as in a shrine. Then shall we be true priests and worshippers. And in death," he had only that morning reminded Menandrión, "your corpse will still wear the holy habit you hope to receive to-morrow, to show that the Word is ever with you, and that with It, and no other possession, you are to go Thither. For even as in life there is no more awful gift for man to take or God to give than truth, so without thought and knowledge of all that is, Immortality would be no life, but merely endless time." And for the summing up of the high doctrine, he had said, "this thing that our priests to-day, with prayer for mercy, and in dim revelation, most reverently do hint, even that Osiris is King and Lord among the dead, bewilders the minds of most men who know not how the truth of this thing is. For they fancy that Osiris, in whom most surely is all holiness of God and nature, is thus said to be in the earth and beneath the earth, where are hidden the bodies of those that seem to have had their end. But Osiris' self is far indeed from earth, untouched, undefiled, immaculate of all being that admits of corruption and of death. And souls of men, here in the embrace of bodies and of passions, have no communion with the God save as in a dream, a dim touch of knowledge through Philosophy. But when they are set free, and shift their home unto that Formless and Invisible and Impassible and Pure, then in truth

is God their leader and their king, even this God, so that cleaving to Him and insatiably contemplating and desiring that Beauty ineffable, undescrivable of man (whereof the old legend would have it that Isis was in love and did ever pursue and with It consort), all beings there are fulfilled of all the good and fair things that have share in creation."

This meditation created a silence about Menandrión, an equipoise of faculties, a suspension, as it were, of time itself. Aware of all around him, of the beauty, the jewelled light and water, he held himself away from it all; symbols they were, vehicles, of God; they were fleeting, not to be rested in, for all their beauty; nay, from the very *mood* they fostered he withdrew himself—that was not yet the ultimate and underlying Reality! An amazing aloofness encrystallized him; far, easily enough, from coarse thoughtless use and wont, he was detached even from the spiritual states which the souls of things inspired, from the very joy with which God in them was to be recognized, saluted, and adored. In this way he tried to cleave to the Invisible and Unthinkable, led to it by sense and soul, but never in these making his rest. His whole being, therefore, hung in this extraordinary interspace by a single thread; the reality, assumed throughout, of the divine essence which was claiming him. Only the wonderfully rapid development of this detachment had kept him from the passions which had their normal dwelling-place in a soul so keenly conscious of beauty, natural or spiritual. But even the spiritual passions were unreal for him.

Kneeling that night on the summit of the pylon, he watched the splendid moon making "long glories" of the Nile, then in flood, and filling with misty light the cistern far below him. It was the last time he was to look on Isis till he saw her, he trusted, in an initiate face to face. The theology of his day, never arrogant to define, fastening on great principles which it was not anxious or inquisitive to justify in detail, told him this moon was Isis, and he did not ask *how*. Stretching out his arms, "Queen of Heaven," he prayed, reciting the long litany of names whereby the one essence was invoked all over the world, "by whatsoever title, ceremony, or symbol we are right to call on thee, help me at this hour, confirm my weakness, give me an end of change and chance, bring me peace." And interwoven with his prayer, he recognized the assent of the goddess, a mother who was yet a Queen; that she was there, touched by his



entreaty, parent of all nature, lady of the elements, firstborn of the ages, crown of godhead, queen of the Hidden World, first in heaven, unific vision of gods and goddesses, at her nod governing the luminous towers of the sky, the healthful breezes of the sea, the lamentable silences of hell, to whose single Power in myriad name and rite the universe did homage. . . . And again the divine geography unrolled itself before him, the dark world starred with altars responsive to the holy ray of moonlight. She was there, most pitiful; she was there, favourable and propitious. Tears, grief, sorrow of all sorts were now no more for him. In her providence his day of salvation had dawned. At that one moment, while her spirit breathed about him, she was also everywhere, dispensing the world in his favour. Only he felt this admonition stealing like cold fire through his veins, stirring his hair: "Let him utterly remember it, let him hold it deeply hidden in his heart, that all the remaining course of his life was pledged to her, down to the very limit of his latest breath,—justly, since by her grace he lived, and his life was to be happy, nay, glorious, beneath her tutelage; and when he should have measured to an end the allotted span, and gone to the land of the dead, there in that hollow heart of earth should he catch vision of her, shining across the gloom, Queen even in that inner realm of Hades, and at last, in the heavenly fields, he should be ever at her side, and she would be gracious to him, and he should adore her. . . ."

From that prayer onwards all was ecstasy for Menandrión, an ecstasy in which he preserved to an incredible extent that sensuous and spiritual detachment which was his ideal, and his supreme method. Unconscious, almost, of his surroundings, he was led from shrine to shrine, till in a tiny cell, the very heart of the temple, the priest left him. In absolute silence and darkness he stood, at first, hands rigid to sides. Soon, he lay flat on his face. Emptier and emptier he strove to make mind and will. Faint images of ritual observance flickered on his retina: *sistra* tinkled in his head, as at an immeasurable distance. Half-sentences from sacred books rocked in his brain,—*"I give my heart to what He saith, nor hesitate at what He doth determine. . . . O glowing Feet coming out of the darkness, O Lord of Purity, I have not blasphemed. . . . O Eye in His Heart . . ."* But silence of thought returned. The Eye looked at him in the darkness, but he attended to nothing.

The end came quite abruptly. Menandrión sank into a profound sleep.

He seems to have reached—if we must explain him—the verge of the high climb to nothingness, to have overstepped it, and, in the sudden relaxation of all mind and body, the natural result (inevitable, even apart from his state exhausted by too-long-vigils), immediately followed. Sleep possessed him, permeating his whole being, sleep absolutely dreamless, absolute peace.

Others, in his place, might well not have had this experience. According to character, training, fervour, the phenomena differed. Hysteria, madness even, might have been the doom of some. Many, after an hour that seemed eternity, would have slept through sheer exhaustion. Had they watched, they might have seen, through a panel sliding in the wall, a dim company of shades, faintly luminous, around a central figure, itself elusive, but recognized by the crown of horns enclosing Moon. *Sistra* would have rattled, softly at first, then with a crash, as the light grew dazzling: then blackness and silence, absolute and sudden, would have ended the vision. Next day, an ineffaceable impression would be found to have been left upon the system: the revelation of the night, interpreted by the priest, brooded over by the lip-sealed initiate, would have kneaded into the very substance of the brain a whole history of divine intercourse, a whole sequel of miraculous privilege and duty. "I trod," wrote one of them, speaking what he dared, "on the very threshold of death, whereunto I had journeyed; and then across the elements did I return; at midnight beheld I the white splendour of the sun in his blazing; gods of heaven and hell I approached and stood before them and adored them face to face. And now that you have heard my tale, yet can you never understand it."

For Menandrión it was simpler. In the moment of his awaking, he was conscious as of light, cool and green, all about him. He rose rapidly from unfathomable depths, his limbs incredibly rested, brain and heart in complete repose. He woke to find the roof of the cell slid back; the keen morning air poured in upon him, and at his side stood the priest, smiling and holding out his arms.

Menandrión fell at his feet, and bowed his head beneath a sea of awe that hushed his soul to stillness.

The very physical peace testified to an experience of divine

joy that was rightly outside the normal memory or understanding. The *result* alone could be grasped. He had touched the Goddess ; he was hers ; nay, she his.

The last act of the drama was quickly played. Led by a secret staircase to the public part of the temple, he was taken to a small room high up behind the altar. There he was dressed in a long white robe and a richly embroidered cloak. He held a taper in his right hand ; palm-leaves wreathed his head. Through a small door he stepped on to the veiled niche above the altar where the Goddess stood, and placed himself immediately before her statue. Then the white silk curtains drew apart, and across the haze of taper-flames, he could see, in the cavernous gloom, the pale and upturned faces of the crowd.

An immense cry greeted the appearance of the majestic statue, and close before it, the slender figure of a boy, rigid in sacred vestments, his face blanched by the candle-glare.

For the first time, Menandrion's head swam. He felt he was in a dream.

A week later, and he was kneeling before the shrine, bidding adieu to the dear Goddess in that ever-memorable temple. He was destined to the service of her famous Iseion in Smyrna, and was to start to-morrow. He made his last prayer.

"O thou most holy and eternal saviour of the human race, and ever most munificent in thy tender care of mankind, unto the hazards of our sorrow thou givest the sweet affection of a mother. Nor doth any day nor any night's repose, nay, nor tiny moment vanish past empty of thy benefits, but ever on earth and sea thou art protecting men, driving aside life's tempests, stretching forth thy right hand of salvation. The threads of our life, by us inextricably tangled, thou dost untwine ; thou stillest storms of fate, thou holdest the evil goings of the stars. Thee Heaven doth worship : the shades are thy servants : 'tis thou dost spin the world, and lightest up the sun, and governest the universe, and tramplest upon hell. To thee the stars make answer, for thee the seasons return, heaven's powers exult, the elements obey. At thy nod blow the breezes, clouds give fertility ; thine is the germinating of the seed, and the growth of the germ. Before thy majesty the birds do tremble whose

goings are in the air, and the beasts that haunt the hills, and the serpents lurking in the dust, and the monsters that swim in the ocean. But I, scant of soul for the offering of thy praise, poor of wealth for the celebrating thy sacrifices, feeble of voice for telling out my heart's knowledge of thy Majesty,—nay, nor would one thousand mouths, one thousand tongues suffice, nor the long roll of an eternal lauds,—I, what in my poverty my worship alone can do, that will I care to effect. Thy divine Countenance and most holy godhead, stored within my heart of hearts will I for ever keep, and there will watch, there picture it. Farewell, divine Mother.”

And he left the shrine.

JAN DE GEOLLAC.

(*To be continued.*<sup>1</sup>)

<sup>1</sup> The authorities for this presentment of the later Isiac worship are chiefly Plutarch's *De Iside et Osiride*; Apuleius' *Metamorph.* bk. x.; Aristid. *De Or. Sac.* viii. 53, &c. See also the interesting chapter in Dill's *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, and Boissier's *Religion Romaine*, I. 357, &c. The advice given to Menandrión, his prayers and meditations, are translated from Apuleius. Adaptation has been sparingly resorted to, and only to preserve the spirit of the original.

## *The Dicconsons of Wrightington.*

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THE name of Dicconson has been associated for nearly three centuries with Wrightington Hall, near Wigan, in Lancashire.

The family became extinct in 1812 on the death of Charles Dicconson, and after passing through the families of Eccleston, Scarisbrick, and Clifton, the property and name came to the present owner in right of his mother, Harriet Clifton, wife of Sir Robert Gerard, thirteenth baronet, created in 1876 Lord Gerard of Bryn.

At the end of the seventeenth and commencement of the eighteenth centuries, Wrightington Hall was a centre of the Lancashire Jacobites.

When in 1688 William of Orange usurped the British Crown, the owner of Wrightington was an old Catholic gentleman, Hugh Dicconson by name, who had fought for Charles I. He had married a Miss Agnes Kirby, daughter of Kirby of Kirby, by Agnes Lowther his wife, by whom he had a large family, twelve in all, including two girls "born dead;" Mrs. Dicconson entered all their names, with the dates of their birth and baptism, in a "Book of Common Prayer" of the date 1639, still existing at Wrightington. Seven of these children, of whom four were boys (William, Roger, Hugh, and Edward), survived to reach maturity.

In January, 1690, old Hugh Dicconson died, his eldest son, William, being then in his thirty-fifth year.

William Dicconson had during his father's lifetime taken an active part in politics, for the Stuart Papers record that in 1689 he was with King James in Ireland, and by him appointed one of the Commissioners of the Revenue from Dublin Castle.

After the Battle of the Boyne he seems to have accompanied King James to France, as his name appears at the bottom of a list of colonels and lieutenant-colonels entitled to subsistence money in December, 1692, signed by the King at St. Germain.

William's name does not appear again in the Stuart Papers until August, 1700, when he was sworn under-governor to James, Prince of Wales, at St. Germain's, and it may be presumed that from 1693 to 1700 he remained in England. He was certainly in England in 1694, as he was tried for his life at Manchester with the other Lancashire gentlemen. With this trial, and the circumstances surrounding it, these pages are concerned.

In 1691, 1692, James II., with the aid of Louis XIV. of France, attempted to regain his crown, and an invasion was planned which was to be supported by a simultaneous rising in England. This invasion, as is well known, was frustrated at the Battle of La Hogue, May 19, 1692, when Admiral de Tourville was defeated by Admirals Russell and Rooke.

The Government of William of Orange was probably aware of this intended rising, but for some reason took no steps about it in Lancashire till 1694. Whether this delay was owing to difficulty in getting evidence, or whether by letting the matter slide hopes of conciliating the intending insurgents were entertained, cannot be gone into here.

It is probable that the Government anticipated another attempt, and determined to nip it in the bud.

At any rate, for some time before the arrest of the Lancashire gentlemen in 1694, evidence was being collected by means of spies and informers under the direction of one Aaron Smith, Solicitor to the Treasury.

Now Aaron Smith was known to be a most bigoted Protestant. He is described as "That violent phanatick who had been pilloried in the reign of James II.," and the task allotted to him was congenial, no doubt.

Lancashire was a county especially devoted to King James' cause; nearly all the landed gentry and their tenants were Catholics. The conditions under which these unfortunate people lived were indescribable. Deprived of all rights of citizenship, oppressed with the severest penalties for practising their religion, all professions closed to them, it required great love of the fatherland to induce them to live in England, and naturally they looked with hope to the return of their King, and with his return a relief from their oppression, a relief which they could not expect from a Protestant sovereign; so can it be wondered at that some took an active and others a passive part in forwarding the longed-for return of their hereditary monarch?

To carry out the clearance of the county of Papists it was necessary to convict the Catholic landlords of high treason, such conviction ensuring not only their execution, but also the forfeiture of their estates, which would then be handed over to trusty Protestant servants of William, who doubtless would have evicted the Catholic tenants, or made their lives so unbearable that they would have eventually conformed to the established religion.

William Dicconson had married a Miss Juliana Walmesley, a lady of an old Catholic family, residing at Dugganhall, her brother, Bartholomew Walmesley, being the then owner of the property.

In 1694, Aaron Smith fancied that he had enough evidence to convict his intended victims, so in June the arrest of the following noblemen and gentry was ordered in the name of William of Orange :

Caryl Lord Molyneux, Sir William Gerard, Sir Rowland Stanley, Sir Thomas Clifton, Mr. William Dicconson, Mr. Bartholomew Walmesley (who was William Dicconson's brother-in-law), Mr. Langton, and Mr. Blundell (Junior).

"These gentlemen were mostly arrested in their own houses on June 17th, 1694, and after a temporary confinement in Chester Castle, were forwarded to London and imprisoned in Newgate and the Tower till a few days before their trial at Manchester."

Lord Molyneux was arrested at Croxteth; Sir William Gerard<sup>1</sup> at Garswood, on Tuesday, 17th of June, at 7 p.m. (he had previously been arrested and imprisoned in 1689).

<sup>1</sup> The following is an extract from a letter from Sir William Gerard (in the *Kenyon Papers*) written to Roger Dicconson on December 28th, 1694:

"I was arrested at Garswood and carried prisoner by the Dragoons to Preston on June 16th, 1689, where I found Mr. Touneley in custody. We staid there about ten daies, and then I and old Blundell went to Wigan, where we staid all night, the next daie to Manchester, and we were kept there until February."

Sir William, when arrested in 1694, was removed on the 18th of June to Chester Castle, guarded by a strong escort of Dutchmen; he remained in strict confinement there for six weeks and one day; he was removed from Chester Castle to London, where he arrived on September 5th, and was lodged for one week in Dartmouth Street, Westminster, as a State prisoner; he was then taken before the Duke of Shrewsbury and examined, and at dead of night on September 12th, brought to the Tower; after a month's rigorous imprisonment he was removed *via* Coventry to Manchester, arriving Tuesday, October 16th, 1694; he was tried for high treason at Manchester, October 20th. (No. 49, *Report on Kenyon Manuscripts*, page 387, paragraph 981.)

Mr. William Dicconson was arrested in London, on August 30th. The Government had appointed the trial of the gentlemen to take place at Manchester, as it was thought that their conviction was a foregone conclusion, and that their execution on the spot with all the ghastly details of the barbaric penalty for high treason would strike terror in the North, especially as the victims would be leading men of the disaffected county of Lancashire.

So certain were the authorities of the conviction that *the death warrants were actually signed and the sentences arranged to be carried out three days after the expected convictions*, and Aaron Smith had the death warrants ready with him when he accompanied the Judges to Manchester.

To make the matter absolutely sure the following precautions were taken :

1. A special commission of four Judges, carefully selected for their known prejudice against "Popery," was appointed to go to Manchester to try the cases.

2. The list of jurymen was specially made out, and after the list had been completed and given to the accused, nearly one hundred new names were added to be returned upon the list of jurymen (*i.e.*, persons eligible as jurymen) to give a further choice to Aaron Smith for his packed jury.

3. "No subpœnas were issued to any of the prisoners' witnesses until the names had been submitted to one of the Judges or to Mr. Aaron Smith."

4. The trial, after true bills had been found against the prisoners by the Grand Jury, was unnecessarily hurried on, thereby preventing the prisoners from properly preparing their defence.

The Judges, and Aaron Smith with the death warrants, accompanied the prisoners, guarded by a strong escort from London to Manchester.

They entered Manchester in full state on October 16th. One of the authorities states :

The arrival of the Judges and prisoners caused the greatest excitement ; even men with no personal sympathy with the prisoners could not but feel indignant, for, on the authority of warrants irregularly drawn up specifying neither the persons nor the crimes, houses had been entered, desks and cabinets searched, valuable papers carried away, trinkets pilfered, and men of high birth and breeding, leading men in the county universally respected, flung into gaol among felons.



The cases came before the Grand Jury on Thursday, October 18th, 1694, which jury was addressed by Sir Giles Eyre, one of the Judges, in a speech violently against the accused, in which address he threatened the jury if they did not bring true bills against the gentlemen.

Accordingly, "One indictment was found against Sir Rowland Stanley, Sir Thomas Clifton, Mr. William Dicconson, Mr. Langton, and Mr. Blundell. Three indictments against :

"Caryl Lord Molyneux, Sir William Gerard and Mr. Walmesley severally upon oath ; they were arraigned and were to be tried next day. Sir William Gerard with great importunity begged time till Saturday for his trial, but was denied and ordered to prepare for his trial next morning at nine."

The accused, it was finally agreed, were to be tried all together on the Saturday, and one accused was to challenge the jury for all.

Now, at the time of William Dicconson's arrest, his wife and his brother Roger were in town.

Mrs. Dicconson at once set to work to discover on what grounds and on whose testimony her husband had been arrested. After some investigation a woman called to see her, Mrs. Taaffe by name, who declared with tears that her husband, a man of inferior position, had been told that "some villainy was intended against the Lancashire gentlemen for some time past," and that a man named Lunt, who had bigamously married her sister, was the principal witness against the gentlemen, and that when arrested for his crime, Mr. Aaron Smith, the Secretary for the Treasury, had interfered and had stood bail for him to prevent his being put in prison, declaring that the reason of his arrest was that the Jacobites had trumped up the charge to get him out of the way as he was an important witness in an impending trial. At the time of Lunt's arrest the persons concerned were unaware that any move was being made against them.

This Lunt was a man of infamous antecedents. Like Titus Oates he had been for a time a professed Catholic ; he had served in King James' army in Ireland, but had been cashiered for representing himself as a lifeguardsman when he had been nothing of the kind ; he had been imprisoned in Bridewell, for theft, while groom to Lord Oswaldston, having stolen the linings and decorations of his master's coach ; he was a consort of thieves and footpads for many years, and a tavern he once held near Golden Square in London had been a resort for the

worst of characters. Having served under King James in Ireland, he knew something of the persons about the King; he doubtless knew William Dicconson by sight, and several of the gentlemen against whom he appeared at the trial, but although he may have been entrusted with some minor affairs, it is doubtful whether he was really as much in the confidence of the Jacobites as he represented, and judging from the details of his evidence he really knew little of the so-called "Lancashire Plot" or of those supposed to be concerned in it.

On hearing of the arrest of William Dicconson, a county neighbour, Mr. Legh Bankes, of Gray's Inn and Winstanley Hall, near Wigan, at the time residing in London, came to Mrs. Dicconson and told her that a Captain Beresford had confided to him in September, 1693, that, "It had been determined to execute the principal Catholic gentry in Lancashire as soon as a case could be got up against them," and at the instigation of Aaron Smith, with the approval of William of Orange, informers had been instructed to work up evidence, the chief informer being one Lunt.

On this information Mrs. Dicconson set to work and through Mrs. Taaffe made acquaintance, under an assumed name, with Lunt. She found that there had been great difficulty in preparing the evidence, but few witnesses having been procured and those "only men of mean estate," carriers, peasants, and such like, whose evidence would have little weight with a jury.

Juliana thereon concocted a plan which was carried out by Roger Dicconson.

It was arranged that Roger Dicconson should take the name of "Howard" and meet Lunt; he was to represent himself "a man of consequence." This meeting was effected at the "Ship Tavern," Butcher Row (one account says in Fulham). Mrs. Dicconson accompanied her brother-in-law and managed the introduction.

Roger Dicconson met Lunt subsequently on many occasions, and finally Lunt disclosed the purpose he had in hand, the conviction of the Lancashire gentlemen; thereon Roger vehemently declared he was willing to assist him in the affair, but that he was not "an half-crown man," but would require a very substantial reward for his services.

Lunt told him that one-third of the estates of the gentlemen would be divided between the informers and principal witnesses after the executions.

Roger then said he would gladly assist Lunt to the utmost of his power, stating that he knew a good deal of the movements of the accused, and being a Church of England man would be pleased to lend a hand in the destruction and ruin of the Catholic gentry ; he also added, what was true, that he knew the Dicconsons well, and asked Lunt whether he knew Roger Dicconson. Lunt replied, "I know him well, and will have him by the heels too very soon."

Lunt expressed himself much dissatisfied at the difficulty of obtaining "reliable" witnesses to corroborate his accusations, but now Mr. Howard had come forward, "he had a gentleman with a name which was a good name, and would be of great weight in his case, as he had no other witnesses except mean men, peasants, and of no estate." Lunt further told "Mr. Howard," who was to be supposed to have formerly been a Jacobite, but since to have thought better of it : "You must declare you got your commission from King James through Mr. Legh of Lyme, as you are a Church of England man."

Lunt and "Mr. Howard" then made out a scheme for the evidence, but as will be shown later, the story that was to be told and supported by the other witnesses was so hopelessly confused as to dates and persons that it entirely broke down at the trial.

After repeated interviews with Lunt, Roger Dicconson accompanied him and the other witnesses to Manchester.

Roger must have been well disguised all this time, probably in a peruke he did not usually affect, and in an unaccustomed dress.

On the morning of the trial, being a Saturday, the people of Manchester were about early, and the approaches to the courthouse were crowded. Every available corner of the court was occupied by interested spectators.

In the long accounts of the trial in the *Letter from Lancashire* and the *Kenyon Papers* the attitude of the Judges appears to have been most hostile to the accused. The actual accusation against William Dicconson, in whose case we are principally interested, was that "he had accepted a commission from King James II. making him a Lieutenant-Colonel of horse, that he had bought, received, and secreted arms, and had assisted to enlist men in King James' favour."

The informer Lunt failed to identify Sir R. Stanley and Sir Thomas Clifton, repeatedly pointing to Sir R. Stanley and

calling him Sir Thomas Clifton. He was eventually given a wand, and again repeated his error.

The evidence Lunt gave was that in June or July, 1689, he, after an interview with King James at St. Germain's in France, conveyed a packet from that King to Lord Molyneux at Croxton.<sup>1</sup>

On his arrival with the packet at Croxton he found all the prisoners present, the packet was opened in his presence, and contained commissions to the gentlemen assembled; in addition to the prisoners, both Mr. Roger and Mr. Hugh Dicconson were in the room; they were brothers of Mr. William Dicconson.

"The gentlemen received the commissions with joy, kissing them again and again, and swearing fealty to King James II." He received five pounds from each gentleman present, and after discussing methods of raising men, was sent to London to enlist men and buy arms.

He also stated that he brought cases of arms to Standish Hall, near Wigan, in August, 1691, in the middle of the night, unloading in the inner courtyard; a number of gentlemen were present, among them Mr. William Dicconson and some ladies, also a Captain Reddish; they all drank King James' health.

On being asked why he had abandoned King James' cause, in which he had, from his own showing, been so deeply interested, he answered, "Because he had been sent over to murder King William, and on confessing to a Carthusian Friar, it had been disallowed, so he determined none of the rest should accomplish it."

Evidence was then given by carriers, who asserted that they had several times carried arms in boxes addressed to Mr. William Dicconson at Wrightington Hall, and to others. As many as eight mules were used for one consignment, the cases all marked D.D. One carrier, Womble by name, declared that once a mare fell into a pit one dark night not far from the Hall at Wrightington, and one of the boxes broke, in which he saw pistols, and the servant paid him money at the Hall.

Another declared he had accompanied Lunt the night in August when the latter brought the arms to Standish, and had also brought arms to Townley Hall at night. A Captain Baker was then called. He was an oldish man well known for his hostility and hatred to the Established religion, which he hated more even than the Catholic Church; he had been in "the

<sup>1</sup> Croxton, near Wigan, now pronounced Crowston, sold many years ago.

pillory and worse in the raigne of King Charles II.," and was always loudly regretting the days of "Old Oliver."

"This Captain Baker was the man who arrested Mr. Legh of Lyme on the staircase of Lyme, and conveyed him in his night shirt, with his legs tied under his horse, accompanied by his son, with great cruelty to Chester."

This worthy declared he found a number of military bridles, war saddles, and belts, in Standish Hall. Finally, Mr. Howard was called; he was considered a most important witness, having assisted materially in getting up the case, but to the consternation of the prosecution though repeatedly summoned he did not answer his name. After some delay the case for the Crown was closed without his evidence.

On the opening of the defence Mr. William Dicconson and Sir Rowland Stanley made speeches, various witnesses were called, including Mr. Legh Banks.

To the surprise of the court, "Mr. Howard" was then called for the defence; he came forward and took his place in the witness-box, passing by Lunt on his way, in front of whom he stood still and said, "Dost thou know me?" to which Lunt replied, "God damn thee! I thought thou hadst been an honest man than to have betrayed me."

"Mr. Howard" on entering the witness-box took off his disguise, and revealed himself to the amazement of the court as Roger Dicconson: he then gave a full account of his dealings with Lunt, and proved that the Dicconsons and other prisoners were all either in custody as suspects, or in France, on the date they were supposed to have been at Croxton and received their commissions; he also declared on oath that the inferior witnesses had confessed to him that they had never to their knowledge conveyed arms or contraband to Wrightington, nor had they seen the accused on any of the occasions referred to in the evidence they had given. On the completion of this evidence Aaron Smith, who was present during the trial, rose up in a furious passion and declared that Roger Dicconson had been branded on the back as a felon, and that he was a perjured scoundrel.

Roger without hesitation, and laughing heartily, immediately stripped and turned his back to the judges and jury for their inspection. Needless to say there was no brand.

The jury retired for a short interval, returned into the court, and acquitted the prisoners.

Before dismissing the prisoners, the presiding judge gave them an harangue, in which he pointed out that most of the accused had been brought up in France, in which country they would, if accused of the crime of high treason, have languished in gaol without trial for months, or even years, while in England they had the advantage of immediate trial, and by jury, a privilege unknown in France.

The prisoners had asked to have their accusations read over in Latin, which is curious; one wonders whether some of them had been so much abroad that they did not know English!

Aaron Smith is represented as being almost beside himself with rage and disappointment.

The acquitted gentlemen on leaving the court received an ovation from the populace, and returned to their respective homes. The judges and Aaron Smith, with his death warrants unexecuted, returned to London. A commission was held on these trials in the House of Commons in December, 1694, in which the early history of Lunt the Informer was exposed.

In the following year, 1695, William Dicconson was convicted of recusancy, and in 1697 he made a deed of settlement on Mr. Roger Dicconson, his brother, of all his estate in "Lincolnshire." There was a legal query on this settlement on the fact that both William and Roger were "Papists."

In 1700, August 4th, William Dicconson was at St. Germain's, for he was sworn there as Under-Governor to the Prince of Wales, but in the early part of 1701 he returned to England on his master's affairs and was arrested. He was tried on March 5th, 1701, for "treason," committed on February 4th of that year in London, for enlisting men and carrying arms against the Government. There are no particulars existing as far as can at present be ascertained of this trial, but it took place at Hicks<sup>1</sup> Hall, Clerkenwell. William is described as of St. Martin's in the Fields. One of the witnesses was a Mrs. Taaffe, probably the same Mrs. Taaffe mentioned in connection with the affair of 1694. For this trouble he was outlawed and fled to France. In October, 1701, he was sworn as Under-Governor to the Chevalier St. George, during his minority after the death of James II.

<sup>1</sup> Hicks Hall became ruinous, and was pulled down in 1782. The papers are in "The Guild Hall" at Westminster. (Cf. p. 13, *Kenyon Papers*, and *Stuart Papers Catalogue*.)

William Dicconson was subsequently appointed Treasurer and Receiver-General to Queen Mary (of Modena). He held that post up to the death of his royal mistress in 1718. He was much employed in the transactions previous to, and during, the attempt of James III. to wrest his kingdoms from the Elector of Hanover in 1715-16. He did not accompany the King to Scotland, remaining at St. Germain's and Bar until the catastrophe in 1716, when King James abandoned Scotland and returned to France.

Probably no one knew more than William Dicconson of the political history of the Franco-English difficulties and the Jacobite manœuvres during the reigns of William of Orange, Queen Anne, and the Elector of Hanover (George I.), his position at the Court of St. Germain's being so intimate with James II., his son, and Queen Mary. Besides this intimacy he had, from his family connections and position, a knowledge of the Jacobite party and their intentions in England few could pretend to. In the *Stuart Papers Calendar* from 1692 to 1716 his name is constantly mentioned, and the letters that passed through his hands show that he was the confidant of the King regarding Bolingbroke and Marlborough's advances to the house of Stuart, and every other question, political and domestic, affecting his royal master and mistress. His sensible advice to the Queen not to press for her marriage jointure shows a clear head. One of his reasons against it was the condition imposed on Mary of Modena of acknowledging the "Princess of Denmark" as Queen of England. His advice was accepted, and Mary did not sign the letters of attorney sent from England in February, 1714. William Dicconson points out that if the Queen acknowledged the "Princess of Denmark" as Queen of England she would give new life and credit to the calumny that James III. (the Chevalier de St. George) was a supposititious prince."

After the disasters of 1716, William Dicconson remained with Queen Mary till her death in May, 1718, and seems to have passed the remainder of his life at St. Germain's, where he died, twenty-three years after the decease of his royal mistress, in 1741, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Mrs. Dicconson outlived him, and died at the great age of ninety-six. She is mentioned more than once in the *Stuart Papers*, Queen Mary sending her messages through her husband and making appointments to see her.

In 1701, according to Baines' *Lancashire*, there was a survey of the estate of William Dicconson by a commission dated 6 Anne; 1707. It is a recital of his conviction and attainder for high treason, and a statement that he possessed as "tenant for life" certain manors in Lancashire.<sup>1</sup> This conviction and attainder evidently refers to that at Hicks Hall in 1701. There are several portraits in oil of William Dicconson at Wrightington Hall, one as a good-looking youth in armour, with a blue sash over his shoulder; two others, one as an old man, and the other as a middle-aged person, and a fourth, an oval miniature, on copper. There is also one of his wife, Juliana Walmesley, half length in a blue dress, with her right hand raised, the forefinger pointing upwards as if to enjoin silence.

Of the further adventures of Roger Dicconson there is not much to record. He married a Miss Elizabeth Petre, great niece of Lord Petre of Writtle, by whom he left one surviving son, Edward. In 1716 his name appears among the traitors attainted for high treason and convicted in Lancashire. He evidently was implicated in the intended rising of the Jacobites, which was to have been coincident with the entry of James III. from the north, and the invasion by French troops of the south of England, which latter intended invasion was frustrated by the French fleet being unable to sail owing to contrary winds, and the death of Louis XIV., whose policy was reversed by the Regent.

Roger Dicconson visited Douay in 1716 ostensibly to see his son, but most probably to avoid the British authorities. In 1717 he was again at Douay; he had a lawsuit with his brother, Edward the Bishop, about certain lands in "Lincolnshire" (perhaps Lancashire is meant), the Bishop claiming a large sum of money from him under the settlement of the estates by William. Roger died in 1742.

In the *Kenyon Papers*, a commission sent to investigate the state of the Wrightington property reports that the house at Wrightington was inhabited by some members of the family, but the occupants were seldom seen, and appeared to live very much retired.

In the gallery at Wrightington there is a portrait in oils of Roger Dicconson, three-quarters length, and one of his wife, Elizabeth Petre, a pendant; he is represented as a red-faced, burly, plethoric man, gesticulating excitedly with his right hand,

<sup>1</sup> *Duchy Records*, bundle H, n. 10.



the left being thrust into his gold-laced waistcoat, his wife as a sleepy-looking woman with a small dog on her lap.

Hugh Dicconson, born December 22, 1667, was, as before mentioned, accused of having received a commission from King James II. in 1691 at Croxton, when the other gentlemen accused received theirs; he was therefore only twenty-four years old at that time. He may have been the brother mentioned in a letter written to William Dicconson by Queen Mary, on September 26, 1716, when she tells him that she is sending a letter to the Princess d'Espinois by "your brother."

He was in Flanders in 1718, living with his brother, Dr. Edward Dicconson, the Bishop, whom he accompanied to England in that year, returning to Flanders in 1719. He eventually resided in Rome, where his portrait was painted in 1746, and died there in 1749 at the age of eighty-two. He never married.

His portrait is at Wrightington, and is the one painted at Rome.

Edward Dicconson, the fourth and youngest surviving son of Hugh Dicconson and Agnes Kirby his wife, was born on November 27, 1670, being a Sunday. He was educated at Douay. Gillow,<sup>1</sup> gives this account of him: "In 1691" (at the completion of his education, and two years after his father's death), "he returned to England. Afterwards he resumed his studies at Douay, where he took the oath in 1699, and was ordained priest, for which he was outlawed in 1701, and on the death of the Rev. Nicholas Leybourne in 1701, he was appointed Procurator. 1703-9, he was Professor of Syntax, 1709-10, of Poetry, 1711-12, of Philosophy. He was falsely accused of Jansenism and was acquitted. Dr. Dicconson's eldest brother was tutor to the Chevalier de St. George, and had been outlawed for high treason in 1701 by William of Orange, and most of his estate granted to the Bishop of London and others, but some part of it had been settled on his younger brother who resided at Wrightington. After the Chevalier's unsuccessful attempt, 1715, Roger Dicconson, Dr. Dicconson's<sup>2</sup> next elder brother, went to Douay, nominally to see his only son Edward then a student there."

"In 1717 he was again at Douay. At this time the

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 56.

<sup>2</sup> This is a mistake, his next elder brother was Hugh. The brother referred to here was his second brother, on whom Wrightington was settled.

Commissioners for forfeited estates were busy seizing all Catholic property, not only of those who joined the Pretender, but all Church property.

"To preserve their interests Dr. Dicconson and his brother Hugh came to England in 1718, in April, and in November Dr. Dicconson had to appear before the Commission again.

"In 1719 Dr. Dicconson went to Paris to look after some college affairs, and returned to Douay in 1720. He left Douay the same year, and went to England as chaplain to Peter Giffard, Esq., at Chillington. Here he remained for some years, and was adviser and Grand Vicar to Bishop Stonor.

"In 1740 Dr. Dicconson was in Rome on business concerning the English Franciscans, and was trying, but without success, to have the Jesuits in the English College at Rome replaced by seculars. Pope Benedict appointed him, while on his visit, Northern Vicar Apostolic in England.

"In 1741 Dr. Dicconson visited Douay, and also Ghent, where he was consecrated Bishop of Mallensis *in partibus* on February 19, 1741, by the Bishop of Ghent. Proceeding to England, he chose Finch Mill House, Shevington, near Wrightington, as his residence; he did good work in the Vicariate. Within ten years after his consecration Bishop Petre was made his Coadjutor. He was seventy when he was appointed."

Bishop Dicconson died, worn out with age, at Finch Mill House, Shevington, on April 24 (O.S.), May 5 (N.S.), 1752, aged eighty-two, and was buried in the family vault in the parish church at Standish, where there is a handsome monument to his memory in marble, with mitre and staff represented.

He is described as a man of singular merit, and displayed much application and dexterity in managing his Vicariate. An impediment in his speech rendered preaching difficult to him.

He had, as before-mentioned, a lawsuit with his brother Roger, probably friendly, claiming a large sum of money on Roger's estates in "Lincolnshire."<sup>1</sup>

There is a portrait of him in ecclesiastical dress at Wrightington. The house at Shevington is much as it was in the Bishop's time; it is gabled, and has several good rooms in it, also a handsome staircase and entrance hall, and is occupied by a very respectable farmer (1905).

On the death of Roger Dicconson his son Edward, born in 1700, succeeded to the estates, and evidently was permitted full

<sup>1</sup> I fancy Lancashire is meant.

liberty to enjoy them, for about 1748 he pulled down nearly all the old black and white house at Wrightington and built the present square stone house, on the leaden pipes of which is the date 1748 and the Dicconson crest. The only existing portion of the old house that is left is the west wing; a black and white structure, the rooms in which are all panelled in oak, two of them having very handsome carved oaken overmantels. This wing is full of queer narrow passages, and cupboards in unexpected places, small staircases leading up to the garrets and down to the cellars. No doubt in these old rooms the Dicconsons and their Jacobite friends met many a time and discussed their hopes and fears. In those days, also, the high-road which runs from Wigan to Parbold did not exist, and the house was situated in the middle of a large wild park; the lake also was not in existence, for it was made by Edward Dicconson when he rebuilt the house.

At Wrightington there are three separate portraits of Edward Dicconson, and one of his wife. They are represented as well in one enormous canvas, by Wynstanley, surrounded by their children, six in all, with a black servant, and an architectural background with a garden. Edward Dicconson married Miss Mary Blount, sister to Sir E. Blount of Soddington, in 1722; he died, 1760, and was buried at Eccleston in the family vault. There is a curious dog collar at Wrightington with his name on it. A quantity of the plate at Wrightington was collected by him, and has his arms and those of his wife engraved on it. He was evidently a sportsman, as one of his pictures shows him with a dog and whip.

He was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward, who married Meliora, daughter of Stanley of Stanley by his wife, Meliora Gomeldon.

With the view of getting the return of a Member of Parliament favourable to the Catholic Relief Bill, 1778, this gentleman permitted the high-road to be constructed across the park at Wrightington at a serious sacrifice of its beauty, and also erected the bridge across the lake, which he called "Meliora Bridge," after his wife.

This Mr. Edward Dicconson died without issue in 1798, and was succeeded by his brother Charles, who died in 1812, when the Dicconsons of Eccleston and Wrightington became extinct in blood.

The ancestry of the Dicconsons is of some antiquity. In

1550, one William Dicconson of Eccleston was steward to the Duchess of Suffolk, as stated on his tombstone. The family lived in those days at Brick House, Eccleston, near Preston, still part of the estate.

Thomas Dicconson of Eccleston married a Miss Wrightington of Wrightington, niece of Sir Edward Wrightington of that place, whose monument is in Standish Church. The latter gave Wrightington in 1640 to his nephew, Hugh Dicconson, who married, as before stated, Miss Agnes Kirby. Their portraits are in the gallery at Wrightington. He is represented in a buff coat, and she is painted with ringlets as worn in those days.

The Wrightingtons had held the estate for many centuries, and their arms were "Or, a cheveron between three cross crosslets fichée azure."

The descent of the property after the death of Charles Dicconson in 1812, becomes very complicated.

Edward Dicconson left four daughters, (1) Constantia, who married a Jerningham, who held a commission in the Imperial army; (2) Mary, married Conde Dillon de Terraforte; (3) Elizabeth, married Basil Scarisbrick of Scarisbrick, and (4) one other who died early.

Basil Scarisbrick died without issue, 1789, and his property passed to Francis Scarisbrick, S.J., Clerk in Holy Orders of the Church of Rome, who re-settled the Scarisbrick estate on his nephew, Thomas Eccleston of Eccleston. Francis Scarisbrick died two months after his brother Basil. The nephew Thomas died in 1809, leaving two sons, Thomas and Charles; the latter succeeded to the Wrightington estate in 1812, and took the name of Dicconson. In 1833, Thomas the elder brother died, and his brother Charles succeeded to the Scarisbrick and Eccleston estates, and also held Wrightington. He died unmarried in 1860, and was known as Charles Scarisbrick of Scarisbrick and Wrightington. Eccleston estate having been sold, his two sisters became his coheireses. The elder Anne inherited Scarisbrick, and was the widow of Sir Thomas Hunlope of Wingerworth, Derbyshire.

The younger Elizabeth inherited Wrightington. She was widow of Edward Clifton, of the family of Clifton of Lytham.

She died in 1863, when her eldest son Thomas succeeded. He died in 1868, and the estate passed to his next brother, Major Edward Clifton Dicconson, and then to Charles, his

youngest brother, who contributed largely to building the church at Wrightington. None of these left any children to succeed, so, in 1896, on the death of Charles, the estate passed to his nephew, the present owner of the property.

NOTES.

In an old book of Common Prayer dated 1639 are the following entries made by Agnes Dicconson in her own handwriting :

- Baptized " Edward Dicconson was born the 15th of May 1652 about  
20th. 4 o'clock in the morning, being Saturday (he died young).  
Bap. the Agnes Dicconson born the first of October 1653 about  
6th. 4 o'clock in the morning being Saturday.  
Bap. the William Dicconson born the third of October 1655 about  
9th. 4 o'clock in the morning being Wednesday.  
Bap. the Jane Dicconson born the 21st of February 1657/8 about  
23rd. 11 of the clock in the evening being Sunday at Heskin died  
2nd of February 1675.  
Bap. the Mary Dicconson born 15th of February 16 $\frac{2}{3}$  about 11 of  
28th. the clock in the evening being Tuesday.  
Desember 1660 2 gerls born Deade.  
Bap. the Hugh Dicconson born the 7th of October 1662 about 2 of  
21st. the clock Tuesday died early.  
Bap. the Elizabeth Dicconson born the 18th of Janewery 1664 about  
21st. 9 o'clock Fryday morning.  
Roger Dicconson was born the 27th of February 16 $\frac{6}{8}$  being  
Shrafe Tuesday att 3 o'clock in the morning.  
Hugh Dicconson born the 22nd of Desember  
1667 about 10 o'clock in the evening. d. 1747.  
Baptized Edward Dicconson born the 27th of November  
the 6th of 1670 about 12 o'clock in the evening being  
Desember. Sunday. d. 1752.

Roger Dicconson born at Culcheth the 23rd of  
November 1722 being Fryday at 11 o'clock  
Baptized the same day [evidently a grandchild  
to Agnes and possibly a son of Roger and  
Elizabeth Dicconson] my dear daughter Kennet<sup>1</sup>  
dyed Tusday the 6th of Janewary att midnight  
168 $\frac{4}{5}$  AGNES KIRBYE.

My Dear Mother dyed 18th of March 168 $\frac{4}{5}$  my dear  
husband dyed Monday at 1 o'clock the 5th of Janewary 1690.  
my daughter Favington dyed 3rd of Janewary 17 $\frac{1}{2}$  being  
Saturday."

" M."

<sup>1</sup> Mary Dicconson was married to a Mr. Kennet and was known as Margaret Kennet. Her picture is in the gallery at Wrightington.

## *A Catholic Mathematician of the Nineteenth Century.*

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Tandis qu'avec fureur d'autres se font la guerre,  
Et pour un vain caprice ensanglantent la terre  
Qui va dans un moment disparaître à leurs yeux,  
Plus heureux, l'astronome a regardé les cieux . . .  
Là se lisent la gloire et la magnificence  
Du Dieu dont l'univers atteste la puissance ;  
Là se peignent encore et le calme et la paix ;  
Là règne sans partage et triomphe à jamais  
Celui qui des soleils a tracé la carrière,  
De la nuit du chaos fait jaillir la lumière.

*Baron de Cauchy.*

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AMONGST the many illustrious men who have brought honour to the Catholic Church in France, there is one whose eminence of genius as of religious faith entitles him to a place among the noblest. This is M. Cauchy, justly celebrated as the greatest of recent mathematicians. He was also the ideal Christian *savant* of modern times, passionately loyal to the Catholic Church, unbounded in his liberality to his fellow-men. His name is familiar to all who are interested in the mathematical and physical sciences, and well known to his countrymen. Still, his memory deserves a wider appreciation among Catholics generally, and it is with this in view that this sketch has been written on the fiftieth anniversary of his death.

### 1.

Augustin-Louis Cauchy was born in Paris on August 21, 1789. From his parents he inherited a solid piety and sound literary tastes, while his precocious mathematical talent soon brought him to the notice and favour of Lagrange, the greatest master of analysis in Europe. Lagrange was delighted with the little boy of thirteen, and let his father know how highly he thought of him. At the same time, however, he gave this excellent piece of advice: "Never let your son open a mathematical book, or look at a geometrical figure, until you have made him go through the usual literary course." Cauchy accordingly received

at Paris an excellent classical education, and we find him carrying off most of the prizes at the annual contests of the University.

At the age of fifteen he made his First Communion, and among his resolutions we find the following significant words :

I will never boast of the little knowledge I may acquire, helping myself by the consideration that if I shall ever know anything it is all due to the care my father has taken of me : also that the human sciences are nothing to the science of salvation, and that it will profit me nothing to know them all if I have not the latter.

Louis Cauchy now entered on a brilliant career of success and fame. At the age of seventeen he was admitted to the Paris Polytechnic School, and by the end of two years our pupil had made such rapid progress in mathematics and their practical application, that he was, at the early age of nineteen, chosen one of the superintendents of some important works connected with the erection of bridges and embankments at Cherbourg. Here he spent three years, never abandoning his own private studies, and continuing to give special attention to pure geometry. The fruits of this early application appeared in his first paper of original research on "Polyhedra," which he published in 1811. This remarkable paper at once heralded its author as a mathematician whose rigour might be safely depended upon, and became a valuable addition to the then existing treatises on solid geometry. It was welcomed with especial delight by that body of French mathematicians who had been looking with dissatisfaction and suspicion on the less strict methods of Legendre, which have within the last few years gained such rapid ground in England. Cauchy's religious sentiments were not in the least affected by this first flush of public success. To his mother, anxious lest he should suffer from his Voltairian environment, he now wrote :

. . . Some of my comrades do indeed sneer at me by saying that my devotions will strain my head, and so on, but rest assured that I still feel the greatest obligation to you, for having brought me up so early in these holy practices. Above all I thank God who has given me such parents, and so many means to serve Him. . . . If all the fools in this world were sent to lunatic asylums, more philosophers would be found there than Christians. . . .

At the age of twenty-two he hinted his desires of a professorship ; his *Alma Mater* eagerly responded to the suggestion ; and for eighteen years he professed mathematics in the lecture-

rooms he had just quitted. He soon was appointed examiner in that subject, a post of no small honour, considering that the mathematical examinations conducted by this school claimed to be the most arduous in Europe; yet in spite of this double occupation, Cauchy never rested from his original researches. Countless *mémoires* on mathematical and scientific subjects flowed ceaselessly from his pen, not to mention the dozen or more treatises which he wrote on the different analytical branches of mathematics.

## II.

Up to the beginning of the seventeenth century, the science of mathematics, as we know it to-day, can scarcely be said to have existed. The mathematicians of those days still adhered to the programmes handed down to them by the Greeks and the Arabians, and consequently did not devote their attention to anything beyond purely metrical and numerical calculations. Analysis, in the strict sense of the word, was unknown, and though much original work had been done in algebra, it was for the most part concerned with the solution of numerical equations. In geometry, too, except such traces of it as we can detect in the *Elements* and the *Data* of Euclid, analysis was never employed.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, however, the great impulse to progress was given, and progress took the form of abstraction and generalization in every branch of science. Mathematics, from their very nature, were admirably fitted for analytical treatment, and great minds were not wanting to apply it. It is significant that the great mathematicians of that age were mostly likewise great philosophical thinkers. Descartes, "the father of modern philosophy," established the system of analytical geometry, and showed the germs of the analysis of finite quantities in his analytical treatment of the algebraic function. This latter method was developed by the author of the *Pensées*, and a host of other mathematicians, while another eminent metaphysician, Leibnitz, crowned this most brilliant century in the history of mathematics by his discovery of the analysis of infinitesimals. Analysis did not remain confined to the province of pure mathematics. The efforts that were made in the course of the eighteenth century to discover the several principles underlying a confused mass of observed scientific facts, obtained their final triumph in the



immortal works of Lagrange and Laplace. The *Mécanique Analytique* of the former, and the *Mécanique Céleste* of the latter, mark a new era in systematic mathematical research. With regard to the *Mécanique Analytique*, these words of Sir William Hamilton will throw light on the nature of mathematical analysis when used as a means of scientific research :

Among the successors of Galileo and Newton [he says], Lagrange has perhaps done more than any other analyst to give extent and harmony to such deductive researches, by showing that the most varied consequences respecting the motions of systems of bodies may be derived from one radical formula ; the beauty of the method so suiting the dignity of the results as to make of his great work a kind of scientific poem.

These last words may be applied with equal propriety to the *Mécanique Céleste*.

Now, it is true that Cauchy was not a discoverer of any new branch or system of mathematics, but then we lose none of our appreciation for Livingstone, Stanley, and the other explorers of the Dark Continent, just because the *existence* of Africa was already known to the world. When Descartes instituted his method of co-ordinate geometry, he never thought that the subject was complete, or that it was capable of no further development ; neither did Newton and Leibnitz in their respective discoveries of the calculus of fluxions and of infinitesimals ; neither did Lagrange and Laplace in their original applications of the latter to dynamical and astronomical research. They had drawn an outline map ; exploration was left to others. Now one of the hardest and most successful of the explorers was M. Cauchy, for though there were many other mathematicians whose reputation rested on similar grounds—it is sufficient to mention the name of Euler—yet the likeness only enhances the contrast.

Thus both of these men are remarkable for their almost unlimited knowledge, and for not confining their researches to any particular section of mathematics, but while Euler remains unsurpassed for his advancement of pure mathematics, he all but failed in dealing with their application to the physical sciences : while Cauchy, in consideration of the numberless *mémoires* in which he cleared up abstruse points in science and astronomy by means of mathematics, must be regarded as the pioneer of the movement towards the extension of applied

mathematics which characterized the century that has just closed—a movement which, it may be remarked, found its greatest support in such distinguished Englishmen as Thomson, Tait, and Clifford. In unmixed mathematics Cauchy was hardly less famous. We venture to think that had Cauchy never touched the physical sciences, his reputation, resting solely on the powerful analysis he brought to bear on questions of pure mathematics, would scarcely have been less.

During his professorship at the Polytechnic School, he published the *Cours d'Analyse*,<sup>1</sup> *Leçons sur le Calcul Différentiel*,<sup>2</sup> and *Leçons sur les Applications du Calcul Infinitésimal à la Géométrie*;<sup>3</sup> these are the substance of his lectures, but they are teeming with most original proofs of almost every conceivable proposition that had up to his time been assumed or unsatisfactorily proved. His principle of seeking out the most abstruse and delicate points of mathematics is still more strikingly brought home to us by his innumerable memoirs and papers published in the several French mathematical journals. Thus, in the *mémoire*, "*Sur la théorie des nombres*,"<sup>4</sup> he deals successfully with this most intricate subject, which has engaged the attention of so many distinguished mathematicians; and again, in his *Résumés Analytiques*,<sup>5</sup> a magnificent collection of modern analysis, he establishes the important tests for the convergency or divergency of series, exhausts the well known "exceptional cases" in definite integrals, gives some ingenious methods for solving harder differential equations, &c., all of which have now made their way into every standard treatise and text-book. Yet another feature which is noticeable in all Cauchy's work, and which, according to Laplace, constitutes the true genius of science, must be marked. It is that his proofs are absolutely general, and so conceived as to include any particular case whatsoever, however remote or far-fetched it may be.<sup>6</sup>

Of our author's achievements in the domain of mathematical physics we can only notice one or two, which are more directly connected with his researches in the wave theory of light. Like most men of genius, Cauchy never had the pleasure of seeing justice done to his labours in this branch of science to which he devoted so much of his attention. Shortly after his

<sup>1</sup> 1821.    <sup>2</sup> 1826.    <sup>3</sup> Vol. i., 1826; vol. ii., 1828.    <sup>4</sup> 1830.    <sup>5</sup> 1833.

<sup>6</sup> We may refer the reader to his two well-known theorems on the existence and number of roots in an equation, which may be found in any work on the theory of equations.

death, Jamin—another Polytechnic professor—confirmed by experiment facts, the causes of which Cauchy had long before presaged and investigated in his various memoirs. Since then, however, Cauchy has been recognized as the undisputed claimant to the development and perfection of this important theory, which has now altogether superseded Newton's emission hypothesis, and which may yet hold its ground against its electromagnetic rival for many years to come. About the same time that Young and Fresnel were independently carrying on their long series of experiments, which more than any others helped to organize the undulatory theory, Cauchy, who was then only twenty-six, published very opportunely his disquisition, *Sur la théorie des Ondes* (crowned by the Institute, and published in 1815). This essay dealt with the propagation of waves on the surface of a heavy fluid of profound depth: and thus excellently answering the purpose of defining the dynamical nature of the wave theory, which supposes a vibratory motion imparted to the molecules of an all-permeating glutinous medium, it was subsequently made the basis of all investigations in its support. The universal favour with which the wave theory was then accepted was due to its accounting for most of the phenomena of light, of which Newton gave but imperfect explanations. One section of optical phenomena, however, remained unexplained, viz., those relating to the dispersion of light, which was considered enough to make many natural philosophers suspend their judgment regarding the new hypothesis. Cauchy destroyed these misgivings by another *mémoire*, "*Sur la Dispersion de la Lumière*,"<sup>1</sup> in which he accounted for dispersion in a very satisfactory manner. It was left to Lord Kelvin, many years after, to disclose the full import of the ideas hidden away in this paper.<sup>2</sup>

In 1816, as a recognition of his essay on the propagation of waves, he was admitted as member of the Institute, and here he made the acquaintance of several men, famous for their faith as well as for their genius, one of whom was M. Biot, a physicist, astronomer, and orientalist of exceptionally high

<sup>1</sup> 1838.

<sup>2</sup> Candour demands that we should refer to the intolerable obscurity of Cauchy's style. In the hands of ordinary students his best works might actually become misleading. The Abbé Moigno, who has by Louis Veuillot been styled "the friend and best interpreter of the mind of the illustrious mathematician," first edited Cauchy with notes. In 1882 the Academy of Sciences did the same for all his works, published in twenty-six volumes.

merit. He was ever one of Cauchy's closest friends, and must have often been the latter's collaborator in his researches into the undulatory theory. After Cauchy's death, Biot rendered the following testimony to his friend's rare virtues :

Who will again represent to us the true Christian, fulfilling with faith and love all the duties of loyalty,<sup>1</sup> of righteousness, and of that affectionate charity towards oneself and towards others, which religion prescribes to us? It was noticed that he went on doing good to those about him up to his last moments, waiting for and accepting death with a confidence which only a deep faith can inspire. Blessed is he, indeed, in whom God has thus combined, as a model to us, the gifts of genius with those of the heart.

On his return to Paris in 1839, Cauchy taught mathematics for nine years at the Jesuit college, until in 1848 he was appointed Professor of Mathematical Astronomy at the University. He resigned, however, in 1852, rather than take the oath of allegiance to the third Napoleon. Cauchy now retired into private life at Sceaux, not far from Paris, and spent the remaining five years of his life in the midst of his happy family. Here he still persevered in his indefatigable labours, retaining his mental energies as fresh as ever up to his dying day. Here, too, he set no limit whatever to his charity, his zeal, and his piety, so that, when five years later, on May 23, 1857, death came, he was ready to meet that God whose honour he had always upheld and whose laws he had carefully obeyed.

### III.

We have seen how from his boyhood Cauchy was conscious of the great natural gifts that had been bestowed upon him, and how he determined to turn them into good account by promoting the honour and glory of God. This resolution he faithfully observed in his manhood. Ever intent on destroying the mistaken idea, then prevalent in his country, that faith and progress could not be coupled together, he never lost an opportunity, whether in his writings or in his public addresses, of defending his religious beliefs against the attacks of modern science.

<sup>1</sup> M. Biot here refers to that staunch fidelity which Cauchy ever showed towards the elder Bourbons. He actually resigned his professorship at the Polytechnic after the July Revolution of 1830 to follow Charles X. into exile. After his dethroned sovereign had died, we still find him at Prague, acting as private tutor to the monarch's grandson, the young Duc de Bordeaux (afterwards known as the Comte de Chambord).

Cultivate with all the zeal you possess [he writes] the abstract as well as the natural sciences: decompose matter: unveil to our astonished gaze the wonders of nature: explore if it be possible every portion of the universe: turn over the annals of nations and the histories of the ancients: consult the monuments of past ages in every corner of the globe. Far from being alarmed by your researches, I shall encourage them with all my heart and soul, and I shall do all in my power to help them on, for I am not afraid that truth will ever be found to be in contradiction with itself, or that the facts and documents accumulated by you can ever be found to be in disagreement with the Sacred Books.

That he did not give his assent to the revealed truths through prejudice or fanaticism, is clear from the subjoined profession of faith which he made publicly at the Academy. He said:

I am a Christian, *i.e.*, I believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, with Descartes, Copernicus, Newton, Pascal, Euler, Guldin, Gerdil, with all the great physicists, with all the great mathematicians, with all the great astronomers that have gone before me. Nay, I am a Catholic with the greater part of them, and if I were asked the reason why, I would willingly give it. My convictions would be found to be, not the result of prejudices of birth, but of a profound and thorough examination. I am a sincere Catholic, as have also been Corneille, Racine, La Bruyère, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon: as have been and still are a large number of the most distinguished men of our time, of those who have done most credit to science, to philosophy, to literature, and who have most of all rendered our academies illustrious.

Such a splendid declaration is not so very surprising after all, when we come to consider Cauchy's love of truth merely for truth's sake. He seems to have meditated very frequently on this question of truth. Truth he makes the foundation of his faith, truth guides him in his scientific researches, and it is their light opinion of the value of sheer truth which is, he thinks, to account for the aberrations of anti-Christian scientists. The following extract from his *Sept Leçons de physique générale*, evidently the outcome of personal reflection, shows us some of his thoughts on this noble motive that guided him through life.

The quest of truth should be the only aim of all science. Towards it are directed the energies of true men of genius—to it they sacrifice their toils. Can we be astonished at this fact? The soul of man, created to enjoy it, cannot find rest outside its dominion. Man cannot do without truth: he cannot live without it. It is one of the essentials of his existence, as the air which he breathes, and the bread which sustains him. It is so necessary that even they who arm themselves

against it must needs persuade themselves that they are but extending its empire ; and it is always in the name of light that those doctrines are proclaimed which strike the mind with death, or plunge it into the abyss of blank doubt.

To this double enthusiasm we owe the noble lines printed at the head of this article, which conclude as follows :

à des spectacles pareils  
Mon esprit se confond ; je me tais et j'adore  
Celui dont le nom glorieux  
Se lit en traits si doux sur les feux de l'aurore  
Et sur le pavillon des cieux.

Cauchy was on the closest terms of friendship with Père de Ravignan, and a delightful story is told which illustrates not only the familiarity between the two men, but also Cauchy's enthusiasm for the esteem due to his beloved science. Père de Ravignan, in borrowing an illustration from some proposition in mathematics in one of his discourses, had it seems "got on dangerous ground." Cauchy was present at this Conference. Directly it was over he hastened into the sacristy and before the preacher could say a word he exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, Father, never spoil a fine and learned sermon again by talking on a subject you know nothing about." He repeated this blunt admonition over and over again, until the reverend Father, with characteristic humility, promised he would never again touch so delicate a matter without consulting him beforehand.

Cauchy found all the rest he needed in works of charity and mercy. He would willingly turn from his work to aid a family in trouble, to instruct children, to found some pious institution, and to lead stray souls back to God. Mgr. Dupanloup said of him in a discourse pronounced in Rome five years after his death, that "notwithstanding the monotonous dryness of his figures and of his stupendous problems, he had as tender a heart as a Sister of Charity." This last comparison of the eloquent prelate we think a very happy one. Cauchy's was not the philanthropy which signs a cheque and does no more, but it involved real self-sacrifice and personal inconvenience. Once every week, laying aside all his superior knowledge and forgetting all his dignity, he made his way to the parish church, and there, with wonderful patience, he taught catechism to a class of poor, uneducated children employed in the lowest trades of the French metropolis ; an admirable spectacle indeed, the member of the leading academies and societies of European

learning instructing half-civilized children from the mountains of Savoy in the elements of religion. More than this. Like all good laymen of his time, he belonged to the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. He, however, not content with the ordinary duties imposed upon the "active" members of that Society, insisted on seeing in his enrolment an obligation to do direct work for souls. One anecdote. He knew a family the head of which had given up the practice of religion, while the mother and six children were all Protestants. At once the mathematician turned apostle, and left no means untried of converting this unhappy household. After some time he succeeded so well that the father became a fervent Christian, and was subsequently elected President of the Conference. As to the mother and the children, after repeated visits and exhortations, Cauchy saw them instructed and received into the Church. The owner of the house in which this fortunate family resided claimed the honour of this manifold conversion, because, as he playfully told M. Cauchy, he had placed a medal of Our Lady of Lourdes in the foundations of the building. "Yes, no doubt," promptly replied his friend, "had that medal not been there, my words would never have had any effect on the occupants."

Two days before he died, while he was actually on his death-bed, his conversation still turned on an institution he had founded, which in France goes by the name of *Les Écoles d'Orient*. His death was particularly beautiful and touching; and we are fortunate in possessing a detailed description of it given by his confessor, the Jesuit Father Coué, in a letter to Père de Ravignan.<sup>1</sup> We regret that space does not permit us to quote from this long and interesting letter, but we cannot deprive the reader of its concluding paragraph, and with this we end:

Every one is convinced [writes Père Coué] that the holy man has gone straight to Heaven. "Poor old M. Cauchy!" some of his friends have been saying, "he will enter Heaven just as he entered our rooms, without knocking at the door." On Monday at the funeral all the men of science and the Religious, who had come from Paris in large numbers, seemed touched and deeply grieved. I saw poor workmen, poor women, and poor girls cry like children over the grave where had just been laid a father, a friend, and a benefactor,

B. V.

<sup>1</sup> See Père de Ponlevoy in his *Life of the latter*.

## *The Higher Pantheism.*

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"Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

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THE ideal tendency which has been turned out of its course into the service of dogmatic Pantheism, is more than a logical issue of the social life; it is the very salt of that life; it is the antiseptic element in the world which has preserved it from the putrefaction of anarchy. This vague consciousness of oneness in all things exists before any reasoned limitation of it to experience, to thought, or to being. And when one thinker places the essence of the bond in a divine, self-evolving substance: another in the creative self-development of consciousness: another in an eternal diastole and systole of the Idea, for ever meeting and being re-born in its opposite: and yet another in the incurable restlessness of one inexhaustible will-to-live—each is seeking, vainly, to express in abstract terms of things outside himself what is really of all ideas the most concrete, and is a substantial part of his own being. Men of shallower and less analytical mind are content with a more material solution of the problem. Fascinated by the majesty of physical nature, her strength, her mystery, and her peace, they find their indefinable yearning translated into a craving for absorption in her; a craving to be one with the hill, and the distant sky-line, and the sea, and to be at rest. And so nature is to them the all-mother from whose womb each temporarily separate life issues, and into whose arms each sinks, wearied out, at the last. Thus the same instinct expresses itself in as many varied forms as there are differences of temperament and degrees of culture, and in each it leads to a different result, bringing the agnostic and the atheist to despair, the deist to a destructive determinism, and only the Christian, who has the key to all the mysteries of life, to a conclusion which in turn sustains and is sustained by his religion. For since in the designs of God nothing is aimless, and there is no aspiration or



tendency or want in man but has in them its purpose and its satisfaction ; and since the designs of God are only to be worked out in the religion of the Incarnation, it must be true that for man to seek full expression for himself and final rest for his aspirations outside that religion, is to divorce the effect from the cause, the means from the end, the question from its only possible answer. And it must be equally true that the call of that religion is addressed in some way or other to each and all of the elements that constitute the being of man. It is quite clear what will follow when this God-given rule is rejected for another and a man-made one. As in the inert East, where each day is sufficient for itself, and speculation eddies round and round out of nothing into nothing, its starting-point a query and its goal annihilation, life has become "a magic shadow-show," an illusion, an hour of artificial day between night and night, a momentary pause on the road to extinction ; so in the living West, though Christianity has for so long been not only a religion but a principle of civilization, because the doubts and questions which all have their solution there are now being carried to a different oracle where reason declares faith to be unreasonable and science proves it to be unscientific, life is becoming, there too, a riddle without an answer, or rather a riddle with an infinity of answers, all of them right in turn and all of them wrong.

Yet the parallel does not seem to be quite just ; for while the Eastern mind, to which the abstract is everything, is content with its filmy reveries and is happy that they should float on indefinitely : in the West, where blood is thicker and every man must do something, a sharp distinction is drawn between theory and practice, and if one might judge by the exterior alone, the professing Christian living by the certainties of faith is as yet hardly to be known from the agnostic whose only certainty is that nothing is certain, or from the withered atheist who has cut off his life at the roots.

But this distinction is in truth a superficial one. For while the conduct of the Christian is the outcome of his own living faith, that of the unbeliever is the persisting extenuation of a faith no longer his, but which has so deeply impressed his intellectual and moral being through heredity, environment, and the like, that though he has long since rejected the religion, the civilization of Christianity is still his profession. And it is manifest that this cannot always be so. The branch newly

severed from the vine has only the appearance of life, decay has set in from the beginning: and it can escape no one who will look around him that a true proportion between the thoughts of man and his actions is gradually returning, and that with the desertion of Christianity as a religion is growing contempt for it as a code. As a consequence pessimism, its only logical alternative, is invading every department of life. It is becoming the *leit motif* of the greater literature in every country of Europe. Aided by the pagan realism which mercilessly strips away the conventional decencies from life and language, and the romanticism which looks with despondent yearning to the faded ideals of the past, it has conquered the realms of fiction and the drama; and fostered by that materialistic philanthropy which regards pain as the one great evil, and its alleviation as the foremost duty of life, it has crept into the hearts and tinged the thoughts of those even who would not recognize it by its name. What follows is a complete dislocation of the framework of life, an abandonment of that true position of man with regard to means and end which is established by faith and by that objectivation of faith which is in the articles of the one true religion. Where there are no spiritual means of tending to his end, which whether he will have it or not *is* a spiritual one, there is no satisfaction within the grasp of man for the exigencies of his nature, the best part of which is spiritual, if even we may not say that properly understood it is wholly spiritual. And so he wanders about in dry places seeking refreshment and finding none, until he must make up his mind to one of two things: either that his lot is and must for ever be irremediable wretchedness or, on the contrary, that the happiness to which he may attain is one which does not regard the so-called "higher" reachings of his soul at all, but belongs to him only as he is a superior animal, an animal gifted with the powers of reflection, memory, and forecast, and so indefinitely more capable of enjoyment than those lower brethren with whom the sum of all reality is concentrated into the moment that is. Either all is hopelessly bad, and the only relative good is a gradual emergence from the *Maya* of life by the practice of stoicism, a gradual blunting of the source of disquiet—the will—by relentless self-denial: or all is at least potentially good, and is to be enjoyed by a discriminating surrender to the promptings of desire. If the first be true, we men are of all sentient beings the most miserable: let us hasten out of life.

But if we are no more than "developed brutes," "finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark," we should bear the sign of the Struldbrug on our foreheads, only with our faculties assured against decay.

Yet it is no paradox to say that from pessimism to a frank optimism, its antithesis, the transition is easy. It is merely a question of reaction. For while in the heavy-lidded East pessimism is simply soporific, in the uncongenial civilization of the West it is corrosive, a source of constant irritation, calling as spontaneously for relief as does a similar physical uneasiness in some delicate organ of the body. The two terms are linked together, further, by their common denial of the supernatural, which keeps them for ever supplanting one another in the office of solution to an intolerable doubt. And the battle between the concrete reality of a social bond and the no less urgent force of individualism, is, as it were, the mainspring of the movement. The pessimist, in his effort after self-effacement, strains in one direction; the optimist, insisting that each man shall fill out his life, follow his inborn tendencies, express his "self-hood" in the clearest terms, and leave the adjustment of the general scheme to nature, pulls in the other; and the oscillation never reaches equilibrium because it is irresponsible; it has abolished the law of gravity, the supernatural unifying principle of Christianity which regards the whole at once and not the several parts singly. For life is bad, and it is good; self-denial is necessary, and pleasure has its place; the soul must be satisfied, and so must the body; both the society and the individual have their claims; but the resultant is not a collision of contradictories, it is a harmony of components: the real life of man is a compound, not a mixture, and the various elements so combine according to the valency of each that the undue predominance of any one endangers the stability of the whole.

Each definition, therefore, expressing in terms of one aspect what has a myriad aspects, must be false; and each scheme of life founded upon such definition must be inadequate from the first. Only in the religion of Christ, of God, to whom alone is possible that single, all-embracing, unifying vision which sees its object at once from every point of view, only there can the problem of life find its true solution. Only there is it possible to emphasize one detail of the scheme without weakening another, since only there shall we find the connecting thread so

definite, the interplay of part with part so supple, the movement of the whole towards the same end so harmonious and so sure.

The task, if it were meant to be for all a scientific process, a study in the same sense in which natural science, or philology, or art is a study: if it were to be pursued painfully and patiently like these, would be beyond our capacity. Few would dare to engage upon it, the vast majority would never think of doing so. But that is not its character: it is learnt quite naturally as we live, it grows with the accumulation and comparison of experience. For every man, consciously or unconsciously, builds up a philosophy for himself as he goes along, though it is true that comparatively few stop to analyze or arrange it into a system. And it is here that the absolute necessity of Christianity, of a revealed, a dogmatic religion is manifest. For with such a guide our speculation is directed, our conclusions are corrected, and we are furnished with unshakable premisses for our reasoning: and while we are assured that there is an object and an explanation for everything, we are at the same time warned that it is not expedient that we should understand them all. Though our guide will satisfy our legitimate curiosity in a thousand directions, it will point out too where that curiosity is illegitimate, and why. Those to whom Christianity makes no appeal, either because they do not know of it or because they have rejected it, are thus foredoomed to disappointment. They are left with only a few principles, true in themselves, and intended for their guidance, but sure, without a more authoritative interpreter than the reason of each, to lead them away from the final truth, or at least lamentably short of it.

Now, of all the ideas that influence the mind of man in relation to his surroundings, to the world he lives in, and to those who live there with him, the great conviction of a unity, of a vague oneness which somehow embraces all nature, all design, all being, is perhaps the most primitive and tenacious. That the physical world should be simply heterogeneous, is plainly impossible: that there should be motion without a term, tendency with no possibility of satisfaction, life in a myriad forms and individuals, self-sufficient and wholly irresponsible in each, is unthinkable. Nor is the rule of a blind evolution working by favour of natural selection a more acceptable explanation: leaving the beginning of things, as it does, hanging in the air, and turning the history of the world,

in the words of a brilliant non-Christian writer of the day, into "a senseless chapter of cruel accidents." Hence such men feel that if the explanation of life is to be sought anywhere, here at least it must make its start: from the certainty, that is, that in some mysterious way, to be unfolded by degrees, all things are one.

And here, perhaps, the Christian is at some disadvantage. He is too likely to be indifferent to questions which he knows are answered in his religion, and are so, for him, questions only in an academic sense. He is liable, from the very security of his position, to miss some of the benefits which result from the struggle for security. This is no more than to say that in this life there is no abiding resting-place, no period of truce in which a man may cease to advance without going back, nothing good without an alloy; and that even the priceless gift of faith may be so handled, yet without being lost, as to turn in some way to a man's relative harm. For the average Christian, who is not a professional student of his religion, may add to his realization of a personal God such anthropomorphic characters as, by removing Him unduly from His creation, will obscure altogether that very true sense in which He is immanent in it. There will follow an altogether unreasonable cleavage between himself and his fellow-creatures in every state of life, which will err almost as much on one side of the truth as dogmatic Pantheism does on the other. But this is no *rationabile obsequium*, no life of faith, in which it is the delight of the soul to make realities of its beliefs and to nourish itself upon them. It is to consider reason as an unholy thing permanently antagonistic to faith instead of as an intelligent servant diligent in its service. Thus the Christian may feel himself absolved from all personal effort to read the riddle of the universe, and will miss half the significance of the answer which he is happy enough to possess in his religion.

How much is there, then, in this affirmation of unity in all things, over which the Pantheist and the Christian may agree? Let us question our own consciousness.

The child is at first entirely selfish: his experience only stretches beyond himself far enough to include some few others who appear to exist solely for his own benefit: as he grows older, he finds that he is one of a family consisting of other "selves" whose claims are at least on a par with his own: during the course of his education his personality shrinks

within still narrower bounds, and he begins to realize more clearly that his private interest must often be subordinated to the common good, and that indeed in the long run it is better for him that it should be so. With his emancipation from control there comes into view a wider horizon, there appear duties to be performed which have less and less reference to himself as an individual: he finds that he must often suffer that others may benefit. His own interests, he finds, are bound up not only with those of his family, but with those of his nation, with those of the whole human race, with those of all creation. He has relations with all nature animate and inanimate: he acts upon his surroundings, and they react upon him: he needs them and they need him. He learns that in his bodily part he is of precisely the same stuff as they, and that the day will come when that part of him will be rendered back to its elementary forms, to start once more on the circle, of being perhaps among the constituents of some other organic substance, it may be of some other man.

Questioning his spiritual side, he finds in himself attractions and repulsions for which he can assign no cause among the experiences of his past: and he notes their parallels even among the lower forms of life. He discovers that there is a whole class of actions which he performs exactly as others perform them, and he feels that unconscious imitation cannot account for them all. He realizes that, insignificant as he appears in the face of collective creation, the world must have been somehow a different world had he never existed in it, since the ceaseless interaction of relation between himself and his environment—animate and inanimate—has had an unknown share in making it what it is. Conscious of an impenetrable veil between his own inner self and the inner self of his neighbours, he is yet able instinctively to divine much of their mental state by means of a certain untaught community of symbols bearing, he knows, a correspondence to similar states of mind in himself. And more than this: he finds in himself a capacity for so entering into the joys and sorrows of others as to feel them as his own. He is vaguely ashamed and humiliated in the humiliation of another, he is gratified and cheered by the joy as he is pained and made uneasy by the misery of a fellow man.

Next, the problem of suffering presses upon him. Nature "red in tooth and claw" appals him. Apart from that suffering which he easily explains as the consequence of personal wrong-

doing, there is much which at first sight he would attribute to a cruel irresponsibility. Yet his hourly observation convinces him that the world is ruled by inexorable law. Then he understands, first, that unless such law is absolutely fixed man will have no stable rule to guide him in working out his destiny: and secondly, that the suffering of which this law is the cause for so many cannot be avoided without a continual suspension of that law which would be equivalent to its complete abrogation. And so he begins to see under another aspect the solidarity of the universe. He sees all humanity as one organic body whereof individuals are the members, with the law for the benefit of the whole: the body being dependent on the members and the members on the body: and he understands that no member may violate the law but the whole body suffers in consequence. Nor can he stop at the concept of a mere law acting, as it were, automatically, working from no beginning to an ever receding end. His reason recoils from that atheistic idolatry which erects an observed sequence of cause and effect into a monstrous impersonal person, a deity blind, deaf, dumb, and implacable, a sublimated Calculus, which is the unique Will, Thought, and Substance of the Universe. If his reason cannot rest in the hypothesis of material being simply for the sake of being, and will not be content with an interpretation of design which denies the existence of an exemplar and shows him all life as an endless vista of "becomings," there is in him something more imperious than reason which absolutely demands a personal Will and control over all, and which will not accept any mathematical law in place of the law of love of whose operation he is none the less certain because he cannot always watch it at work. He is irresistibly drawn to seek for a Master who shall be in Himself the sufficient explanation of His laws, a Being who shall be the focus from which every ray of participated and lesser being proceeds, a Being, too, benevolent, one to be loved as well as feared, speaking audibly to him,

A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half: trust God: see all nor be afraid.

He cannot rest in the abstractions of power, wisdom, knowledge, even love, but he must have *someone* who is powerful, wise, all-knowing, loving, to *whom*, and not to *which*, he can pray, and whom he can trust come what may.

So then, turning from the social to the religious, the

Christian view of life, he perceives a wider and more harmonious co-operation between good and evil, joy and sorrow, ease and pain. For since the execution of God's design in the world involves suffering which is so often personally unmerited, and since Christ in saving the world, and redeeming and regenerating everything by suffering, has sanctified and made a sacrament of it, he sees in the undeserved pains of humanity, and even of those other creatures of God, the dumb animals, something of a salvific and regenerative virtue—a participation, in widely varying degrees, of the salvation and regeneration of Christ.

And going higher still, higher than the humanity of Christ, up to the Divine Essence Himself, he discerns no break in the chain that links God to us and us, His creatures, to one another. For he knows what is implied in the title Creator. To create is to cause to exist what in no sort of way existed before : and he who creates a thing must, therefore, never cease from creating that thing so long as it continues to be ; since the act is a simple act of will, and unless it continue in act, what it had created falls back into the void of nothing from which it was called. Therefore, in every indivisible instant of his life he is in a very true sense being created, and not the smallest of his actions but needs the creative power of God to make it possible. Further, using our limited gift of speech as far as it will serve him, he predicates every imaginable excellence of God, and identifies each with the other in Him : and though the utmost that he can say can never be more than analogical in this connection, yet he knows that there is a real correspondence between the symbols he uses and the realities that they represent. Hence, as there is nothing in nature that is not good, so there is nothing in nature that does not participate in God : there is nothing beautiful, nothing strong, nothing noble, of which he cannot say, God is here. Meditating this one title of Creator, he seems to himself to swim in God : indeed, the metaphor is too feeble, for God in whom he is plunged not only surrounds him, but penetrates his every fibre—and he is only one out of a myriad atoms in the indefinite vastness of the works of the Creator. So far from loosening the bond that holds him to God in the realization of the countless bonds that bind him to his fellow creatures, it is there that he strengthens it and feels its presence most. For he dares to believe that in a way at present far beyond his comprehension, the whole scheme is indeed laid for his own benefit. Not in any selfish



way, not so that his gain is in any sense another's loss, but in a manner transcending the expression of human speech, intelligible only in the language of mute faith.

Again, if he ask his own destiny, he learns that it is to be in union with God: a state of active union to be lived in the fullest and keenest sense for eternity. And just as during his mortal life he has often been intoxicated and, as it were, rapt out of himself in the contemplation of a picture, a landscape, or a beautiful face, and has not felt that his possession of it was any the less full because others shared it with him: so, for all his immortal life, he will be in uninterrupted rapture in the contemplation of the vision of God, shared but not divided with the rest of the Blessed. Coming back to earth, he appreciates the truth which he must often have felt before, that life is not a state but a process. The union with God, "the last of life, for which the first was made," has begun now. And it begins and grows onward to perfection in proportion as his will becomes more and more closely united to God's will as ceaselessly manifested to him by his conscience, that "aboriginal vicar of Christ;" that is, in proportion as his discernment of the right, the good, the true, the noble—ultimately, of God—becomes more and more keen, more and more unerring, and his choice of it more and more habitual, more and more instinctive.

From the first dawn of reason, then, through youth and manhood to old age and death, as he reflects in turn upon the world around him, upon himself, and upon God, the mind of man is ever growing in the clearer and clearer perception of the truth that in the purpose of God everything has its place, that therefore the plan of God is so conceived as to require the co-operation of every one of His creatures, that in this scheme man works as one among many members of one body, and that after all it is God Himself who works in each member, loving Himself in them, praising Himself in them, serving Himself in them—in a perfectly intelligible sense we may say, identifying Himself with them. All nature is bent upon one errand. It is possible, without falling into the extreme of determinism, to say that there is no escape for any one from the burden of the day. The inanimate and irrational creatures fulfil the will of God mechanically but perfectly, since their behaviour is wholly regulated by their environment, which is such as God has made it. Only man, by virtue of that free-will which makes of him so indefinitely a more perfect likeness of his Creator than they,

has power to choose how he will perform his share of the task. But even so he cannot escape it. When the picture is painted he must be on the canvas : it is only for him to decide whether he will be in the light or in the shadow, in either case he contributes to the completeness of the whole.

It is clear, then, that "the oneness of all things," when it is understood in the light of the Christian revelation, means both more and less than the same expression on the lips of the Pantheist. Less, because it stops short of that physical identification which commits the latter to theories that transcend and destroy the self-appointed bounds of his argument, and force him to appeal to an "intellectual intuition" where his reason fails him. More, because from the cramped and uneasy confines of a "system," it leads the Christian at one step into a new and boundless world warmed by a love personal between him and his First Cause, where all things are good, and good for him, and where there is perfect harmony amid apparent discord, discernible by those who will have patience and believe. The one answer to the riddle is higher than the other as art is higher than mechanics, or nature than art. The essential difference between the two lies in the response that each, the Christian and the Pantheist, gives in his heart to the same instinct. Both are sensible of the craving for love and fellowship which is inborn in every man, both are aware of a sympathetic atmosphere radiating from one to another among all the beings of the world, both realize that the essence of love is union ; but here they part. To the Christian, union must not interfere with distinctness : to the Pantheist it means fusion. The Christian clings to his personality, the Pantheist seeks only to be utterly absorbed. No less divergent are their methods of developing their common idea. Without the revealed truths of religion by which he has verified, corrected, and adjusted this sentiment of the solidarity of creation—has, indeed, found it again in them—the Christian could go no further. While the Pantheist, starting from this same sentiment, has built up a theory to fit it, and in so doing has speedily corrupted whatever truth it had to offer him.

But is it an exaggeration to say that the Christian may yet learn much from the Pantheist? That as the unaffected homage paid to his idol by the heathen may be an acceptable service before God, and a lesson to ourselves : so the earnest conviction of a brotherhood among all forms of life, which the Pantheist possesses though he misinterpret it, may be a genuine if maimed

worship of their Creator, and a reproach to our individualistic selfishness? At least, if he had never thought of it before, the Christian may derive so much profit from a recognition of the element common to his own faith and the error of the Pantheist, that it may awaken in him a clearer perception of his place in the grand order of God's universe, and that it may serve to turn his thoughts—perhaps too much centred in himself—to the larger and truer view which represents a corporate humanity, even a corporate creation, all working to the same end, all expressing God in countless different ways, all existing collectively in order that, separately, each may attain to his supreme end, a lasting union with God the Creator of the whole.

He may be led to look with a less indifferent eye upon the sufferings of others which his firmer conviction of their union with himself will teach him are in some way his own. He will see ever less and less to despise, and ever more and more to admire in that vast world of God's creatures of which not one exists in vain, not one is superfluous. He will realize that what he has suffered and felt countless others have suffered and felt with him: and he will bear his sufferings with a better grace and turn them to a nobler account when he remembers that in so doing he is perhaps the vicarious instrument of an atonement, perhaps another Christ to some unknown brother.

R. H. J. S.

## *Rus in Urbe.*



### XIII. OAK-APPLES.

THE practice of wearing an oak-apple in one's hat on "Royal Oak Day," May 29, used to be common throughout England, and especially in the Metropolis; the "apples" being frequently gilt or otherwise adorned. The origin of the custom was, of course, the protection afforded by the foliage of an oak-tree to Charles II., when a fugitive after his crushing defeat at Worcester. When the spring is unusually backward, it is not unusual to hear it remarked that the King would not be able to find a hiding-place among the scanty leaves, but those who make the sage observation forget that it was not in May but September that the shelter was afforded, the fatal battle being fought on the 3rd of the latter month. But the 29th of May was the Merry Monarch's birthday, while on the same day he came to his own again, in the Restoration, and amid the delirium of loyalty which accompanied this event, oak-apples, being then in full season, were adopted by his jubilant followers as a badge conveniently symbolizing both their own devotion to his person, and the sore straits to which their royal master had been reduced by their Puritan enemies, triumph over whom was so highly important an element in their rejoicings.

Like other historic anniversaries, Royal Oak Day, though by no means altogether forgotten, has with the lapse of years undoubtedly lost much of its pristine honour, and were there nothing else to say about the so-called "apples" than that they played their part in the celebration, it would certainly be needless to draw attention to them. But, apart from all historic associations, these curious growths are full of interest, and this being the season, as has been said, when they chiefly force themselves upon our notice, it will not be out of place to call attention to their strange and tragic story. They are to be found generally wherever oak-trees grow—even in our London Parks—while in the suburban area close around they are

produced in abundance, though probably very few of those who casually observe them have any notion of the murderous dramas of which each is the theatre.

The "oak-apple" is in form like a small, ill-shapen, usually colourless apple, though occasionally a pink blush makes it simulate more closely the fruit from which it borrows its name. It is of a soft, spongy texture, and must not be confounded with the hard, spherical "gall-nut," as round as a marble and sometimes designated "marble-gall," from which gallic acid is obtained. The "apple"—like this "gall"—is produced by the action of an insect—whereof more presently—which, puncturing the extremity of a twig, there deposits its eggs. Round these grows the "apple," which is the work, not of the insect, but of the tree, whose sap, diverted from its natural function of building up timber and foliage for the benefit of the oak, constructs this habitation for the progeny of the fly, affording them sustenance as well as shelter, for on their domicile they will feed till they are ready to eat their way out of it.

Here, to begin with, is a big problem. How does the insect thus contrive that the forces of the tree should become its servants and do complicated work, quite foreign to their proper nature, in order to provide just the organic structure which its own purposes require?

To say that an alteration takes place in the character of the juices; that a disease is produced which arrests them, and causes them to arrange themselves in a certain set form—this is not to account for the phenomenon: it is merely an unsatisfactory statement of the result, the real difficulty being left untouched.<sup>1</sup>

However, the tree and the insect understand all about it, and in the nursery thus provided the young of the latter will pass their larval existence, and if all goes well with them—though, as will presently be seen, this is rather a large "if"—in the course of the summer will come forth as minute winged flies, dubbed by the learned *Andricus terminalis*. Of these there are both males and females, some "apples" producing only one sex or the other, and some both. These little creatures live only for a few days, but before the close of their brief career the females go down underground to the smaller roots of the tree, upon which they lay their eggs, producing galls which endure all through the ensuing winter, but of a totally different kind

<sup>1</sup> Johns, *Forest Trees*, p. 17.

from those whence they themselves issued. In the following spring there come forth from these, insects so totally unlike their parents as to have long been supposed to constitute a different *genus* named *Biorhiza aptera*. As this name indicates, they are wingless, and, which is far stranger, they are all females, the next stage in the family history being due to parthenogenesis, of which there are so many instances in the insect world. Crawling up the trunk and out on the branches and twigs, these remarkable creatures pierce the extremities of these last, and deposit their eggs, thus starting oak-apples and completing the life history of the race at the point from which we started.

Here we have an example of "alternate generation," a strange and perplexing phenomenon frequently exhibited in insect history, and sometimes in far more intricate fashion. In our present case, as will now be understood, each generation is totally unlike its own parents, but like its grandparents, and every second generation is entirely of the feminine gender.

Were there nothing more than this, oak-apple history would be remarkable enough, and would furnish problems which long generations of scientific inquirers cannot hope to solve. But there is a great deal more, and the tale yet remaining to be told is no less tragical than that of Thebes or Pelops' line.

The youthful brood housed in the "apple" are destined, if all goes well with them, to issue therefrom in the guise we have already seen, of *Andricus* (or *Teras*) *terminalis*, but, as has been intimated, it is by no means certain that all will go well, even should they escape the ordinary perils to which all growing things are exposed. There frequently comes upon the scene another insect, an ichneumon wasp, *Cynips synergus*, whose pleasant habit it is to provide its own brood with fresh provisions in the shape of the helpless living grubs of another kind, on which they may banquet in their infancy. Guided by an extraordinary instinct this creature, when the apple has started its growth, lays, from outside, its egg in the body of the larva within, which it paralyzes but does not kill, from which egg there presently issues a wormlike grub which feeds at leisure upon the substance of its luckless predecessor. Here is one of the mysterious instincts of which many examples are found in this family of the *ichneumonidae*.

What faculty, or sense [we may ask] can this little insect possess, which directs it to a solid vegetable substance, in the centre of which is stored up proper nourishment for its young? What geometrical

skill enables it to discover in what part of the mass its prey lies buried? By the aid of what calculating power does it contrive to pierce the body of the included grub only so deep as to deposit its egg in a place of security, without wounding any vital part?<sup>1</sup>

It must be remembered that the creature which does all this, having been hatched in exactly the same fashion, never saw or knew its own parent, and can have had no instruction whatever in the marvellous art which it so unhesitatingly and unerringly practises.

However marvellous the skill thus displayed, it cannot be pretended that the methods of *Cynips synergus* are such as to enlist our sympathies on its behalf; it may even appear somewhat of a satisfaction that nature sometimes hoists the little engineer with its own petard, providing for its offspring a fate as dismal as that of their destined victims. There is another *cynips*, which is parasitical on the first, just as is this upon the original inhabitants of the "apple,"—parasitical upon the parasite. Here a still more complicated and inexplicable instinct is obviously required, for this second *ichneumon* must know in which apples the young of *synergus* have been deposited, and how to find them with her ovipositor, a problem which must seem to us altogether inconceivable of solution. Yet there seems to be no doubt that she solves it with perfect ease.

This might certainly seem to exhaust the possibilities of tragedy,—but it is by no means all. There is a third parasite which likewise lays eggs in the "apple," though its grubs do not directly attack those already in residence there,—but it comes to much the same thing, for they devour the vegetable growth itself, and so starve the brood which it should have sustained. Finally, there is yet a fourth which is parasitical upon the third, the young of which its progeny devour.

Little less marvellous than the instincts of the various creatures which enact this gruesome history, must appear the human skill which has thus tracked out its course. The ordinary observer who cuts open an oak-apple in May or early June, will easily perceive that it is the abode of many larvæ, and somewhat later will find within it a colony of small and lively flies preparing to come forth. But beyond this, in the vast majority of cases, he must be content to wonder at the

<sup>1</sup> Johns, *op. cit.*

knowledge and patience of those who have succeeded in piecing together the tale of mutual slaughter which we have heard. It is manifest that not all "apples" contain specimens of all the different creatures described. In some instances, no doubt, the original possessors run their course undisturbed, in others the several interlopers severally acquire dominion. Which of them holds sway in any particular instance only a specialist can determine, but we need not be specialists to understand the broader features of the murderous story.

The oak is not the only tree serving the purposes of insects for breeding purposes, in fact there are comparatively few which are not utilized in one way or another for a like object—the alder, birch, elm, maple, poplar, lime, and willow—to name but a few—as well as rose bushes, currant bushes, and brambles, having each their own clients, as well as several herbs, of which the ground ivy (*Nepeta glechoma*) is a common and easily-observed example. Usually these parasitical guests seriously injure their host, the spruce fir, for instance, suffers grievously from a species,<sup>1</sup> the young of which pass through a cycle of alternative alterations, far more complex and extraordinary than those of the oak-apple flies.<sup>2</sup>

But no tree of the forest entertains so multitudinous a company as does the oak—it was a sound instinct which taught the Greeks to describe woodland nymphs as "Dryads," or maidens of the oak. It is not too much to say that half our vegetable-feeding insects infest this tree, more than two hundred species drawing nutriment from it at some period of their existence, while if those be added which feed, like the parasites we have seen, upon the original parasites, the number is not far short of two thousand.

Nevertheless, the monarch of the woods does not appear to be seriously injured by this profuse hospitality, which would ruin less sturdy growths. It does not indeed escape altogether scatheless, and the nut-galls in particular, which have been already mentioned, for which the *Cynips kollari* is responsible, undoubtedly cause mischief. As a rule, however, the oak is able to accommodate its dependents without apparent inconvenience to itself, and in some cases it appears even to put itself out for their accommodation.

<sup>1</sup> *Adelges abietis*.

<sup>2</sup> A series of models illustrating histories of this kind is exhibited in the National Natural History Museum. It is to be seen in the room adjoining that in which the model of the *Diplodocus* is exhibited, on the left of that remarkable reptile.



There is, for instance, a gall, common enough in spring, the "currant-gall," of the size and shape of the fruit after which it is named, but green or speckled with red. It is found on the surface of leaves, or attached to the pendulous catkins of male, or staminate, flowers, which for a brief season festoon the branches amid the early leaves, and shed clouds of pollen to fertilize the future acorns, the oak being *monœcious*, and bearing stamens and pistils in separate blossoms. From these currant-galls issue little flies, of both sexes, bearing the formidable title, *Spathogaster baccarum*, the females presently laying their eggs on the under side of leaves of the tree, which give rise to a totally new type of gall, known as "oak spangles," small disks of a dark brown colour, which are easily observable in the later summer months. These usually fall to the ground in autumn, and remain unhatched on the ground till the following spring, when they produce, like the galls on the root, of which we have already heard, a race of flies apparently quite different from their parents (*Neuroterus lenticularis*), and again all females, but this time provided with wings, and so unlike *Biorhiza aptera*. These proceed to lay eggs on leaves and catkins, and thus to produce currant-galls once more. And here comes in the strangest part of the history. The catkins of staminate, or barren, flowers are naturally destined to last only so long as they are of service to the tree, that is, till they have shed their pollen and fertilized the pistillate blossoms, which being done, they wither and drop off. It might therefore seem, that the galls and eggs contained therein which are committed to these catkins, must be doomed to certain and speedy ruin as soon as the work of the stamens is accomplished. But, strange to say, those catkin-stalks which have galls attached do *not* fall off with the others, but remain firmly fixed to the branch from which they depend, and grow vigorously, so long as the grubs which these galls contain continue to feed. It would thus appear that the oak-tree puts itself out, and makes special arrangements for the benefit of creatures, which not only do nothing for its benefit, but actually divert to their own uses the material it had stored up to serve its own vital purposes.

It may be thought rather hard that so eminently respectable a tree should be associated with such a cut-throat lot as we have seen, but in truth the family history of the oak itself is stained with crime of a still blacker dye—fratricide being a more regular feature in its annals than in those of the Grand Turk.

Each acorn that grows to maturity must, in order to do so, smother and squeeze to death five competitors, which would do the same by it were they not ruthlessly obliterated. The ovary of the fertile flower contains at first three cells or chambers, and in each of these are two ovules. One of these, however, grows faster than the rest, and, first crushing its own chamber-fellow, so enlarges the chamber itself as to extinguish the two others with their contents, so that by the time the acorn takes its familiar form, no trace remains of the five which have succumbed in the struggle for existence. The same sort of thing occurs among the other trees classed with the oak in the family of the *cupuliferae*. In the case of the beech, of six ovules which start the race together, three or four are crushed by their more vigorous brethren, and their scanty remains will frequently be found as mere dry scales adhering to the mature "mast." The hazel blossom has two cells, each with an ovule, one of which is usually—though not always—exterminated by its fellow. But the worst case is that of the sweet chestnut, as many as thirteen, sometimes even fifteen, rivals being stamped out by the nut which has the distinction of surviving to be roasted by man for his own delectation.

RURICOLA.

## *A Royal Recluse.*

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### II.

THE princess's first visit was to the chapel, where the community was hearing Mass. Kneeling on the ground before the Master whose call she had obeyed despite the difficulties that lay across her path, she remained absorbed in prayer, while the nuns slowly wended their way to the *Salle de Communauté*, where their Superior, Abbé Bertin, bade them assemble. Great was their surprise when he informed them that the royal lady who was even then kneeling in their chapel had come to live among them, and that her wish was to observe their Rule in all its severity.

Then Madame Louise herself appeared on the scene. "I beg of you to receive me," she said, "and to forget what I have been in the world. . . . I wish with all the strength of my soul to become a Carmelite." Turning to a young girl from the country, who that same day had joined the community, she affectionately embraced her. "Here," she said, "is my first companion."

That night Madame Louise slept in the infirmary of the convent; she had come from Versailles empty handed, and was obliged to borrow a night-cap from the portress.

We may imagine the excitement that the return of the Princess de Ghistelles and M. de Quincerot created at Court. The King, when he heard of his daughter's departure, left the room hastily, with his eyes full of tears; *Mesdames*, half-inclined to be wounded at their sister's silence, were troubled and anxious, but when Madame de Ghistelles gave them the letters that Madame Louise had not ventured to deliver herself, they hastened to send the fugitive a few lines of tender regret. "My sorrow equals my surprise," writes Madame Adelaide, and timid Madame Sophie adds, "Do you believe that the sacrifice that your departure causes me is less hard to bear than your own renunciation?"

The free-thinking philosophers and their friends made merry over the strange vagary of *Madame*. "This event," said Madame du Deffant, Walpole and d'Alembert's confidant, "makes no sensation; men shrug their shoulders, pity her weakness of mind, and talk of something else."

Although the sceptical and frivolous courtiers were hardly competent to judge a decision inspired by purely supernatural motives, in other spheres, souls more religious and simple-minded grasped the real grandeur of the princess's renunciation, and a letter from the Nuncio to Cardinal Pallavicini testifies to the favourable impression that it produced on the people.

As was but natural, visitors, moved by curiosity or affection, flocked to St. Denis to see the royal recluse: the Nuncio, the Archbishop of Paris, the Canons of St. Denis, the Dauphin and his brothers, the Duke of Orleans and his daughter-in-law came in quick succession. *Mesdames* were the most affectionate of any; Madame Adelaide threw herself into her sister's arms and embraced her "at least ten times." The King himself, say the convent records, arrived on May 4th, and insisted on visiting the monastery thoroughly; he spoke to the nuns with the graciousness that he so well knew how to assume, and perceiving the steeple of the St. Denis: "There is my last home!" he said. An impression that unfortunately only floated over the surface of Louis XV.'s shallow mind and debased soul!

Then, when the first sensation of novelty was past, the poor monastery resumed its quiet life, and Madame Louise, or rather Sister Teresa of St. Augustine, found herself face to face with the duties and trials of her new vocation.

She faced them with the gay good temper with which in past days she had endured the irksome restraint and wearisome monotony of the Court. The community was an exemplary one: the Prioress, Mother Anne of St. Alexis, was of Scotch origin, a holy Religious, wise, kind, and eminently qualified to direct the royal postulant's first steps in a path so new. She deputed to act as the princess's good angel a young nun, whose family, like her own, had come to France in the train of the exiled Stuarts. Julienne de MacMahon, or Julie de Jésus, as she was called at St. Denis, was a woman of gentle birth, a soldier's daughter, and, like the princess herself, of a singularly gay and sunny disposition.

Very prudently it was decided that instead of being a postulant only two months, Madame Louise should wait more than double that time before taking the habit; the King approved of this wise measure, and it is curious to note how, in spite of his real affection for his daughter, Louis XV. would have been vexed if, having taken so important a step, she had not persevered in it to the end: his and her dignity were, in his mind, staked on her perseverance.

During her five months' probation, the princess resolutely insisted on being treated like the other Sisters: her food, her dress, the furniture of her cell, were the same as theirs. Many years later, writing to a novice, she owned that she had suffered from a mode of life so unlike that to which she was accustomed: "When I first came here, if I had followed my inclination, I should have thought myself always ill. When the Office bell rang I had a headache, when the hour for Meditation drew near I felt very weak. But I made an effort, and was able to go both to Office and to Meditation."

These continual efforts were made with the joyousness that is Madame Louise's chief characteristic; her religious Sisters were delighted with her brightness: "She is so graceful and pleasant," writes one of them, "that one cannot but worship her for the attractive qualities of her mind and heart." She was the life and soul of the recreations, and she owns that often she nearly "died of laughing."

When, on September 10th, 1770, the royal postulant was promoted to take the habit, the convent presented an unusual appearance. Rich tapestries, belonging to the Crown, replaced the faded curtains that Madame Louise declared to be real "horrors." For the last time, she was dressed in a damask gown, embroidered with golden lilies, and covered with jewels; kneeling in the choir, between the Prioress and the newly-married Dauphiness Marie Antoinette, surrounded by twenty-four Bishops, priests, monks, courtiers, and great ladies, she begged for "the mercy of God, the poverty of the Order, the company of her Sisters." Then, assisted by the weeping Dauphiness, a child of fifteen, who was "stifling her tears in her handkerchief," she put on the rough habit, leather belt, scapular, and cloak of the Order, and, thus transformed, laid down with extended arms under a black serge carpet, over which the Prioress threw holy water. Madame Louise de Bourbon, princess of the royal house of France, died that day, and from

the funereal couch rose Sister Teresa of St. Augustine, a devout, exemplary, and intensely happy Carmelite nun. Her novitiate passed without any drawback, and on September 12th, 1771, she made her vows; that day she wrote thus to the King: "I write to you, dear papa, to tell you of my happiness, and I am writing with the pen that served me to sign my vows."

The convent life of Mother Teresa of St. Augustine is devoid of striking incident; it consisted, as such lives generally do, of strenuous efforts to attain the best and highest, of unceasing warfare against self; if at times she found the struggle a hard one, there was nothing in her bright face to betray the hidden pain, and, on the whole, she seems to have been rewarded, even in this life, for her sacrifice of all that the world holds dear.

She was chosen to be Mistress of Novices soon after her profession, and her methods with regard to the young Religious entrusted to her care are characteristic of her strongly-defined personality. Her spirituality was essentially practical: "We must never stop to think whether what we are going to do gives us pleasure or not, but only if the Rule demands it and God wills it," she said to Sister Sophie de Beaujeu, and she never ceased to impress upon her charges that faithfulness in the small things, of which life is chiefly made up, is the foundation of sanctity. Sophie de Beaujeu was the princess's pet child; she had become a nun in the first flush of youth, and the elder woman, whose renunciation took place at the mature age of thirty-three, humbly contrasts the unworthiness of her "evening's sacrifice" with the fresh and spontaneous beauty of Sister "Louise Marie's" "morning offering." "How happy you are," she writes, "to have consecrated yourself to God when you were so young! Pray for one who could only give her life to Him at the age when He died for us."

Religious life, with its continual effort at self-sacrifice and self-control, modifies, but does not destroy, the natural tendencies of the soul: the princess, as we have seen, was by temperament quick and impulsive; once she reproved Sophie de Beaujeu with what struck her afterwards as exaggerated severity. Kneeling down before the little novice, she humbly begged her pardon: "I beg you, *mon cœur*, to forgive my promptitude and my petulance. I have been so badly brought up that it has made me overbearing."

In 1773, she was elected Prioress. "Though my dominion is a small one," she said to her father, when he came to

congratulate her, "I know that it is a great responsibility to have to govern others."

The following year, the King, whose conversion was the leading object of his daughter's prayers, fell dangerously ill. Madame Louise begged her companions to pray without ceasing for her father's eternal salvation: "Just think of it, the King is dying! I came here for his salvation as well as for my own! I cannot do too much for a soul that is so dear to me!"

When she heard that for the first time since thirty-eight years the King had received absolution after a confession made with full presence of mind and a public apology for the scandals of his life, the royal Carmelite's gratitude was intense. "My joy is now complete!" she exclaimed.

On May 10th Louis XV. died, and a few days later his daughter, kneeling behind her convent walls, heard the bells of the old basilica ringing loudly to herald the approach of the royal funeral. Although she did not realize the full extent of the peril that threatened the Church and the monarchy in France, the princess's mundane experience enabled her to measure the corruption that lay beneath the glittering surface of society, and passages like the following often occur in her writings: "May I succeed in averting the chastisements that threaten souls dyed with Thy Blood, may Thy mercy silence Thy justice!"

Twenty years later, the well-meaning and weak Louis XVI. was to die on the scaffold, an innocent victim of his grandfather's scandalous neglect of his duty! Other minor causes may have helped to hasten the approach of the Revolution, but the old King, who on that fair May day was laid to rest under the Gothic arches of St. Denis, contributed more than any one to unchain the wild passions that made havoc of religion and order throughout the land. Madame Louise, by her sacrifice, had saved her father's soul, but even her generous offering and constant prayers could not avert the catastrophes that threatened her country and her race!

To his daughter's fellow-Religious, the simple-hearted Carmelites of St. Denis, Louis XV. appeared in a different light to that in which he appears to students of history who, guided by subsequent events, render him mainly responsible for the horrors of the great Revolution. His attitude at St. Denis was that of a good-tempered, easy-going, benevolent paterfamilias. He sometimes amused himself, with childish glee, by testing the

nuns' fidelity to their Rule. Thus, his daughter having told him that on Fridays, at three o'clock, the Religious knelt on the ground in honour of the Sacred Passion, he immediately, at the given time, invaded the cells of several nuns, and was able to verify their faithful observance of this devotional practice. He had been told also that, even from his hand, the nuns would decline any refreshment outside their meals, and his surprise was great when one and all steadily refused the cups of coffee poured out and handed round by their sovereign.

Owing to the considerable fortune that the princess had brought with her to St. Denis and to the presents showered on the community by members of the royal family, the convent was now well provided for, and its chapel especially was, we are told, extremely handsome, with its marble columns and gilt ornaments. This chapel, the adornment of which was with Madame Louise a labour of love, has been, like so many other sanctuaries, turned to profane purposes. It now serves as a tribunal, a *justice de paix*, and nothing remains to recall the memory of the royal lady who, during seventeen years, spent the happiest hours of her life within its precincts.

But, although she permitted herself to beautify the house of God, Mother Teresa of St. Augustine was careful that the money she had brought to the monastery should not in any way diminish the spirit of poverty that she regarded as St. Teresa's most precious heritage. She was able and willing to receive a larger number of Religious, but the simplicity and poverty of the community were unspoilt and, with a lavish hand, the royal Carmelite bestowed upon other less fortunate convents sums of money that she would have scrupled to spend on her own monastery.

Among her religious Sisters, she frankly forgot that she had been a princess; a little postulant having once addressed her as "Madame Louise," she replied with a touch of her old petulance: "Madame Louise has remained outside." Nevertheless it was impossible, given the ordinary conditions of human nature, that, from the outside, she should not be often reminded of the fact that she was the aunt of the King, and consequently a person of some importance. In the year 1778 alone, she received over two thousand epistles, chiefly begging letters! She was naturally of an active disposition and willingly assisted others by her purse or by her influence, but there is nothing to substantiate the accusation of free-thinking historians, who charge her with



meddling in politics. An extraordinary number of the royal Carmelite's letters have happily been preserved ; they reveal a warm heart, a generous and pitiful disposition, and a willingness to come forward whenever the glory of God or the welfare of others is at stake, but over and over again, the princess disclaims any wish to interfere in matters political or religious :

I should be very sorry [she writes] to interfere about a bishopric . . . God be thanked, I have never had anything of this kind on my conscience . . . [and again] people want me to meddle with everything. You know how such conduct would clash with our Rule. I have not become a nun for such purposes.

Among Madame Louise's acts of kindness was the generous protection she lent to a young girl from Paris, Madeleine Claudine Lidoine, whose parents were unable to pay the portion required from the postulants aspiring to religious life. Mdlle. Lidoine came to St. Denis and discussed her vocation with Mother Teresa of St. Augustine, who, convinced that it was an undoubted call from Heaven, requested her niece, the Dauphiness Marie Antoinette, to pay the required sum. The young princess gladly complied, and by the advice of her royal friend, Madeleine Lidoine proceeded to Compiègne, where she took the habit, and out of gratitude towards the princess Carmelite, she assumed her name, Teresa of St. Augustine. When the revolutionary tempest burst forth, Madeleine Lidoine was Prioress of the Carmelite Convent of Compiègne, and it was under her guidance, and stimulated by her example, that the community faced death with heroic courage. In May, 1906, Pope Pius X. raised the sixteen Religious to the altars of the Church. Mother Teresa of St. Augustine, the heroic Prioress, is now beatified, and the glory that surrounds her is in a measure reflected on her royal namesake, whose generous assistance opened the convent gates to the future martyr.

The visits that, during the first weeks of her convent life, had disturbed the quiet of Madame Louise's days, naturally became less frequent as time went on ; from time to time, however, *Mesdames* made a pilgrimage to St. Denis, the King and Queen and their children. Madame Elizabeth, whose character presents some traits of resemblance with that of her aunt, also came to the convent. Indeed the pleasure that the Princess Elizabeth took in these visits, alarmed Louis XVI.: "I am only too glad,"

he said, "that you should go and see your aunt, but do not imitate her ; I want you."

The penances of Madame Louise, who voluntarily exchanged a Court for a cloister, are slight when compared to the sufferings of her niece, whose tragic destiny is well known to our readers. With generous self-sacrifice, Madame Elizabeth insisted on sharing the imprisonment of the King and Queen and, like them, this young and holy woman perished on the scaffold.

The foreign sovereigns and princes who came to France never failed to visit the royal recluse. Joseph II., after inspecting the convent, observed : "Madame, I should rather be hanged than live here as you are living." "Believe my experience," was Madame Louise's smiling reply, "the Carmelite nun is happier in her cell than the princess in her palace."

Gustavus III., King of Sweden, who came in 1784, was less abrupt ; at the foot of the staircase he observed : "If I ventured to do so, I would offer my arm to Madame." "I accept it," answered the princess laughing, "St. Teresa not having foreseen the case of kings offering their arms to Carmelites."

Prince Henry of Prussia was another visitor, but in spite of her gracious welcome, Madame Louise was half provoked at these visits, dictated by curiosity rather than by courtesy : "Everyone wants to have a look at me," she said, "as if I was a curious object !"

Towards 1784, the health of the princess began to decline, but her spiritual peace and content seemed to increase.

With the reserve of a strong, self-controlled nature she spoke seldom, if ever, of her personal difficulties, but those who loved her best knew that her radiant serenity was the outcome of her courageous and persevering efforts, and that there had been times at the outset of her religious life when the monastery seemed to her "a prison."

Her love of poverty increased as years went on ; her serge tunic lasted for nine years and was mended by herself with bits of cloth that she picked up when they were thrown away by others. Her prayers and penances grew more fervent, and were offered chiefly "for the conversion of the sinners of the kingdom."

While the gay and reckless society of the day was hurrying to its doom, this daughter of the old royal race, whose destinies were so closely bound up with those of France, knelt, a lowly

suppliant, behind her convent walls. Around her the rising tide of Revolution was slowly gaining ground; a few years more and its raging waters were to invade the kingdom, beating down palaces and churches in their fury.

In 1785, a painful sacrifice was demanded of Mother Teresa of St. Augustine. Julie de Jésus, the nun who had filled the part of her angel guardian when she first arrived at St. Denis, died after a long illness borne with unvarying sweetness. The two Religious, so closely united in life, were not to be parted for many years. Madame Louise seemed to know this, and it was noticed that her thoughts became habitually fixed on the goal towards which she was hurrying.

A distinct feeling of the perils that threatened her family and country overshadowed her declining years. The Carmelite princess had a more royal soul than her well-meaning nephew, King Louis XVI.; his weak and shifty policy, his half measures, and unwise concessions, alarmed her good sense and were contrary to her resolute temper. She seldom spoke of politics, but when she did so it was with well justified alarm, and her anxiety, added to the progress of age, told upon her health. "I feel too keenly," she sometimes said.

In December, 1787, her condition became serious; it was with great difficulty that on the 21st she was carried to the chapel where, for the last time, she received Holy Communion. Next day, she was unable to move from the infirmary, and it was proposed to celebrate Mass near her bed, but haunted by the thought that she owed this privilege to her rank, she declined to make use of it: "I want no difference made for me," she said, smiling, "in life and in death let me be a plain Carmelite."

Madame Victoire's doctor, who was sent from Versailles to St. Denis, having pronounced the princess to be in a grave condition, it was thought wise to give her Extreme Unction. She was fully conscious, and spoke to her weeping companions: "My Sisters, do not weep, I hope you will all of you come where I am going. I did not know," she added, "that it was so easy to die."

On December 23rd, at half-past four in the morning, Louise de Bourbon breathed her last. Strange to say, in the words that fell from her dying lips, a far-away reminiscence of her girlish days mingled with the heavenly aspirations that filled her soul: "Let us make haste . . . *au galop* . . . to paradise!"

She was fifty years old, and had spent seventeen years at St. Denis.

On the 27th of December, Mother Teresa of St. Augustine was laid to rest in the choir of the convent church that she had loved to adorn, and a year later a solemn funeral service was celebrated in the neighbouring basilica for the repose of the soul of the royal lady who chose poverty and humility for her portion. But although Madame Louise had claimed none of the privileges due to her exalted rank, a day came, only five years later, when she was treated like a princess. In October, 1793, the Revolutionary Government caused the royal tombs at St. Denis to be rifled, the lead coffins were broken up and sold, and their contents cast into a common grave. That day the Revolutionists remembered that an aunt of Louis XVI., whom they had lately beheaded, lay buried in the neighbouring convent; they immediately proceeded to the spot and dug up the coffin, where, clad in her well-preserved religious habit, lay the daughter of kings. The body was carried to a huge pit, where the Carmelite princess rejoined her ancestors.

Twenty years later, when the Bourbons returned to France, the Government caused a search to be made at St. Denis for the royal remains. They were discovered, and among them was found part of the habit of a Carmelite nun. But it was impossible after thirty years to identify the remains of the royal recluse, and her bones, together with those of her ancestors, were gathered up in large coffins and laid in the crypt of St. Denis.

The Religious whom Madame Louise had trained faced the revolutionary storm with a courage worthy of their late Prioress.

When the *Assemblée Constituante* abolished religious communities throughout the land, they protested that they loved their monastic life above all things, and that nothing would induce them to break their sacred promises.

In 1792 their chapel was despoiled of its gold and silver ornaments, some of which had been presented to the princess by Pope Clement XIV.; then, in September of the same year, the nuns were sent adrift, and their monastery became a barrack.

In 1806, one of the dispersed Religious, Mother Maurice de St. Raphaël, who had known and loved Madame Louise, returned to France from Piedmont, where during the Reign

of Terror she found an asylum in the Carmelite convent of Moncalieri.

She gathered round her a few members of the former community in a small house of the Rue Cassini. The memory of the royal Prioress, whom she had intimately known, was ever in her thoughts, and, through the vicissitudes of her wandering life, she kept with her as valuable heirlooms the princess's crucifix, her prayer-book, her discipline, some of her hair, part of her tunic and mantle, &c. Mother St. Raphael died in 1837. The following year her Sisters removed to Autun; only in 1860 were they able to return to St. Denis. The former monastery had been partly confiscated, but the nuns were grateful to enter into possession of even a small portion of their old house. They remained there till 1895, when their church was taken from them; they then settled at Versailles, but, in 1901, they finally left France and removed to Holland, near Baarloo.

The Life of Madame Louise was written only a few years after her death by the Abbé Proyart, who was informed by the royal Carmelite's contemporaries and friends. His book was published in Belgium in 1793, the year that witnessed the tragic end of the King and Queen of France. It was dedicated to the Princess Elizabeth, then a close prisoner in the Temple, who was executed a few months later.

The numerous letters, meditations, and other writings left by Madame Louise were, in 1869, submitted to the judgment of the Congregation of Rites with a view of obtaining the canonization of the writer at some future period, and from 1897 to 1906, the examination of her "cause" was actively pursued in Paris.

Several miraculous graces, attributed to her intercession, were brought forward, and there is reason to hope that when, with its wonted prudence, the Court of Rome has fully carried out its examination, the royal Carmelite of St. Denis, like her martyred namesake of Compiègne, may be raised to the altars of the Church.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

## *A Miniature City of Art.*

INTERNATIONAL ART-UNION IN FRANCE.

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*Les peintres modernes se refusent les meilleures joies en repoussant l'idée,*<sup>1</sup> was a saying of the profound, mystery-loving Puvis de Chavannes.

Within the last four years a society has been formed in France, whose headquarters are at 15, Rue Rochechouart, Paris, whose *raison d'être* is the liberation of art from individualism, and the cultivation of ideas and the ideal. It is called the *Union Internationale des Beaux-Arts, des Lettres, des Sciences et de l'Industrie*, and it publishes an original monthly review called *Les Tendances Nouvelles*, on whose cover the magic word *Idée* is writ large.

While in England we are driven to complain of the centralization of art in London, of the constant succession of "one man shows," possibly *ad nauseam* of the public, and perhaps nullifying each other's effect, making the progress of national art in our country chaotic with the anarchy of over-active individualism, a union has been formed in France, whose special objects are the decentralization of art, and the expansion of the collective artistic faculty of European nations. Science is to be applied to the arts, and the people are to be initiated into the functions of sensible beauty, and in art is to be united both the ideal and the popular at last.

At the annual "Congress" of this Union, as it is called, there are not only exhibitions of works of art, but lectures on its many-sided interests and its most modern aspects are also given; concerts and the display of recent literary publications, poetry and music, add to the interest which attracts such large concourses of all classes to the *Musée du Peuple*, as they elect to call it. Last year, in one day, a public of six thousand people passed through the rooms, on the *Jours des Fêtes*.<sup>2</sup>

In the first section, paintings, sculpture, and decorative art is

<sup>1</sup> "Modern painters deny themselves the highest joy in rejecting the ideal."

<sup>2</sup> 5d. only is charged for admittance daily to the "Congress," e.g., fifty centimes, and special arrangements are made for schools, colleges, guilds, or any large parties of persons to be admitted at a minimum reduced fee.

shown, and it is a very varied display, including enamel, stained glass, porcelain and ceramic works, ivory carving, leather and silver work, furniture, and works of public utility.

But one of the galleries, which was specially interesting, was devoted to *Popular Art*. Here the attempt to introduce art to the cottages of the people was represented by many different objects, humble utensils, and furniture of simple artistic form, to be sold to the people at the lowest possible prices. We need hardly say that these were much appreciated, for the French nation are artistically enthusiastic even in the humblest ranks. In another part was a "book fair," an exhibition of books, pamphlets, illustrations, albums, pieces of music, and new songs.

There, too, was a display of bookbinding, embroidery, and carpentry, of bronze and iron-work, of instruments of music and agriculture; nothing which could claim to be industrial art was omitted.

The third section contained a good loan collection of well-known masterpieces of both the ancient and modern schools of painting. The "Union" appeals to all collectors to take their share in "the educational idea which has inspired us." Specimens of ancient furniture, jewellery, and embroidery, are also exhibited here.

The lectures and discussions on art, which are encouraged at the "Congress," are extremely interesting, and a description of last year's course will show their scope.

I. The direct relations between the artist and artisan.

How to unite *l'idée créatrice* with manual force.

II. The moral and material life of artists.

From what sources they are obliged to derive their maintenance. How they are made use of (*exploités*). How they are able to live by utilitarian art.

III. Varied discussions with regard to the idea of creating a *City of Art*.

The foundation of a free school of art, and of artistic factories: this indeed will be the problem to be solved in the future everywhere.

IV. The hygiene of intellectual work.

The artist must keep his physical powers up to the level of his work.

V. Scientific discoveries, as applied to art.

Chemical researches; the best way of preserving and preparing colours, papers, panels, bindings, etc.

These lectures are given by the most capable members of the "Union," are of absorbing interest, and lead to an animated fire of questions and the friction of ideas.

Nor are the musicians left out : for recently published pieces of music and songs are publicly examined, executed, and discussed.

No doubt we are used to something of this kind in England, where a large international exhibition is formed at intervals of ten or twenty years. But the novelty of the "Union" is that it is annual, and always in a different town of the many large ones in France, so as to insist on the idea of decentralization. It may be said to form a miniature "City of Art" yearly in different provinces.

Art suffers too long [to quote from one of their directors] from concessions made to society, for the satisfaction of ignoble vanities and low instincts. We need an effort of constant thought, in order to free it from falsehood, and to restore it to its true *rôle* of a regenerator of the race. We must have the courage to resist what opposes the love of truth more than ever. For this purpose we need energetic men, who will act boldly, and respect every individual initiative, and with these only will we surround our Union.

Surely, also, this is the great need in England too, and possibly it is more difficult for us to break through our individualism in art.

This year the Congress, so carefully organized through the winter, opened at Angers, in south-west France, the 10th of May, at the *Musée du Peuple*, and will last through June.

I have before me the monthly review of the *Union Internationale des Beaux-Arts et Lettres*, which is printed on art paper, and in which many deep and original articles are published, illustrated by fifty *gravures*. *Gérôme-Maësse* writes an amusing letter to a young man on his art-studies in the country. *Félix Borchardt* writes about some of the modern Dresden artists, *J. Cotelle* writes upon *Idealism and Science*, and there are short terse accounts of several modern European artists of different nations and their works. *Henri Breuil* writes his reflections on the writer *Huysmans*, and *Maurice Chabas* gives his "Ideas," &c.

That such names as *Paul Adam*, *Besnard*, *Rodin*, *Eugène Blot*, *Raffaelli*, *Princess Gargarine-Stourdzer*, *Lecomte*, and many others of distinction appear on the honorary committee is the



best sign that its inspiring objects will be carried out. The members are admitted only by a careful selection, in many cases without their knowledge or application, chosen from several nations from their representative work, with restricted numbers, one hundred being elected last year.

This is the age for reciprocity, and if our artistic energy can be kindled still further by the inspiring ideals of our clever neighbours over the sea, nothing but mutual benefit may accrue, and the ideal "City of Art" become a reality and take foundations for its dreamy magnificence in the future. After all, as M. Peladan says : "*Les arts qui n'aboutissent pas à la beauté, ne sont que des métiers—voilà l'Idéalisme.*"<sup>1</sup>

YMAL OSWIN.

<sup>1</sup> "Those arts which do not lead to beauty, are only trades : this is the Ideal."

## *The Early History of Church Bells.*

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CONSIDERING how much of patient labour has been spent—more perhaps in this country than in any other—upon the study of campanology, it is strange that we still remain so much in the dark regarding the *origin* of church bells. The volume on this subject recently published in the series of “The Antiquary’s Books” illustrates this weak point in our scientific equipment. No more competent specialist could have been found to undertake it than the late Dr. Raven of Fressingfield, who had practically devoted his life to this special study. In many respects his book is excellent, being full of authoritative and first-hand information, and animated with enthusiasm of a most stimulating quality, but in the matter of origins he is not convincing. Even an uncritical reader can hardly fail to be conscious that here Dr. Raven has an uncertain grasp of his subject. Let us hasten to add that the distinguished Suffolk antiquary is not more to be blamed for this than any other of his contemporary *Fach-genossen*. The simple fact seems to be that no one has yet set to work systematically to investigate the question.

Perhaps the nearest approach to anything like systematic treatment is that offered by an article of the Abbé Vacandard, the author of the *Life of St. Bernard*, in the *Revue du Clergé Français*.<sup>1</sup> He takes the four words most commonly used by early writers to designate a bell, to wit, *clocca*, *signum*, *campana*, and *nola*, and investigates the use of each. The method in itself is good, but unfortunately the Abbé starts off by missing a very important item in the evidence. In consequence of this omission he is led to the conclusion that the word *clocca* (German *glocke*, French *cloche*, English *clock*) is of Teutonic origin, and that the earliest recorded instances of its use are to be found in the correspondence of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, about the year 740. Now, whatever obscurity may

<sup>1</sup> January 15, 1902.

rest upon many other debated points in the early history of bells, we may unhesitatingly reject this suggestion as in the highest degree improbable if not impossible. Indeed, we do not believe that Abbé Vacandard would have made it if he had not overlooked the primitive use of the same word which was certainly familiar in Ireland from a much earlier date. St. Adamnan, Abbot of Hy, who died in 704, has left us a biography of St. Columba which occupies the very foremost place amongst the memorials of the Iro-Scottish Church. Of its text we can be absolutely certain, for we possess a manuscript written by a disciple of St. Adamnan himself only a few years after its author's death. In this the word *clocca* twice occurs<sup>1</sup> in connection with St. Columba, and seeing that the form *clóg* is the ordinary Irish name for a bell and can be traced back to the earliest period of the language, it seems supremely unlikely that it should have been borrowed from those Teutonic races which the Irish missionaries were the first to evangelize. On the other hand there is overwhelming evidence that amongst the primitive Celts, and particularly among the people of Ireland, each missionary had his hand-bell, and that in the case of the greater saints this *clóg* was held in extraordinary reverence as the most sacred of relics. Despite all the wars and feuds and devastations to which Ireland has been a prey, a remarkable number of these bells have been preserved even to our own day. In particular the bell of St. Patrick, known as the *Clog-an-edachta*, or bell of the testament, is still in existence. The most competent Celtic antiquaries, *e.g.*, Dr. Reeves, Miss Margaret Stokes, Mr. Milligan and even Professor Bury, do not dispute its genuineness, and it is highly probable that the rude bell now preserved in Dublin with its magnificent eleventh century shrine was spoken of by that name in the lost chronicle called the Book of Cuana, and was really taken in the year 552 from the tomb of St. Patrick.

From the numerous extant examples the construction of these early implements, made in a wedge shape like Swiss cow-bells, and constructed of sheet iron bent and rudely riveted, is perfectly familiar, and we can trace their evolution through larger specimens of cast bronze belonging to the tenth century into a form not very remote from that with which we now identify the word bell. When we remember the use made by St. Francis Xavier of his hand-bell in the far East nearly a thousand years

<sup>1</sup> Bk. I. ch. viii. and Bk. III. ch. xxiii.

later it is natural to conclude that the early Irish missionaries in Germany adopted the same means of gathering auditors around them, and that in those primitive ages the *clocca* was deemed almost the first essential of the preacher's outfit, and that some kind of tower for the bell seemed only next in importance to the altar and the font in every permanent church.

The great problem however which seems to us to have been as yet but imperfectly discussed is the origin of the large church bell. Was it invented, as Walafrid-Strabo asserts that it was, in Campania, and did it spread thence throughout the Western Church? Or are we to find the true ancestor of our splendid modern peals in the rude hand-bell of St. Patrick and his fellow-missionaries? Let us confess that we are strongly tempted to incline to the latter solution, improbable as it may seem at first sight. The difficulty of course lies in the fact that already in the sixth century we find mention of the *signum* and the *campana*<sup>1</sup> as objects in familiar use throughout Gaul, southern Italy, and probably Spain, where of course it is not easy to suppose the existence of any Irish influence.

But what in the beginning was precisely denoted by these terms *signum* and *campana*? The very vagueness of the former, which only means a signal, is a little suspicious. May it not be suggested that in translating these two expressions by the word *bell*, as is commonly done, we are really assuming in a most unjustifiable way that their import from the very first was specific and not generic?<sup>2</sup> With us *bell* has a very definite signification. It distinctly excludes the idea of a metal drum, or a sheet of iron or anything which resembles a cymbal, but there is nothing in the nature of the case which requires us to assume the same in the early use of the words *signum* and *campana*. The present connotation of the word *gong* supplies an excellent illustration. It really includes every resonant metal instrument which is beaten with a hammer or drumstick, though the shape may vary from the church gong, an inverted cup fixed upon a pedestal, to the Indian gong, which is a sheet of metal swinging freely from supports. The time might easily come when through the practical disappearance of

<sup>1</sup> The earliest example of *campana* seems to be one quoted by Abbé Vacandard from a letter of Ferrardus, the deacon, to Eugippius, c. 515, in southern Italy.

<sup>2</sup> It is not of course denied that later on both *signum* and *campana* were used to denote a bell properly so called. Perhaps the earliest instance of *signum* in this sense is to be found among the Spanish ordinals published by Dom Ferotin, *Monumenta Liturgica*.

one type or another the word *gong* would cease to have any connotation but that of one familiar instrument of quite definite form. This is at least a possibility with regard to the primitive use of *signum* and *campana*. To arrive at any certain conclusion it would be necessary to go through all the known early examples much more systematically than has yet been attempted.

The fact that Gregory of Tours speaks in one place of the *signum* having a cord attached to it is no doubt an indication which rather suggests the idea of a bell properly so-called, but it is not conclusive. A hammer beating upon a big gong hung in a tower might easily be worked from below by a cord. On the other hand, there is one very suggestive fact which seems to be far too easily dismissed in discussions upon this subject. The Greek Church, relatively so unchanging in its ritual observances, has preserved to this day the use of the *σημαντήρ* or *σημαντήριον* (a word which seems distinctly meant as the counterpart of the Latin *signum*), for summoning its clergy at the beginning of a function. This instrument is not a bell but a sort of metal gong, and it bears apparently a good deal of resemblance to the wooden *tabula* which was used in mediæval monasteries to assemble the brethren on certain special occasions, notably when one of the monks was dying. May not the early *signum* or *campana* have designated something closely analogous? But it would not be possible to discuss the subject within the narrow limits available here. Our intention is only to point out that the matter cannot be taken for granted, and that with all the attention which has been given to campanology in modern times, this question of origins still remains unsolved. We may conclude with a brief quotation from a paper read not long since before the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland by its Vice-President, Mr. S. F. Milligan :

A few years ago [he says] I acquired a gong said to have been used from the seventeenth century as a church bell. It is a circular disk of metal about 39 in. in diameter and about 1 cwt. in weight. It was suspended on an axis through a central aperture, and was rung by being struck by a mallet, which I have been informed was worked by an ordinary bell-rope. This gong is now in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy.

I may add that a similar disk of metal is in the Naples Museum.

HERBERT THURSTON.

## *Lois.*

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### CHAPTER XLIX.

"TILL WE BOTH ARE PURIFIED."

THERE was much to be said to-morrow, though all were anxious that Lois should not be excited. But it was a needless anxiety, for Aloysia's presence seemed to set a seal on the change which they could not but see had come to Lois. The proud white stillness was gone, as it must when there is born in one the spirit of a little child.

As soon as it was possible for Lois to travel, Aloysia would take her by easy stages to an Invalid Home not very far from Croyde, where she would be carefully nursed, and, they hoped, gain strength.

Whether there might ultimately be an improvement great enough to warrant hope of ultimate recovery could not be known. But the likelihood was that her life would be at the best that of a semi-invalid.

Aloysia had learned something of the reason of the estrangement between Lois and Katey, from Katey herself, though not in detail. She only knew that they had parted because Katey was doing what Lois thought very wrong—what most people thought wrong—though she did not know that it was ; only she felt it must be something that meant pain, and more than pain, great and sharp.

"If I might see her once," said Katey, "just once—to tell her I had given up—what she asked me to give up—and to tell her I love her. I mean, to see her not asleep or unconscious."

"You will see her, and often, I trust. Such love as yours must appeal to her. She will surely see you."

"I do not know. Ask her if she would see me if I were here."

And Aloysia led the talk to the subject of Katey : but Lois evidently shrank from it. Then, in the thought of Katey's suffering, and her tender loyalty, Aloysia felt bound to say to Lois :

"Don't you want ever to see her? I know there has been some terrible pain connected with your parting—but—don't you want to see her?"

Lois was silent.

"Forgive me, Lois, but—I think I understand something about your difference."

"Aloysia, it was not just a difference—it was something vital. I felt it was then: and I feel it doubly now."

"Yes. But suppose that difference were removed? Suppose Miss Stuart came to think as you did, what then? Would you still wish never to see her?"

There was a long silence.

"I must not press you, dear cousin. Wait till you are stronger."

"Aloysia, I think—if I were a Christian—as perhaps one day I may dare to call myself—I would say: Let us wait till by-and-by—till we are both purified—and can love each other—but not now, not now."

Aloysia told Katey what Lois had said, adding with a smile that had in it comfort if not healing,

"We will *wait*."

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## CHAPTER L.

### FOR LOIS.

IT was the night before the first stage of Lois's journey was to be made. To-morrow the ambulance carriage was to be sent for her, and she was to leave Ireland, not, as she felt, to see it any more.

She had left all arrangements to Aloysia. She knew of Giles Egerton's thought of her, and understood that there would be no facing of poverty for her, nor even of really straitened means. She did not know that Katey Stuart had some time ago executed a deed of settlement by which an income was assigned to her; an income that would mean not only comfort but the power of sharing.

Lois was asleep. Sleep had come to her lately, untroubled by the dreams that had often made the night-hours a terror. The doctor and the nurse said the strength of her constitution was triumphing. Lois smiled: she knew there was more than this: and so did Aloysia and Margaret. So Lois was sleeping, with the nurse in the next room, the door of communication

being open. And the nurse was asleep too, for the time of anxiety was past and gone, and she was only staying on to travel with them and leave Lois at St. Giles's Home. By-and-by Lois was, as Aloysia had planned, to go to Croyde, but many arrangements had to be carried out first.

Katey was awake this night. A night of starlight and calm cool with the coolness of late autumn rapidly passing on into winter. And Katey thought and thought.

How was she to face life, life without Lois, life without Hugh? She would go, as she had meant, to New York. She was going somewhere she had not been at with Lois. She would be brave: that was all. She was to travel by the same route as Lois, starting to-morrow, and making the same stoppages. She would be at hand to do even the smallest thing in the smallest way for Lois, if so might be: to watch: to know how she was: to love her, to love her.

And she looked out, down the road to the house where Lois was sleeping; the house before which she had paced up and down so often. She would never see Lois again with Lois's will to see her, Lois's consciousness of her presence. She had lost her, lost her for ever—and yet Aloysia had said she hoped that Lois would one day feel differently. Oh, but Miss Egerton did not know, did not know.

And suddenly she saw something that made her spring to her feet, and look and look. Yes, it was true—there were clouds of smoke and sparks over there; over there, where Lois was sleeping. In a moment she had wakened Aloysia, and Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, who were in the house, and sent someone to the barracks. She knew the police had a ladder and a hose. And then she ran to the Kellys' house. Only the girls were sleeping there: the father and mother had gone to the cottage Katey had hired.

The house was old, and a good part of it was wood, and the fire spread rapidly. She was able to get up the stairs, but she had to shut out volumes of smoke when she shut the door, and the terror was how to save Lois. She found the nurse just awake.

"Waken her," she said, and there she was at the window, raising it from its frame. The old wood, rotten with many a year, would have given way under a wrench less strong than hers, which had in it all the force of the love that flames cannot quench. Would the police never come? Yes, they were coming.



But Margaret was first, and the ladder that she had brought from the field, brought as if it had been a child's toy, was against the window-gap.

Katey lifted Lois from her bed, Lois helpless, Lois quiet, strangely quiet with the quiet of unconsciousness, for she had fainted, and carried her to the window. And Margaret's arms received her, and held her while two men steadied the ladder, and one came behind Margaret, and brought her down. She was carried at once to Katey's cottage. The nurse followed as quickly as was possible. And Katey would come next, Katey who stood there waiting, with the flame growing hotter and hotter, scorching, burning. They called to her, but she could not move. She seemed paralyzed now that it was but for herself.

A man mounted the ladder and dragged her out, and carried her, a dead weight, to the ground. The fire had caught her dress; and though he had put it out with his thick jacket, she had been burned, as they saw, when the shouts died down, the shouts of gladness, thankfulness that all were saved. All around, the quickly assembled hamlet-folk had been working at the pump, pouring water on the house, with poor little jugs and pails. There was no saving it. Crowds came up from the village,—there was no fire-engine—and the little homestead was ruined. It went on smouldering after the flames had gone out—a sorrowful sight. And there were cries and wails—and yet there was heard the reverent "God's will be done" and "Glory be to God!", from those whose lives had begun there and who would know it no more.

Aloysia was bending over Katey: the nurse had dressed her burns with such appliances as it was possible to get at in that confusion and loss, and was now with Lois: and Lois had entreated of Aloysia to go and lie down.

It was miles to send for the doctor; more than one messenger went. It was whispered quickly enough that the lady was dying—"Our sick lady? Our lady that was hurt by the tram?" "No, no, the English lady that came and that she never knew of—dyin', man—run for Father Kenny, run."

She was lying on the bed that Aloysia had risen from to face the horror of that night.

When first she spoke she said, "Lois!"

"She is conscious, and not hurt, so far as we know," said Aloysia.

"Did she know?"

"We think not. Nurse is with her now, and the doctor will see her as soon as possible."

"That is well. Miss Egerton!"

"Yes?"

"I am dying."

It was what nurse had told Aloysia: her experienced eye had seen that no doctor could help.

Aloysia knelt by her.

"You will see Father Kenny, will you not, dear Miss Stuart?"

"No, I have not believed in that, and it has come to the end, but—Miss Egerton!"

"Yes?"

"Tell Lois that—I loved her—I loved her—tell her about—that money. She will be well off. It's all arranged. Tell her to use it."

"I will tell her all, and she will know how you have loved her. They have gone for the doctor. You will see him soon, I hope."

"It's of no use. No doctor can help me."

"Will you not seek for help—such help as——"

"A priest can give, you would say? No, no. I have not believed. I will not meanly skulk in—to anything there may be—if there is anything—after—this. If there's a God, He would rather I was truthful. If not——"

"Oh, Miss Stuart, Miss Stuart, come home to your Father. Come home to the Saviour who died for you. You who have been willing to die for Lois can understand something of the tremendous love that made Him die for us. The priest is waiting with His love and His comfort for you; waiting with Himself to give you if you only will."

Katey was silent.

"Jesus, mercy, Mary, help."

Then Katey spoke.

"Tell Lois I loved her. I wanted to die for her. I would believe if I could. But I cannot. No priest can help me."

"Oh, he can, he can."

Katey looked at Aloysia. The death-film was coming over her eyes.

"Are you Lois, my Lois? I am sorry—I am sorry—sorry—for all."

And as Aloysia opened the door, outside of which Margaret was waiting to summon Father Kenny, if she might, Katey's soul went forth.

## CHAPTER LI.

## "UNA LAGRIMETTA."

IT was not until Lois had been for some time at the Home that she heard of Katey's death. Aloysia was then already a postulant, but she was given a special permission to go and tell Lois how her friend had died, and to give the last message of Katey's love; best of all, to tell her that the passing had not been without contrition.

Lois was silent for a long time, while the tears fell slowly and quietly. Then she spoke.

"Aloysia, she died for me. Oh, Aloysia, she gave me a great love. I owed her more than I can tell you for years. She was sweet and unselfish, and I know she herself was good, however wrongly she thought, and—and—" Lois could not say, "and did." She went on, "But I know it was best that she should die. I cannot explain. Only, pray for her, pray for her. Ask God to purify her and me. Ask God to have mercy upon us both."

"There is no day on which I do not pray for her, and for you too, dearest Lois. Our dear Lord knows all, and He is Love. We will plead, day by day, for her, in all the ways we can, and the Blessed Mother will help us. She will give her pure, perfect prayers, and we will offer ours, poor {and soiled though they must be. But hers, Lois, think of hers. And think of the pure, beautiful prayers of the pure, beautiful saints. And, oh, there is so much more, dear, for you to know and be glad of; such wonderful riches, Lois. You will not wait long, I dare to think, before you begin to know about it."

"Aloysia, do you think—if you pray—if I pray, and if we ask for—those prayers—she may one day be——"

"Healed? Oh, yes, surely yes. We will never leave off praying for this; and we will do more than pray. And we shall have help in prayer. Our Lord knows. And, Lois, He died. Think, dear, how she said she would believe if she could, and think how she said she was sorry. Lois, no one who is sincerely sorry can possibly be lost. How can we tell, besides, what may have passed between her soul and God, just in those last minutes?"

"Aloysia, there's a little bit in Dante that has just come back to me. Don't you remember how God's angel took Buonconte's soul, and how the evil one cried, 'O heavenly one,

why robbest thou me? Thou bearest away from here the immortal part of him, for one little tear that takes him from me.' *Una lagrimetta*, Aloysia, one little tear. Oh, Aloysia, it seems as if all that were real, or at least growing real to me now. Long ago, I thought it beautiful as poetry; now, it means more than that to me."

"It is truth, Lois: and that poetry is great because it is steeped in truth. My dear, you will learn where Dante learned, that what God asks for is contrition; and you will, every day, better understand why."

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## CHAPTER LII.

### AD VITAE VESPERAM.

THERE is little more to tell. To Lois came the healing, and not through death: it was the healing of the soul. And it was hers to have, not the rigid acceptance of fate, which is but another name for rebellion against love, but the grace of Resignation; the will made one with God's: not negation, but affirmation: not to have no will, but to have His.

You that have entered the City of Peace, can you tell how and why you turned your faces towards it? Can you say when the Angel Guardian's pleading overpowered the voices that called away? Or rather, when the dulness was lifted from your hearing and your ears were unstopped, and his lovely voice could enter in? Can you tell what note it was, struck by what blessed hand, in the flesh or discarnate, that sounded its harmonies through your soul, as a note on a keyed instrument sounds the harmony of its chord? Can you tell what spirit entered your feet and set them in the blood-marked track? Can you tell what spirit lifted your eyes to catch the jewel-brightness of the wounds in the Hands nail-pierced? Can you tell how your hearts throbbed up to catch the life that gushed in death from that spear-torn Heart? Nay, not all can tell. Only they know they have come because they must; because the human cords divine have drawn them with a drawing sweet, irresistible, and strong. And they are folded in the Bride's arms: and the gift of peace is theirs, the larger and fairer because first they have taken the gift of light. Tell your experience who will: there are many ways of helping those who need help—and to know how it has fared with you may indeed help them. But some souls lie in the quiet of Their Presence,

the Lovely Ones ineffably and for eternity joined in the mystery of Son and Mother, Father and Child: and to them is given a white stone on which is written a name and a story which none know but They and themselves.

It was given to Lois to lie enwrap in what we can but faintly shadow forth by comparing it with the rest of a babe on its mother's bosom. But rest like hers is that of one all alive to its sweetness; one who has known the darkness, and felt the prison-house opened, and the captive set free. Rest deep, sweet, holy: rest in the arms that cradled Love made Flesh: rest in the Arms stretched out on the bitter Cross, that all men might be drawn thereto.

A quiet, beautiful life. Sweetness of sunshine and dropping of rain, with their warmth and refreshing, and their bringing of the greater than warmth and refreshing, even fertility. The tenderness of the white-robed Sisters, whose holy, gracious presence brings joy and comfort afresh and afresh; most of all the love and the light of the face of Sister Aloysia. And to the Sisters the nearness of their crippled tertiary means more than they know or even guess. There is the love of the villagers, too, and their children; the presence in spirit and in sympathy, if she is not often strong enough to give bodily presence, during the happy evening hours, when young men and maidens gather together to learn music, which, sacred or secular, is always worth the learning, led by Father Austin, who loves the music and loves the work: and at the larger gatherings which include all who can come to the beautiful oak-panelled church-room for music, or lecture, literary or social, or scientific as may be, or some way of taking pleasure and bringing good in company one with another. There is a feeling among them of the largeness of the Communion of Saints: something not confined to the times of devotion, or to the seasons we call sacred; for indeed all is sacred, and, in one sense, there is no great and no small. And moments of ecstasy are none the less moments of ecstasy if the common hours are golden with the light of love.

More than one has asked Lois, and that earnestly, to make the pilgrimage to Lourdes. But she, who has helped others to go, will not seek the healing of those waters for herself. Only her confessor has been told why. But I think that Sister Aloysia knows.

Morning by morning they wheel her couch into the chapel where morning by morning the Holy Sacrifice is offered. It is one of her boys, as they call themselves, who usually does it;

one of the lads or young men to whom she is able to give the sort of happy help that boys and men can take from women bound to them by the ties of sympathy large and strong. Lois's sympathy grows continually larger and stronger, fed ever more and more by the charity divine. And if at times they feel that she is lifted above them, through the glory of the fellowship of the sufferings of Jesus, they do not feel it with the awe which repels, but with the reverence which bows the soul to that which is the highest and the sweetest and the best. Others seek her also: people of learning and of culture, some of whom have known the wandering in the great wilderness of unfaith, and are glad to be with one who has come out of it; and some of whom, perhaps, would enter it if her help, conscious or unconscious, were not with them.

Old Mr. Ross has been to Croyde to see his friend of other days, and has left her with a feeling towards the Church which is very different indeed from that of other days. The society of cultivated acquaintances gives her pleasure; for her nature is receptive by many channels, and always the fruit of thought and work is pleasant to her soul and good for its food. They have at first wanted to come and see her because of what they call the flower of her literary life, that great novel which, before its issue in book form, she put the last touches to on the couch she will never leave for long; the touches that were to it even as a holy chrism; but it is for more than this that they wish to visit her now.

But the fulnesses of Lois's life are elsewhere; in the joys of the mystical white stone; in the babes in years, babes in poverty, babes in Jesus, out of whose mouth her ear is quick to hear His praise: in her "Sister" and her "Sisters": in the timeless tryst her spirit keeps with those in the old days given to be with her: those whom she prays for and offers for; Uncle James and Aunt Esther, and Eve, and the Lees and Katey, Katey whom she trusts one day to meet "when we both are purified," Katey who had the love than which none is greater, the love that lays down the life for a friend.

And there is one she often thinks of and whose prayers she asks for: one who needs no prayers, for he died a martyr's death in a far-off land for the Lord he had denied, and afterwards had loved with a love stronger than death.

Sometimes she hears from the Canadian cousins, for she keeps the old bonds now, and she knows her little kinsfolk in the new country with the knowledge of love. Often there

comes a letter from Owenrath, where the Kellys' new shop is flourishing; the shop Lois has had built with a leaning to modern improvement; the shop over whose counter customers ask for news of the writing-lady who was hurtled so dreadful, and whose friend carried her out of the fire and died for her: "God rest her sowl," they say. Margaret is married, and her baby is called Aloysia. That name is Lois's now; it was given her when the chrism of the Church was put upon her.

Will Lois ever write another novel?

It may be, although the necessary exertion would tell hardly upon her. Many are recognizing that in the songs which have gone up from that couch of hers there is an element of beauty, yes, and even of glory, which was unknown to her older work. And if ever the compulsion is upon her to write at length concerning things she has seen and heard and felt and known, to write as one whose heart is fixed in the things that are indeed most laudable, and the physical power be great enough, I think that those who read will know that one bunch of the grapes of Holy Discipline is better than the vintages of Estrangement. Her Vesper-tide is fairer than her Prime. She goes back in thought to the hour of her Prime, with love and tender joy in all that it held of good; all that yet fell so far short of the supreme blessing that has come with her Vesper-tide: and so the Vesper bell is sweeter than the bell of Prime, and her heart is in tune with it.

Lois, there is light at your eventide such as your morning knew not, nor yet your noon. And when the hour of Compline comes, may the Beloved give to you, folded in love the purifying and the healing, "a quiet night and a perfect end."

And by-and-by may you and those you have loved, those who have loved you, sing Matins in the Own Country where God gives eternal joy. There is the singing of *Te Deum* as no mortal lips have ever sung it, no mortal ears have ever heard it. May you and they know it all, Lois: may your spirits be satisfied therewith, bathe in its harmonies immortal, feel it, feed on it, drink of it. There the Sunday Lauds go up, the Lauds of high festival, all one burst of praise; glory of praise eternal to glory of love that has no end.

*Benedicite! Benedicite!* Oh, song from the heart of earth's fire, lifted undying to the heart of Heaven's glory!

Bless the Lord! Praise Him, and exalt Him above all for ever.

EMILY HICKEY.

THE END.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **Jardins Ouvriers.**

AT a time when lively interest has been aroused by the Irish Land Act, the Small Holdings' Question, and the like, it cannot but be interesting to note a somewhat parallel movement which has been progressing in France, widely different as are the conditions, economic and social, of the two countries.

The *Jardins Ouvriers* of Saint-Etienne help to solve many of the problems of actual importance in England.<sup>1</sup>

Saint-Etienne stands in the middle of the mining district between Rive-de-Gier and Firminy, the "black country" of France; "A corner of Lancashire," as M. Piolet cruelly suggests, "set into our beautiful France." The crowded population of this Auvergne Birmingham is engaged in the ribbon and hardware trades, and in mining.

It was in 1894, when a commercial crisis affected the three industries simultaneously, and wages sank to starvation point, that the movement began. Father Volpette, of the Collège Saint-Michel, had made long and personal trial of the system of hand-to-hand almsgiving, and had tested its inadequacy. It was a momentary alleviation: it left men where they were; State-help, left to itself, creates the workhouse; private charity, even should it build workshops huge enough to house the mass of unskilled labourers, finds no demand for its supply, has to draw on capital, and may ruin smaller establishments.

A plan was thought of which seemed simple and born of present necessity, but in reality with varied and far-reaching consequences.

Father Volpette leased two fields, waste ground near the mines, for 350 francs; a third was gratuitously lent him. He was thus master of about nine acres, which he divided into allotments for no less than ninety-eight families! An additional

<sup>1</sup> Cf. J. B. Piolet, *Jardins Ouvriers de S.-E.*, 2.50 centimes. Published by the *Action Populaire*, Lecoivre, Paris; and the *Guide Social* for 1907 of the *A.P.*, pp. 48, 164—166, &c., and the *legenda* there quoted.



outlay of 3,150 francs on tools, fencing, manure, seed, and water supply, &c., was required. Into these plots he turned his starving workmen, and bade them cultivate their gardens. In one year, in spite of drought and pitiable soil, a return of 6,000 francs on the sale of vegetables was obtained, 2,500 francs clear gain, an alms of 60 francs per family earned, not given. In 1896 three new fields, situated in a "revolutionary" quarter of the town, were divided among forty-one more families; an initial outlay of 2,031 francs brought in 10,420 returns; 1897 was as successful, nine fields now bringing in almost 18,000 francs, about 82 francs per family. Following years have marked a corresponding growth, of which space forbids us to give details.

Organization grew gradually. At a time when our Catholic colleges are so noticeably beginning to increase their share in social work, it is interesting to mark that Father Volpette's first assistants were the elder boys of the College, who not only provided him with 2,000 to 3,000 francs a year, half of which went to the gardens, but *would habitually accompany him on his rounds among the miners.*

But soon it was felt that rules were necessary. They were simple but strong. Each man must work his plot: observe the Sunday rest: sub-let only by permission: uphold the repute of the gardens, which grew high and rapidly. But *self-government* must be ensured: a general committee was instituted, and special committees for each field, Father Volpette retaining only an honorary supremacy and the Treasurership. The Council decided on expenses, admissions, ejections, &c.

We can only mention a few later developments of the work (which in 1901 became the *Syndicat horticole des Jardins ouvriers*) such as the building of houses, the brickworks, the savings bank, the dispensary, and so forth.

The work is "undenominational." Protestants in large numbers have gardens. The Sunday rest is the only ecclesiastical precept insisted on. Socialists, anarchists even, apply eagerly for allotments. This makes the more startling the positive religious efficacy of the *Jardins*: marriages blessed; baptisms, often of adults; returns to religious duties; these make a truly cheering page in the account of the undertaking. It is a splendid instance of the French Catholic social revival.<sup>1</sup>

D. F.

<sup>1</sup> We, who have just had a play about the "Suffragettes," will not be astonished that the *J. O.* have found their way on to the stage (*Guide Social*, p. 166), and even into a work on Virgil's *Georgics*, *ibid.*

## *Reviews.*

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### I.—REORDINATIONS.<sup>1</sup>

THE theological student cannot but be puzzled when he comes across the history of the ordinations of Pope Formosus and of the strange way in which they were treated by his successors. This Pope had incurred the wrath of the Princes of Spoleto, at whose bidding his election on various pretexts was declared invalid by the next Pope, Stephen VI. Accordingly, all the acts of his Pontificate were likewise declared invalid, and among them the many ordinations he had held. The next two Popes, Theodore II. and John IX., revoked this sentence of invalidation, and restored the deposed clergy. But then came Sergius III., if indeed he could be called a true Pope, who, cancelling the revalidations of the Popes named, set aside the clergy of Formosus a second time, and even endeavoured to extend the scandal by exacting the reordination or deposition of the clergy in other parts who derived their Orders from Bishops consecrated by Formosus. True, the period of history to which these extraordinary proceedings belonged was the end of the ninth century, and the beginning of that century and a half during which the Holy See, under the disturbing influence of the feudal princes of the neighbourhood, was dragged through the mire of innumerable scandals. May we not then regard these outrages on the Sacrament of Orders as scandals of administration, and refuse to find in them any theological significance? So one might perhaps argue if occurrences of the sort had been confined within the limits of this doleful period, but we find similar occurrences elsewhere. For instance, in the treatment accorded to the ordinations of the intruded Pope Constantine by Pope Stephen III. and the Roman Council of 769; to the ordinations of the schismatic British Bishops by St. Theodore in England; to the ordinations of the Arians,

<sup>1</sup> *Les Reordinations. Étude sur le Sacrement de l'Ordre.* Par l'Abbé Louis Saltet. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

Apollinarians, Monophysites, by the orthodox party in the East; or, in times subsequent to the Formosan incident, to the Orders of the simoniacal clergy by the virtuous Pope Leo IX., and to those of the schismatics even by a Pope as late as Urban II. And in fact we find the whole matter discussed, and opinions of varying degrees of divergence from the now fully accepted doctrine, advocated by writers like Auxilius and Eugenius Vulgarius in the time of Sergius III.; Guy of Arezzo in the time of John XIX.; St. Peter Damian and Cardinal Humbert in that of Leo IX.; Roland (Alexander III.), Rufinus, John of Faenza, and on the other side Gandulphus, in the school of Bologna of the twelfth century. We find, moreover, traces of all this variety of opinions in Peter the Lombard, and the early Scholastic writers, to whose discussions in the thirteenth century the final settlement of the controversy would seem to have been, humanly speaking, due.

Morinus, Hergenröther, Gigalski, Döllinger, Michaelis, Schanz, and others have theorized on the historical interpretation and the theological bearing of all these facts, but it cannot be said that they have done so satisfactorily. The work before us, by the Abbé Saltet, is of a more solid character, and is to be welcomed as by no means the least of the services to Catholic scholarship which have been rendered by the Institut Catholique de Toulouse, to whose staff the Abbé belongs. It may perhaps be necessary to make some reserves in regard to his conclusion that the ceremony of reconciliation by imposition of hands, often employed in the early Church, was understood as the Sacrament of Confirmation; but in the leading features of his book, and likewise in the mass of its details, the author in our judgment has formed a just estimate of the facts, as well as of their relation to the Church's doctrine of the sacraments. At all events it is a book which must form a fresh starting-point for the theological student, who will find it indispensable in the study of the sacraments.

At no time, is his conclusion, was there any question but that a validly-bestowed ordination could not be lawfully or validly repeated. The only question which ever came into dispute was as to the requisite conditions for a valid ordination. And here again two principles were universally acknowledged, one that, by the law of Christ, the efficacy of the sacraments is independent of the dispositions of the minister, the other that, by the same law, in the administration of the sacraments the

minister and the recipient are subordinate to God and the Church. But in the application of these principles questions would arise as to how they could both be equally enforced, or where that was impossible, which should be subordinated to the other; and all the confusion and opposition of practice sprang from the attempts to adjust these rival claims of the two principles. In the early Church two opposite traditions are distinguishable, the Roman and the Asiatic, the former giving predominance to the first principle, the latter to the second. The baptismal controversy between St. Stephen and St. Cyprian was in fact a clash between these two traditions, the African Church, though Western, having shortly before adopted the Eastern custom. For baptism the question was thus settled for ever, but for ordination it was not then raised. It was raised, however, a century and a half later, by the Donatist reordinations of apostate Catholics, with the result that St. Augustine worked out its theology in conformity with the Roman custom, and so as to set the type to after-ages; and accordingly we find St. Anastasius II. and St. Gregory the Great asserting this rule in words of the utmost clearness, and in the most categorical manner. If, when we come to the middle ages, and to the episodes of Pope Constantine, Pope Formosus, and the rest, we find this rule set aside, and Orders imparted by intruded Bishops, or heretics, or schismatics, or simonists, treated as invalid, it was largely, thinks the Abbé Saltet, because in that uncultured age, when the *dicta* of early Popes and Fathers were not known in their context, but only in short abstracts, and some, such as those of St. Augustine, were unknown altogether, the ambiguous utterances of some early authorities, under the prevailing influence on minds of the second of the two dogmatic principles above stated, were interpreted as testifying to a tradition in favour of rejecting all Orders unlawfully obtained. This in the first instance, but the outcome of the resultant reordinations was, by stirring up the victims to pay attention to the subject, to cause it to be discussed, and thence amidst a succession of theories, and oscillations of practice, to lead on to the final settlement which took place in the thirteenth century in conformity with the primitive Roman tradition and in the terms of the present defined dogma.

2.—THE HOLY EUCHARIST.<sup>1</sup>

Bishop Hedley's *The Holy Eucharist* is the second volume of the *Westminster Library* for Catholic Priests and Students, which Messrs. Longmans are bringing out under the editorship of Mgr. Ward and Father Thurston, S.J. These volumes are called and intended to be Handbooks, that is to say, books ready to hand which a Catholic priest or student can have near him for easy reference in regard to the various subjects connected with the Church and the sacred ministry. But, though not exceeding in length an average of some two hundred and fifty pages, they are to be solid in their treatment, and abreast of the knowledge and needs of the present age; and yet, on the other hand, not encumbered with the style and apparatus of the Schools, but written in the language of simple, popular explanation. The volume before us, as was to be expected of its distinguished author, is fully conformed to this standard, and will provide the priest with all that he requires to teach his people concerning that mystery of the Holy Eucharist which "is the great divinely appointed means of transforming the human soul to the likeness of Christ." First we have an examination of the Bible and Patristic teaching on the nature of the Sacramental Presence; then follows a discussion of the philosophical problems as to the relation of the Sacred Body and Blood to the outward species, problems not contained in the original statement of the doctrine, but inevitably arising as soon as the human mind began to seek a synthesis between the doctrine and its own natural knowledge or theories. This part is very well done, and will be particularly useful, in view of the tendency to dismiss such points as unnecessary accretions on the Church's doctrines, derived from a philosophy now antiquated. The history lying behind the present universal practice of Communion in one kind, and completely justifying it, the nature of the sacramental effects in the heart of the communicant, the sacrificial character of the Mass are adequately dealt with. Of special interest at the present time will be found the chapters on Frequent Communion, on the Mass as a Liturgy, and on the *cultus* of the Blessed Sacrament. How came it, one is prone to ask, that Communion at every Mass attended having apparently been the original

<sup>1</sup> *The Holy Eucharist.* By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, Bishop of Newport. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

rule, Communion became afterwards so infrequent that in the Lateran Council Communion at least once a year had to be prescribed as a minimum. That it was not wholly due to a growing abatement of fervour may be gathered from such facts as, that "in the twelfth and thirteenth century St. Gilbert of Sempringham's lay-brothers received only eight times a year; the nuns of St. Clare only six times; the cloistered nuns of St. Dominic only fifteen times; the Third Order of St. Dominic only four times; St. Louis six times a year; St. Elizabeth of Portugal three times." The Bishop thinks that a fact so puzzling, and lasting through so many centuries, must be ascribed to no one cause but to several—among which he suggests (1) a lingering feeling that penance for mortal sin must be lengthy and severe; (2) the deepening of reverential fear born of a growing devotion for the Blessed Sacrament; (3) a more acute consciousness of sin. The assignment is convincing, but after all the three causes are reducible to one—a growth in the realization of the awful sanctity of the Blessed Sacrament. May not one say, then, that devout minds have oscillated from one extreme to the other, in proportion as their attention has been concentrated now on the sanctity of Holy Communion, now on its value as a means of grace? And may we not further say that the oscillation has been all for the good, in bringing the faithful to the present equilibrium in which it is easier for us to pay due attention to both of the (seemingly) opposite considerations?

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### 3.—REASON, THOUGHT, AND LANGUAGE.<sup>1</sup>

If we are to judge from the frequency with which books on Logic issue from the press, the interest in this subject grows rather than diminishes. It does not, however, seem that the number of works has resulted in any consensus of opinion as to the true subject of the science. How great is the variety of view on this fundamental point, is sufficiently indicated by the very names, *Traditional Logic*, *Modern Logic*, *Symbolic Logic*, *Logic of Science*, *Formal Logic*, &c., &c.

Mr. Maclean, whose book we are reviewing, is a Formal Logician. His work differs in one important respect from most Logics based on that view, in that his object is to treat of the

<sup>1</sup> *Reason, Thought, and Language.* By Douglas Maclean, M.A. Pp. xvi. 584. Oxford: Frowde.

mental processes in relation to their expression in idiomatic discourse. To this end he gives us an immense wealth of illustration, exemplifying the modes in which men reveal the structure of their thought in language. At times, indeed, the amount of illustration appears to us to be excessive; but it must be owned that this feature imparts to the treatment a certain brightness and variety, which is not commonly associated with the subject. It will doubtless also contribute to render the book practically serviceable to many lecturers.

The general standpoint of the work may be briefly indicated. "The subject of Logic," Mr. Maclean holds, "is rational consequence in thought."<sup>1</sup> Hence he regards the Syllogism alone as its primary subject:

Logic is concerned with Syllogizing directly, as an essentially rational process, and with Conceiving and Judging only indirectly, as the Form or Forms of Thought, the structure of which must be to some extent analyzed, that the government of Thought's connections by Reason may be understood.<sup>2</sup>

The Syllogism is, moreover, the only inferential process. There is no such thing as Immediate Inference, and the very descent from "All men are mortal" to "Some men are mortal," involves an appeal to the axiom that what is true of all is true of some. Whatever there is of inference in Induction is syllogistic.

It will be anticipated from what has been said that the author has little sympathy with logicians of the school of Mr. Bradley or Mr. Bosanquet, who hold that the constructive action of thought eludes the attempt to compress it into any artificial scheme, and consequently that no general type of the reasoning process can be found. These views are submitted to a searching criticism in chap. xxix.

The book has the merit of a lucid style, and it deals with old ground in a manner devoid of any trace of staleness. Moreover, in these days any defender of the Syllogism is to be reckoned as an ally. Yet, writing from the point of view of the Scholastic Logic, it is inevitable that we should be more in sympathy with Mr. Maclean's attack on the "new Logic" than with his own theory. His system labours under the defects inherent in any theory which denies that it falls within the province of Logic to test the rationality of the Judgment and the Concept. If the Judgment be excluded from Logic, the

<sup>1</sup> § 24.<sup>2</sup> § 248.

Syllogism itself lacks a rational basis. For the Syllogism must in the last resort appeal to the Principle of Contradiction as the guarantee of its conclusion. What is to assure us of the validity of that principle, unless we admit that our intellect recognizes that "being" and "not-being" are mutually exclusive—that the judgment asserting their mutual exclusion is a necessary truth? By this we do not merely mean, with Mansel, that the intellect recognizes its own inability to unite the two concepts in a judgment. We mean that it recognizes that the two are mutually incompatible in that real order which our concepts reveal to us. Formal Logic, by its very definition, excludes from its purview these bases of the reasoning process. Room can only be found for them on another theory, namely, the scholastic theory that Logic is the science of the conceptual representation of the real.

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#### 4.—THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.<sup>1</sup>

Even if there were not question here of the origins of a devotion which has so profoundly influenced the later history of the Church as the devotion to the Sacred Heart, the volume before us could hardly fail to prove a work of exceptional interest. It needs but a glance at the title-page to tell us why. The author, of whose religious quality no indication is given, but who has been for some years a well-known contributor to the *Études Religieuses de la Compagnie de Jésus*, is described as "Docteur ès lettres" and "Lauréat de l'Académie Française." Here indeed are somewhat unwonted qualifications for the authorship of a saint's Life, and that the life of a visionary—we use the word with no unfavourable connotation—as celebrated as Blessed Margaret Mary. Again, we have only to turn over a page of the Preface to discover a reference to Professor William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, which is described as a work *qui mérite d'être étudié de très près*. As we advance a very little further we are confronted by a frankly-worded protest against the strange liberties which the great majority of the Saint's biographers have taken with the text of her letters and writings whenever they have had occasion to quote them. It is not merely Mgr. Languet who is in

<sup>1</sup> *Vie de la Bienheureuse Marguerite-Marie d'après les manuscrits et les documents originaux.* Par Auguste Hamon, Docteur ès lettres, Lauréat de l'Académie Française. Paris: Beauchesne. 1907.



default. For him no doubt the excuse can fairly be pleaded that in 1729, when his biography appeared, the duty of fidelity to historical sources was hardly anywhere understood as it is in our own day, least of all by the compilers of works which aimed primarily at edification. But, as Père Hamon points out, Mgr. Languet's unscholarly treatment of his materials has been imitated by the authors of the best-known Lives published even in the second half of the nineteenth century. He specifies in particular the well-known book of Father Daniel, S.J., which has passed through four editions, and that of Mgr. Bougaud, which has reached ten, of both of which he frankly says :

Vraiment nous n'arrivons plus à comprendre de semblables libertés. Pareil sans gêne historique n'est pas admissible, et sans nier les grandes qualités des deux derniers historiens de la Bienheureuse, il faut affirmer simplement que leur travaux ne peuvent servir de base à aucune étude sérieuse ; récits et citations, tout est à vérifier par une comparaison continue avec les documents originaux.

From all this as well as from the careful bibliography and *Étude des sources*, which Père Hamon has prefixed to his narrative, it follows by implication that he has taken a very serious and up-to-date view of his responsibilities as biographer. All this helps to inspire confidence, and there are, no doubt, at least some of our readers who will share our opinion that it is precisely in such an atmosphere of mysticism and preternatural intervention as the Life of Blessed Margaret Mary introduces us to, that the strictest accuracy of statement ought to be aimed at.

On the other hand we should convey a very false impression if we suggested that the present book is one which reminds us at every turn of the lessons of the higher criticism. It is, on the contrary, an exceedingly devotional biography, erring, if we may gauge it from the point of view of English taste in such matters, somewhat on the pietist side and giving precisely the same general impression of Blessed Margaret Mary's supernatural manifestations as most of us have derived from her previous biographers. Still, as a piece of literature and as a study of the human interest to be found in the character of the *Beata* and in her relations with her superiors and associates, the book seems to us to be much in advance of anything previously produced. Père Hamon has obviously brought to his task a remarkable zeal for the glory of the Sacred Heart as well as an

extraordinary knowledge of the detail of his subject. We may candidly own that we have not yet had time to do full justice to the work in all its parts, and that we can only speak from a general and rather imperfect impression, but we were anxious to bring this seasonable book to the notice of our readers at the beginning of a month during which it is likely to be specially appreciated.

In the light of some recent discussions many will turn with interest to Père Hamon's account of what, in imitation of some of his predecessors, he calls *la grande promesse*; in other words, the revelation upon which is based the practice of the "Nine Fridays." Our author, it will be found, does not modify in any substantial respect the versions previously given of this incident, neither does he minimize its theological bearing. Furthermore, he tells us in a footnote:

Je crois devoir ajouter que lors du procès de Béatification, dans l'examen des écrits de la Bienheureuse, le texte de cette promesse fut étudié par les théologiens avec le plus grand soin; il est fortement crayonné sur la traduction italienne authentique, conservée précieusement chez les Visitandines de Rome. On ne l'admit donc qu'à bon escient, et il n'est pas inutile de le faire remarquer.

We ought to remark in conclusion that though this *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary* is in every way complete in itself, it forms the first volume of a larger work entitled, *Histoire de la Dévotion au Sacré Cœur de Jésus*, which the author has in preparation. No one can doubt Père Hamon's competence for the task.

#### 5.—INTRODUCTION TO LITURGICAL STUDIES.<sup>1</sup>

We must not delay any longer to notice a little book of extraordinary merit, a merit which in this instance is happily in inverse ratio to its cost. It would hardly be possible, we think, to compress into one small volume of 170 pages a greater amount of useful information than Abbot Cabrol has managed to provide for his readers in this little *Introduction to Liturgical Studies*. In spite of some fifteen pages devoted to "the Method" of Liturgical Study, the book is little more than a bibliography, and it is presumably the absence of continuous reading which has led to its not being strictly included in MM. Bloud et Cie.'s admirable series of *Science et Religion*. Nevertheless, this

<sup>1</sup> *Introduction aux Études Liturgiques*. Par le Rev. Dom Cabrol, Abbé de Farnborough. Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie., Rue Madame 4. 1907.

bibliography serves as a very appropriate Prolegomenon to the liturgical branch of that series of which Abbot Cabrol is himself the director. In a comparatively out-of-the-way study like that of the Liturgy, nothing is more helpful than a ready knowledge of the available materials. The late Dr. Ebner, in the first part of the second edition of Thalhofer's *Liturgik*, undertook something of the sort, but we do not hesitate to say that Dom Cabrol's volume, while it has the advantage of being later in date and consequently in some directions more complete, is infinitely more clearly arranged and convenient to handle. Of course the scope of the book excludes the idea of a complete liturgical bibliography, and there must be many works which are designedly omitted, still, if we may venture on a criticism, there are just a few books which seem to us to have a better claim to be mentioned than others which are included. Dr. Daniel Rock's *Hierurgia*, a very poor piece of work, is duly mentioned, but his *Church of our Fathers*, a most meritorious publication, which has probably done more than any other book to bring about the revival of liturgical studies in England, has somehow been passed over in silence. Again, if Marriott's *Vestiarium Christianum* was thought worthy of notice, it is strange that no reference should be made to Father Joseph Braun's really scientific and valuable contributions to the same subject. We are not, of course, speaking of the *Liturgische Gewandung*, which has appeared since Abbot Cabrol's little volume was published, but nearly all the matter of this work had previously seen the light in some other form.

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#### 6.—WATERS THAT GO SOFTLY.<sup>1</sup>

The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius are continually being given, and over and over again to the same persons, yet without any irksome sense of sameness being felt by the exercitants. It is because what has been set down in his book by the Saint is a series of pregnant thoughts, each one of which is capable of an inexhaustible development, with the result that in the hands of different exponents the Exercises can be very differently presented. On the Continent this has led to experienced directors publishing their Retreats from time to time, but in England not much has been done so far. We have indeed

<sup>1</sup> *Waters that go Softly.* Or Thoughts for time of Retreat. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns and Oates.

Father Clare's and Father Dignam's *Retreats*, and Father Gallwey's *Watches of the Passion*, but there is room for many more of the sort, and Father Joseph Rickaby's *Waters that go Softly* will be welcomed by devout persons. He has had a varied experience in giving retreats to clergy and laity of all classes, and we find the traces of it in the variety of apt reflections and practical counsels in which this book abounds. The following may serve as specimens :

There are elements of Hell on earth and elements of Heaven. Elements of Heaven—the Crucifix, the Madonna, the Catholic Church, the Blessed Sacrament, holy relics, catechism, prayer, charity to the poor, nursing of the sick, cheerfulness, love, chastity, mercy, humility, loyalty, faith, hope, love of God, Saints, penitent sinners. Elements of Hell—blasphemy, hatred of holy things, lust, lying, selfish greed, frivolity, folly, worldliness, intellectual pride, cynicism, atheism, final impenitence. In this world those opposite elements lie side by side. In the world to come they shall be separated each to its kind—

evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness.

The heap of gathered good and the heap of evil shall both be sublimated—the good to the better, the evil to the worse, and the result shall be Heaven and Hell—Heaven and Hell, each is preparing on earth.

Of the reasons that militate for an order given and the reasons that militate against it, it is better for you, who have to obey the order, to consider the former and neglect the latter, and form a provisional assent in favour of the order which it is your duty to execute : even as, if it were your duty to swim across a deep and wide river, your best way would be to dwell on the likelihood of your getting across and put away all thoughts of being drowned.

Whatever the novelists imagine, disappointment in love rarely makes a good vocation to convent life. Let her Rejected Ladyship, if she will hide her face in a convent, settle down as a parlour boarder. In two years she may take the field again. Jesus Christ is not to be fed on other men's leavings. Nor is a life's choice to be made in an hour of deep dejection.

Men outside the Church regard a priest's life as unnatural. Normally it is not unnatural, but it may become so. A priest's life becomes unnatural when he ceases to pray—I do not say to *officiate*, but to *pray*.

A special feature in this, as in others of Father Joseph Rickaby's books, is his fondness of drawing illustrations from Plato and Aristotle. Sometimes from this source he obtains very instructive comparisons.

## Short Notices.

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THE Ave Maria Press, of Indiana, republishes a paper entitled *The Question of Anglican Ordinations*, which originally appeared in the columns of the *Ave Maria*. Its author, Abbot Gasquet, was a member of the Roman Commission appointed by Leo XIII. to report to him on the subject with a view to a final decision. As such he will be recognized as well qualified to expound the motives of that decision.

*The History of the Books of the New Testament* (London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.) is the first volume of an *International Catholic Library* projected by Dr. J. Wilhelm, with the object of "making clear to all the real harmony between Faith and Science, that is, between knowledge founded on divine revelation and knowledge drawn from purely natural sources," and if we understand the Preface aright the idea is to give a large place in the series to translations of works by continental Catholic scholars. This first instalment is by the Abbé Jacquier, a well-known French Biblical student. It deals with some preliminary questions and with the Pauline Epistles, and is to be followed by another volume on the remaining parts of the New Testament. All work of this kind is to be welcomed as contributing to fill up the gaps in our English Catholic literature.

*Meditations for the Use of the Secular Clergy* by Father Chaignon, S.J., have been translated by the Right Rev. L. de Goesbriand, D.D. They appear now in two volumes, very tastefully got up and printed by Benziger Brothers (18s. net). Each meditation is preceded by the tiniest skeleton of the points. These are then so fully developed as to be of the greatest assistance in meditation to those who are too tired to work the understanding much for themselves. Lastly there follows a brief *résumé* of each meditation. The first volume contains 102 meditations on the Life of our Lord, the second 140 on the Feasts of the Church, the Sundays of the year, and the Saints. All are applied to the clergy by the pious author, who, it is computed, gave more than 300 retreats to clergy from nearly every diocese of France.

In *The Monks of Old Chester*, by the Very Rev. Father Rudolph, O.S.F.C., we have four Lectures that were delivered in St. Francis' Church, Chester, in November last. Those who have often heard the term "lazy monks," should read these few pages and learn what the monk was, what his daily life was, and what he did for society at large. Of the friars, Dr. Jessop, the well-known Anglican divine, writes, "The friars were the evangelizers of the towns in England for three hundred years." The last lecture deals with their persecution and suppression. The little book is published at the Monastery, Chester, and its price is 6d., or 1s. cloth.

We have also received *Ten Lectures on the Martyrs*, by Paul Allard. This is a translation by Luigi Cappadelta of a work which we lately reviewed, and so no more need be said of it here. The work forms the third volume of the International Catholic Library, and is excellently printed. It is published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., at 7s. 6d.

*The Spiritual Conferences* have been added to the *Library of St. Francis of Sales*. The present work is "translated from the Annecy Text of 1895 under the supervision of Abbot Gasquet and the late Canon Mackey, O.S.B." The edition of 1862 having been long out of print, Abbot Gasquet tells us in his Preface that the present entirely new English version has been prepared by the Visitation Convent at Harrow, in order that the "practical and common-sense teaching of their great patron and founder" might be more widely known. This excellent edition is published by Burns and Oates at 6s.

In *The Atonement*, a volume belonging to *The Oxford Library of Practical Theology* (Longmans), the Rev. Leighton Pullan undertakes the defence of a Christian doctrine which has encountered much criticism from the dabbles in religious thought. Quite at the beginning in a chapter on Sin, Mr. Pullan makes an observation which will not serve to recommend his book to Catholics. It is where, whilst rightly protesting against the habit of finding sin where God has not found it, he takes as an illustration "certain theological opinions which were current (in the Middle Ages) in connection with marriage, and the prohibition of the marriage of the clergy," and which "did cast some of the slur of sin upon an institution which the teaching of Jesus Christ had conspicuously hallowed and elevated." Needless to say that the theological opinions in question not only cast no slur whatever upon marriage, but

on the contrary served to elevate it and surround it with a halo of sanctity and purity so lofty that where they prevailed the corrupting tendencies of divorce could find no entrance. Nor even, if we are prepared to condone this not very intelligent illustration, do we find in this little treatise a firm grasp of the essential points of the subject. The very word Atonement is an instance of this. He takes it as standing not for satisfaction offered to God for the sins of men, but for the blotting out of the sins of men by God. At least that is what he seems to say on page 67 and on page 253 ("sins must be atoned for, *i.e.*, made white or wiped away by a renewal of life uniting men to God"), though there are doubtless other passages where the idea of satisfaction is involved. Still the book contains a good deal of instructive matter which is on the whole of an orthodox character.

Another volume of the same *Oxford Library of Practical Theology* is the Rev. H. V. S. Eck's *Sin*. It approaches its subject, however, differently, and deals with it on High Church principles. Original Sin, Actual Sin, The Way of Recovery, are the general headings of the three parts, and under the last heading we find Penitence, Confession, Absolution taught. Indeed, the subjects are handled throughout much as a Catholic would handle them, except for the case of Original Sin. Here, too, the writer probably thinks his explanation would be accepted by ours as well as his own Church, but it is not so. For him Original Sin is a condition of moral disorder, a taint, a warp, a twist, affecting our inner nature and constituting what might be called a principle of sin—in Pauline phrase a "law of sin . . . called theologically 'concupiscence' which perverts the will power from the outset." But the difficulty here is that all this is not sin itself but only a disposition tending towards its commission—whereas according to the Catholic Church, after St. Paul, Original Sin is sin itself, not a tendency towards it. Hence for the Catholic Church Original Sin is in the privation of that sanctifying grace which in our first parent was a gift—to him personally and for his sake to the race—a gift elevating him above his natural condition to the supernatural state, a gift therefore, the withdrawal of which from him and from his posterity, as the necessary outcome of his actual sin, bore the character of "habitual sin"—being comparable with the withdrawal of this self-same grace in each individual man who sins mortally, which is what constitutes "habitual sin."

## Magazines.

### *Some contents of Foreign Periodicals :*

#### STUDIEN UND MITTHEILUNGEN. (1907, I.)

The "Peculium" among the Religious Orders. *L. Kober.* The Spanish Benedictine Congregation of Valladolid. *F. Curiel.* The Historical Work of Dom P. Gams. *F. Lauchert.* Cardinal Pitra, an historical sketch. *T. Bühler.* The Origin of the Congregation of St. Maur. *O. Stark.* Benedictine Bibliography. Reviews, &c.

#### RAZÓN Y FE (May.)

Lope de Vega, Priest and Poet. *J. M. Aicardo.* The German Universities. *R. Ruiz Amado.* A Point of Mystical Theology. *M. Garate.* The Right to Teach. *J. M. Solà.* Reviews, &c.

#### LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (May 4 and 18.)

The Papal Allocution of April 15th. The Pope and France. Inquisition Documents and historical exaggeration. The Feast of Christmas. The Consequences of New Methods of Apologetic. The Vatican Council and Papal Infallibility. The History of Christian Art. Reviews, &c.

#### REVUE AUGUSTINIEUNE. (May.)

The Origins of the Feast of the Assumption. *J. Deligny.* The Proper Object of Devotion to the Sacred Heart. *A. Alvery.* The Conception of History among the Ancients. *M. Blond.* A passage of Tertullian on penance and the Martyrs. *S. Charrier.* Reviews, &c.

#### ÉTUDES. (May 5 and 20.)

The Problem of the Catholic Party. *M. de la Taille.* Berthelot the Chemist. *J. de Joannis.* Religious England—School, Parliament, and Church. *J. Boubie.* Jeanne d'Arc. *P. Dudon.* The Finances of the Holy See at Avignon. *J. Doizé.* The Virginal Conception of Christ. *L. de Grandmaison.* Reviews, &c.

#### REVUE DE FRIBOURG. (April.)

The Literary Evolution of Switzerland. *G. de Reynold.* On the road to Faith. *The late F. Brunetière.* Tuberculosis and immunity. *Dr. Treyer.* The world and the Russo-Japanese War. *P. Girardin.*

#### L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (May.)

Huysmans—The throng at Lourdes. *L. Valentin.* The most beautiful book in the French language. *Abbé Delfour.* The French Church and Protestantism. *C. de Lajudie.* Reviews.







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